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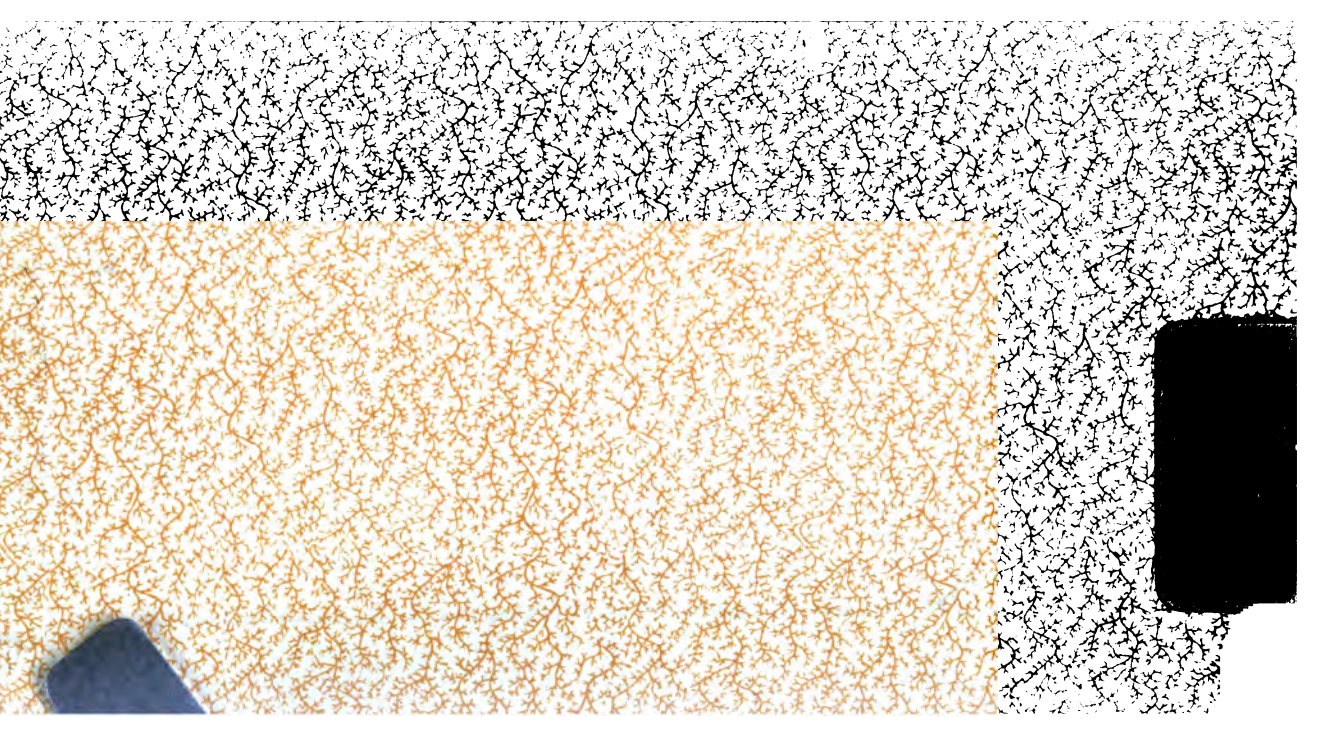
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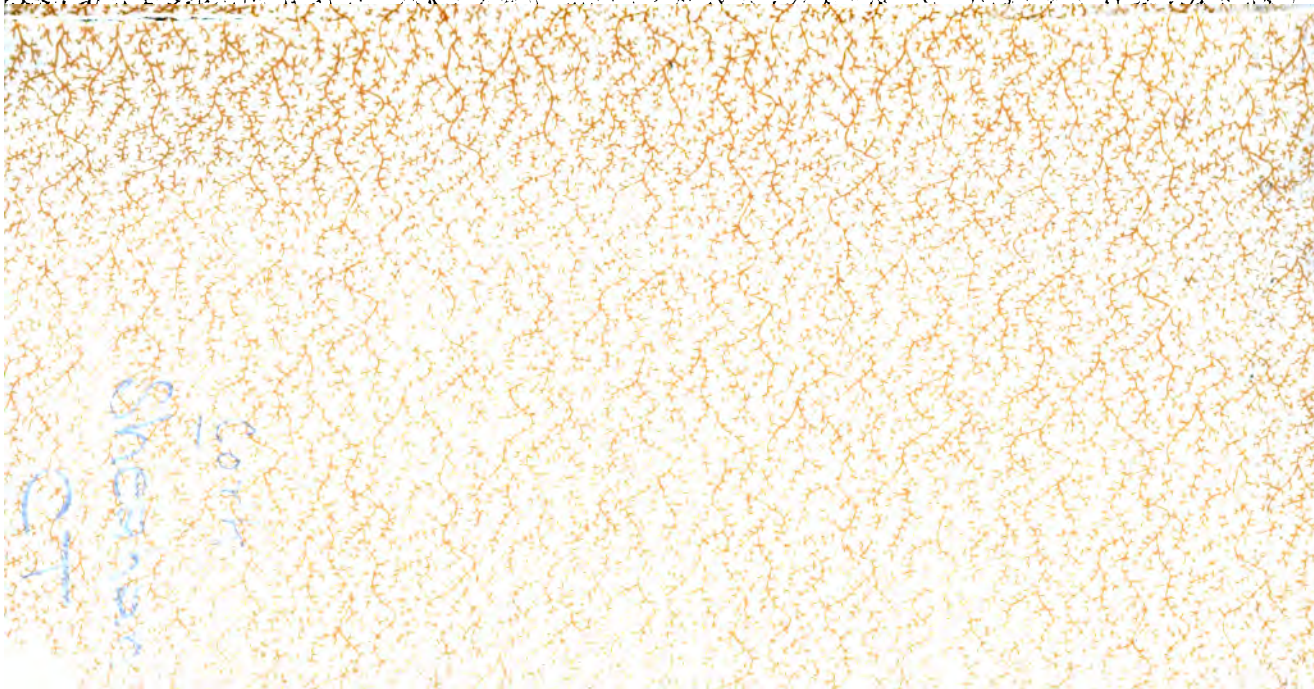
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"ARTICLES"

OF

IRISH MANUFACTURE;

OR,

PORTIONS OF CORK HISTORY.

BY

THOMAS SHEAHAN.

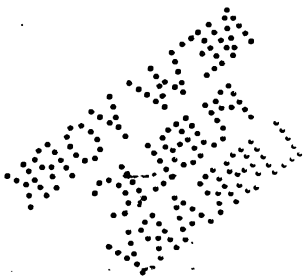
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TO THE MEMBERS

OF THE

CORK TRADES' ASSOCIATION,

"FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF IRISH MANUFACTURES."

GENTLEMEN,

I Dedicate to you the following Volume—my "Articles" of Irish Manufacture. Were the honor of its dedication, such as a work of transcendent usefulness, virtue and ability would confer, it should be your's. Personally, I am deeply indebted to you for many favours. As an Irishman, a Citizen, and a Christian, I feel that you have promoted public morality—advanced civil liberty, and served the best interests of Ireland. That you all may live to enjoy in the peace, prosperity, and legislative independence of your Country, the reward of your labours, is the fervent wish of

Your devoted Friend and Brother,

THOMAS SHEAHAN.

INTRODUCTION.

The Introductions which I have prefixed to many of "the Articles" contained in this Volume, render a general introduction almost unnecessary—this one, then, shall not be very lengthened.

I have had several motives actuating me in this publication. First, I was anxious if possible to justify the confidence which had been placed in me, and the kindness which had been manifested in my regard, by the great mass of my fellow citizens. Secondly, having withdrawn myself from the periodical press, I resolved that, however much I may stand in need of rest, I should not, even for a day, expose myself to the suspicion of being an *idle* man; being convinced that the amount of a man's usefulness depends in a great degree on the opinion which is entertained abroad, with respect to his disposition to labour. Thirdly, I had been a loser to a considerable amount, from the active part I took in local and general politics, and I had no objection if, by the exhibition of that part, without trespassing on any man, I could bring back a portion of what I had lost. Lastly, I wished to do more good. I did hope that there would be found in my "Articles" many matters, which it would be the interest of the local public of Cork in particular to have thus *volumed*, to serve them, in the absence of other remembrancers, as a monitor and a record.

My "articles" are of "Irish Manufacture"—truly Irish, I trust, both in matter and in manner. I am prepared to hear it said that I have written and spoken and acted intemperately.

The Parson, and the Landlord, and the Absentee, will say that I have dealt too severely by them—that I have treated them unjustly. It may be that I have depicted in too strong colours the wrongs which my country has suffered and continues to suffer from these—but how could it be expected that I would be gentle in my treatment of them, when the Mountcashels, the Liverpools, and the Wellingtons, are quoted in denunciatory terms against them? Have I said of the Irish Parson any thing worse than what fell from the lips of Lord Mountcashel, when, at a public meeting in London, he said, that no Parson for many miles round his residence cared either to read the Scripture himself, or to teach it to others; and when his Lordship *called* the beaus of Bond-street to abandon their vanities and join him in Ireland, in doing that which the paid Rector had neglected to do. I have inveighed against the Irish Landlord—did not the late Lord Liverpool describe him as harsh and unjust, and reckless of the claims of humanity? I have denounced, and never will cease to denounce the Irish Absentee—What were the words of the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, in October, 1831? He said, that Absenteeism was the chief cause of the wretchedness of Ireland, and that the best way for Noble Lords to remedy that wretchedness, was for some of them to go and reside on their estates.

There are *some names* mixed up in my "Articles" which I would wish excluded from them. But what was to be done? they form "part and parcel" of the history of their day—they sought publicity, and as they sought it, they get it; injustice is not done to them—injustice would be done to the public, if those in whom they confide did not warn them against the passions of all men, by exhibiting to them some men as they were, and as they are. On this point, the greatest sensibility will be felt by those who had lent themselves

to,—perhaps cherished in its growth, when they might have corrected—a bad ambition. These people will, no doubt, inweigh against me:—they will be merely denying their own guilt, which they feel.

It will be seen, that though I have given of matter much more than was, perhaps, expected of me, I have been obliged to furl my canvass when the interest of events was becoming greatest. This circumstance has suggested to my mind the notion of another volume, somewhat similar to the present, in which justice would be done to the Irish Manufacture Societies, the Cork Tythe Campaign, and Repeal Movement of the last two years.

COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK ABSENTEES.

I have sent copies of the annexed Circular and Schedule to several gentlemen, and it is my intention to forward copies of the same to many others. Let me most earnestly request that those to whom I shall have sent them will not neglect to do their duty. All information bearing on the subject, will be acceptable,—such as the comparative rents of Absentee and Resident Proprietors for similar *takes;* the contributions of Absentees to the Local Charities for *ten* or any other number of years; Douceurs to Agents, &c: &c. I shall expect to have the returns made to me on or before the 1st of January, 1834, at the latest. It is unnecessary for me to say, that I shall be most happy to receive information as well from those to whom I have not sent circulars, as from those to whom I have. All communications, however, must be either forwarded through a Member of Parliament, or post paid. When my informant wishes that I should not make use of his name in any publication which may arise out of this enquiry, let him intimate his wish by writing the word "private" at the head of his letter.

Sir,—Irishmen of all descriptions agreeing that Absenteeism is a serious evil and one that ought to be remedied, it has occurred to me, that,—with a view to make the extent of the evil more apparent to both Englishmen and Irishmen, and thereby to render its cure the more likely and immediate—it would be useful if there were drawn up for each County, a list of its Absentees (permanent and occasional) with their respective rentals. Having myself determined to draw up such a list for the County (and City) of Cork, may I request, that you will, should you approve of my resolution—assist me in the execution of it, by filling up the subjoined Schedule according to your knowledge. I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

THOMAS SHEAHAN.

P. S.—Please direct to me under Cover *to*
HERBERT BALDWIN, Esq., M. P.

FORM OF SCHEDULE.

NAMES.	Annual rental in County or City of Cork, or both	In what Barony or Baronies, or City Parishes.	How long non-resident in Ireland during the last 10 years.	Name of Agent or Receiver.

ARTICLES

OF

IRISH MANUFACTURE.

THE PRESS AND PETTY SESSIONS COURTS.

[In the years 1823 and 24, I was employed as private tutor in the family of RICKARD DEASY, Esq. of Clonakilty. In the former of these years I wrote several letters under the signature of "An Observer," in the *Southern Reporter*, in which I complained of the conduct of the Clonakilty Magistrates towards four men whom they had ordered to be transmitted to Cork, to be tried under the Insurrection Act. These men were subsequently, as I said they ought to be, acquitted. In 1824, being desirous of initiating myself as a Reporter, I attended the Clonakilty Petty Sessions Court, and gave reports of its doings to the public,—reports which gave great annoyance to the Clonakilty Conservatives and their admirers. In the same year, I acted as Secretary to the first Clonakilty Parochial Catholic Meeting (at which my friend, Mr. DEASY presided); and I endeavoured through the Press to give effect to its proceedings. As it may be readily imagined, I became very obnoxious to certain of the Clonakilty folk—as did Mr. DEASY also, who, they supposed, suggested all my acts;—they could not think that a private tutor would have politics independent of his employer, any more than a tenant a will independent of his landlord. Their venom against me, Mr. DEASY, [illegible] popular cause oozed out in some paragraph in

ror of Justice." My endeavours to open the Petty Sessions Court to the public cost me much trouble; but I had my reward in the blessings of many a poor man who felt that in the publicity which I sought to give to the proceedings of Magistrates, lay much of his protection against oppression. I had also the consolation of knowing that the example, which I had set in Clonakilty, was approved of, and imitated elsewhere.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CORK M. CHRONICLE.

SIR, *Clonakilty, May 5*, 1824.

The *Advertiser* of yesterday has been just put into my hands. The Editor of that Paper is pleased to honour me with his notice, and connect my name with the late Catholic Meeting at Clonakilty, and the Petty Sessions Court of the same place. The writer is forced to admit that the eulogium which I pronounced on Mr. DEASY, was perfectly merited; but still he wishes, with a feeling not to be mistaken, that I had been *more respectable*, or at least *more independent*. Now, Sir, first, as to the independence. I readily admit that I am, as the *Advertiser* states, teacher, or private tutor in Mr. DEASY's family; but if any person infer hence that I cannot live without Mr. DEASY, or that his word is my word, or his wish my wish, he is most egregiously mistaken. I lived independently of every man but my father before I had the pleasure of entering Mr. DEASY's family, and, with the same exception, I can live independently of every man when I leave it.—Again, during my connexion with Mr. DEASY, I defy any man to say that my conduct has been otherwise than free and independent.—When that Gentleman's opinions and mine coincide on any public question, I am happy; but when they do not, I am neither afraid nor ashamed to avow it. I will also do Mr. DEASY the justice to say, that for this, I believe, he has but the more valued me.

What does the *Advertiser* mean by respectability? Does he confine it exclusively to wealth, however attained? If, like his Clerical contributors, *I preached justice to one, and made fourteen pay for it*, would I be respectable? If, like some of those same contributors in my own neighbourhood, I had rolled in my carriage, and had yoked to it THREE HUNDRED female slaves (whose yarn-earnings *through the year*, are wrung in tithes from their husbands), I ask it, would I be respectable?—I scorn, I trample on such respectability. My [redacted] respectability shall be that for which my Catholic

friends have honoured me with their confidence—honest industry and independent spirit. But the *Advertiser is informed that this Mr. SHEAHAN regularly attends the weekly Session of the Magistrates at Clonakilty, to take down the occurrences of the Meeting.* The *Advertiser* is informed correctly; and this Mr. SHEAHAN, though private tutor in Mr. DEASY's family, will leave no stone unturned in order to make the *practice* of reporting the proceedings of such Courts as that of Clonakilty, *general* throughout Ireland. It occurs to him that if capable persons were to call into these Courts occasionally, to report from notes, or *memory*, the proceedings, the clearest mirror would be held up thereby to Irish Justice. Then, the good Magistrate, as is just, would be seen to advantage—and the bad one, as is desirable, be exposed to observation. Does the *Advertiser* intend, by hinting to the *knowledge* and *consent* of the Clonakilty Magistrates, that it would be right to put Mr. SHEAHAN out of the Sessions Court? By lending its aid to the degradation of any person collecting FAIR materials for the Press, the *Advertiser* may become the hangman to a party but will fail in its object. If any Irish Magistrate could be silly enough to rise against the publicity of his conduct, the motive would be obvious, and the voice and practice of England would crush him.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHEAHAN.

Extract from a New Piece, entitled "THE MIRROR OF JUSTICE."

SCENE—A Parlour in a Magistrate's house, in the Barony of Justicebedevilment.—Mr. Justice Middleman (the Host), Rev. Justice Tithe proctor, Mr. Justice Gentleman, and Mr. Head Constable, seated before a table, on which are decanters, rummers, glasses, &c.—Roger, the man, standing in a corner of the room.

Justice Middleman.—Well, Gentlemen, I think we disposed of the different cases to-day admirably well—Those ragged ruffians who contested the point with his Lordship's Agent, were tossed out of Court as they deserved.

Rev. Justice Tithe-Proctor.—And don't you imagine that the tithe cases went off delightfully. To be sure, I don't sit upon them myself, but my brother Justices are very accommodating.

Justice Gentleman.—We are all accommodating to each other, as we ought. Whenever any case comes before me in which a gentleman is engaged, I am sure to pay rank its due deference. Did you observe that fellow to-day who said he

had rights as incontestably as a nobleman. Sir, I ordered the Police to put him out instantly.

Mr. Head Constable.—And so we did. I laughed heartily when I saw the Corporal fling the rascal and his rights to the Devil.

Justice Middleman.—Gentlemen, fill your glasses—(all fill) —Allow me to give you a toast—"*The Magistrates of Ireland —the purest, wisest, best men in the world.*"

All drink, "The Magistrates of Ireland—the purest, wisest, best men in the world."

A rap at the door.

Justice Middleman.—Roger, see who is there.

(Roger goes to the door, and returns with two newspapers in his hand.)

Justice Middleman.—Well, what is that?

Roger.—Two newspapers, Sir, which somebody dropped at the door.

Justice Middleman.—Two newspapers which somebody dropped at the door! What can that mean? Well, we'll look at them. Ho! ho! the *Chronicle* and *Reporter*. I don't often see these papers. There must be something in them.

(Middleman mounts a pair of spectacles; flings his eye over forty columns in a second; is caught by the heading, "*Clonakilty Petty Sessions Court,*" in one paper, and "*A certain suggestion,*" in another. He reads to himself in the infinitive mood of thought; changes colour a thousand times; sounds his horn *to clear his head*; Tithe-Proctor, Gentleman, and Head Constable agitated; they look at each other; at length Middleman breaks out into the following *spasmody*):—

Justice Middleman.—Undone, by *****; undone, undone, undone, undone, undone, undone!

Head Constable.—Damn my eyes!

Justice Gentleman.—What the Devil!

Rev. Justice Tithe-Proctor—(pale as a ghostly father)—Mercy! Lord have mercy on us! What can it be?

Justice Middleman.—Nothing less than a Report of the proceedings of the Petty Sessions Court of Clonakilty, and an advice to have Reporters go to all Petty Sessions, and give to the public every word we say, and every decision we make.

All.—Lord God! can it be the case?

Justice Middleman.—Let me read for you. (Mr. Justice Middleman reads from the CHRONICLE—"*It occurs to him (the Writer) that if capable persons were to call occasionally into those small Courts and report the proceedings, that the clear-*

... would be held up the lie to Irish Justice. The word

Rev. Justice Tithe-proctor—(brightening and elastic)—Well, by,—and I have not sworn for the *last two days*,—this must be the work of some d—d Radical. If any rascal come into our Court, the Police must have him, as sure as God made Moses. (Head Constable stoutly nods assent.) May we not put the fellow out, Mr. Justice Gentleman?

Justice Gentleman (in bitterness of spirit)—Put him out? Put out the Devil, Sir! You might as well attempt to put the Chief Justice out of the King's Bench, or Mushra out of the County of Cork.

Head Constable.—I'll have all the Police in readiness.

Justice Gentleman (to Mr. Head Constable).—What signifies what *you* will have in readiness. Mr. Tithe-proctor, I must say that I think this the deadliest blow ever aimed at the Magistracy and Gentry of Ireland. It is not, Sir, a random shot from an occasional newspaper correspondent; it is establishing a regular battery to defend (as our adversaries will say) truth and bear down corruption. Friend Middleman, the law is always on your side, but the out-posts of a villainous PRESS-Gang will now attempt to shew that neither justice nor mercy is. A gentleman must be as mute in a Magistrate's office, as if he had neither shoes to his feet nor coat to his back. And Tithe-proctor, God help your decent family—the evasions of a misguided peasantry to deprive you of your *hard-earned* reward, will be sadly misrepresented—they will be in future *natural devices*. God help you, again I say.

Rev. Justice Tithe-proctor.—Amen! Amen! Amen! But, dear gentlemen, is there no redress? I thought there was too much light in our Star-Chamber already. Does the general practice of the Courts of England sanction the admission of Reporters?

Justice Gentleman.—Every Court in England, from the high one of Parliament to the Magistrate's Office, is open to the public. If the Courts were large enough to contain all the population, every individual in the land may listen, but as they are not, those who hear report the proceedings to those who do not. See the Reports of the Houses of Lords and Commons, of the Courts of Chancery, King's Bench, Equity, and Common Pleas—the Reports of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and of the Police Offices. The English papers of one week would furnish you with the reports of five hundred cases such as come before us. It is my opinion, really, though you may well suppose that my will and judgment are at variance on the present occasion, that if you were to convert your bedchamber into a Sessions' Court, *any subject* may walk up stairs without your leave, take his stand beside you, and, were he to speak his mind, it would be, "the D———l thank you."

(*Here Roger is noticed to laugh more heartily than the seriousness of the present matter in debate can at all* sanction—all turn their eyes upon him with a mixture of surprise & indignation.)

Mr. Justice Middleman.—At what were you laughing, you scoundrel?

Roger—Faith, Sir, I was laughing.

Mr. Justice Middleman.—At what, tell me, you rascal?

Roger.—Faith, Sir, I was listening to your Honours, and the world is taking a queer turn.

Mr. Justice Middleman.—And is that turn only a laughing matter for you?—*turn out*, d—n you, you villain—let me never see your face again; for a pin's point I'd horsewhip you whilst I could stand over you.

Roger.—I will leave your house, Mr. Justice Middleman; but by ——! (Roger could swear as well as the Parson)—if you lay a wet finger on me, all the world shall know it. I'll have you in the *Hue and Cry*. Every thing is not your own way now.

(Roger leaves the room.)

Mr. Head Constable.—It is all the spirit of faction—that scoundrel evidently has his share of it.

Rev. Justice Tithe-proctor.—Friend Gentleman, though you scrupulously adhere to one, still you have made yourself acquainted with both sides of the question. Can any thing be said in favour of this practice of Reporting?

Justice Gentleman.—Sir, the disaffected will tell you that *every thing* can be said in its favour; they will tell you that an upright Magistrate is as necessary as an upright Judge, and that if publicity be good in the case of the latter it must be equally so in that of the former—if a Judge can destroy justice in its growth, a Magistrate may stifle it in its birth—by refusing informations from a poor man, he may shelter guilt—by taking them from a rich man, he may oppress innocence.—Also, in deciding on the merits of cases, a Magistrate may have a leaning towards a particular interest, which nothing but publicity can counteract—he may wish to favour my Lord Littlegood, or his Reverence Goodfornothing; but the public eye is on him, and scares him into propriety. Again, they say, rich men, in money matters, are often guilty of injustice to the poor. The latter, in consequence of the expense of the law, cannot go into a high Court to obtain their *due* redress However, they may forfeit a portion of their demand, and come into a small Court for the remainder. The story of the wrong come out, and—*there is a Reporter*—the dread of notoriety will be as good as conscience—the rich man will pay the entire sum rather than be disgraced with the world. It is also urged that the Magistrates generally do not treat the lower orders as they ought—they rascal, scoundrel, trample on them—they do not raise the people in their own estimation, by showing them that the laws are for their protection as citizens, but for their punishment as slaves. This evil, it is said, would be corrected by reporting; by representing Mr Justice Suchaone as saying, "Turn out that rascal." "What does that fellow say?"—

"Half those country devils deserve to be transported." By giving a few dramatic touches of this kind in a report, a Magistrate would blush at his own picture, and be ashamed of his identity. In fine, Brother Middleman, they say, that bigotry, pride, oppression, injustice would be exposed, and by being exposed—checked. That the rich man could not be injured, and the poor man would be materially served.

Gentleman was about to proceed with another thought that had occurred to him, but there was a great sinking of poor Middleman's heart. The latter accordingly begged pardon for retiring; but hoped the Gentlemen would console themselves in his absence.

Rev. Justice Tithe-proctor—(Rising and grasping Middleman by the hand)—As it happens, it is now just time for service; the congregation will expect me—the Sexton, the Church Warden's Wife and Daughter. Farewell.

Justice Gentleman and Mr. Head Constable.—We'll all go.

Justice Middleman.—Well, friends, God bless you.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

(Tithe-proctor is seen retiring by a long avenue; he stops occasionally, and strikes his thigh, as if heaven and earth were coming together. Gentleman and Head Constable wheel off as dumb as headless coaches.)

THE LAW CHURCH.

[The following was published in June 1824. After a perusal of it, I think, it will be admitted that I took my side early against that system of compulsory Church taxation which has been so opposed to the peace, liberty, and prosperity of my Country. It will be seen that from 1824 downwards, I have maintained in regard to this baleful system, the tone and spirit which marked the "Second Extract from the Mirror of Justice." It may not be amiss to state, that, in 1824, Mr. HUME moved in the House of Commons the adoption of the following Resolution:—"That it is expedient to enquire whether the present Church Establishment of Ireland be not more than commensurate to the services to be performed, both as regards the number of persons employed and the income they receive."—The adoption of this resolution was strongly opposed by Mr. (now Lord) PLUNKETT.—On a division, there were for Mr. HUME's motion, 79—against it, 152. The amount of the minority gave great

courage to the enemies of Compulsory Church Taxation in Ireland. The Irish People owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. HUME.]

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Second Extract from a New Piece, entitled "THE MIRROR OF JUSTICE."

Scene—A Petty Session Room.

Rev. Justice TITHESAVER.
Rev. Justice SOULLOSER, } Magistrates.
Rev. Justice DEVILMAYCARE,
PETER PENDULUM, the Clerk, is a relation to one of the Magistrates, and
Mr. HEADCONSTABLE, *one of themselves.*

Tithesaver.—Ho, ho! no Layman on the Bench to-day. Soulloser, how does this happen?

Soulloser.—Brother Tithesaver, Laymen have more business on their hands than we have.

Devilmaycare.—Just so, Soulloser. For instance, when the old woman in Templetrine dies one of these days, what the d—l will the Rector have to do, but pocket his tithe-money.

Soulloser.—Faith, Plunkett seemed to understand as much on the late debate. He supported the Church Establishment of this Country, then, more for its connecting England with Ireland, than *Earth* with *Heaven*.

Devilmaycare.—Confound the lemon-faced quibbler: much better if he had not said a word on the occasion. Brother Soulloser, when a man of his talents can say nothing for the Church, the inference every person will draw is, that nothing can be said for it.

Tithesaver.—Come, Gentlemen, we must proceed to business. Clerk, call number 1.

(Peter calls.)

Moses Bible versus *Patrick Joseph Hume.*

Tithesaver.—Moses Bible is a worthy fellow, and Proctor to our good friend, Goodfornothing. Devilmaycare, Goodfornothing is a man of deep devotion.

Devilmaycare.—Yes, to the bottle.

Tithesaver.—Where did he study?

Devilmaycare.—I don't well know, but from the peculiar nature of his devotion, perhaps it was *Glasgow*.

Tithesaver.—Ha, then, you remind me of a pun of our old friend, the Archdeacon. He never saw the bottle at rest, that he did not exclaim from Horace—"*Stat glassies* (*glacies*) *inera.*" He was the deuce of a punster. But what keeps the parties in the present case? let them be called again.

(Peter bellows, Moses Bible, and a Policeman in the hall re-bellows it.)

Moses (running in)—Here.

Tithesaver (to Moses)—Why, Moses, you are in general more precise in your attendance; what delayed you?

Moses.—I was lodging the Widow Byrne's cow in pound. She pestered me, complaining that her children would want milk; however, I told her that Mr. Goodfornothing would want wine, and so I left her.

Tithesaver.—Well, Moses, what complaint is this you have against Patrick Joseph Hume?

Moses.—Faith, Sir, a very serious one. He would not pay his tithe to Parson Goodfornothing, so we processed and decreed him. I executed the decree myself, and what do you think of Patrick Joseph but rescued the property: however, I declare to your Reverence, it is not the rescue that frets me, but the seditious language the fellow used at the time. He said—

Soulloser.—What did he say?

Moses.—He said, Mr. Soulloser, that he was humbugged and plundered long enough, and that he would be humbugged and plundered no longer; that the Scotch did not pay two Clergy—that the English did not pay two Clergy, and that the Irish should not pay two Clergy. That the Scotch paid but their own Clergy—that the English paid but their own Clergy, and that the Irish ought to pay but their own Clergy.

All the Magistrates.—Where is Hume? Did not he receive a summons?

Moses.—He did, Sir; but he is in a sort of House of Commons below there, where these matters are regularly discussed, and allow me to tell your Reverences, as you are Clergymen together, that this parish is not much the better for that Gentleman's orations. By Knipes, he is poisoning the public mind, and for one friend he would have thirty years ago, he has *seventy-nine* now.

Soulloser (to Mr. Headconstable)—Go, arrest Hume, and seize his papers, if he have any—or, I'll go with you, myself.

(The Rev. Justice Soulloser and Mr. Headconstable leave the room.)

Rev. Justice Devilmaycare (to Moses).—How did it happen that Hume was able to take the property from you?

Moses.—We had no arms.

Devilmaycare.—No arms! Where were Parson Goodfornothing's? I thought he had some excellent pistols and blunderbusses.

Moses.—True; but they were in his oratory at the time, and his Reverence was out hunting.

Devilmaycare.—Moses, do you remember the Castlehaven affair?

Moses.—I do; I know the Rector well.

Devilmaycare.—He was the person for making a Proctor work.

Moses.—Yes; I remember a poor man once went to trouble him with his tithe; he ordered him to the Proctor, with "by G...d, he would no. pay a dog and bark himself."

Devilmaycare...Oh! he was the man of business; in a short time he raised his living from 400l. a year to 1,600l. But this Hume, I perceive, is coming.

(Enter Rev. Justice Soulloser, with papers in his hand... Mr. Headconstable, awfully serious... Patrick Joseph between two Sub-constables. Some of the people attempt to enter the *Public Court*, but they are put out by the Clerk, *as it is his parlour*. Soulloser and Headconstable take their seats. Moses is on the Bench; Patrick Joseph stands in front of the Magistrates; his right hand is on his left breast.. truth on his lips, and fearlessness on his forehead.)

Soulloser (to his brother Magistrates)...By my honour, Gentlemen, I never received half so much insolence in my life.... I asked the defendant, when I found him in a news room down there, why he had not obeyed the Magistrates' summons, and he impudently told me, "he could not expect justice...Tithing Parsons sent the Proctor to rob him of his property, and Magistrate Parsons would sanction the injustice."

Patrick Joseph (firmly).. Yes, I said so, and I say so still; and there is not in England a man who is not a fool or a knave that does not say so likewise. Lord God! how happy am I to think that the poor people of this country are out of the hands of the Ascendancy. The Union was productive of many evils, but it was productive of one paramount blessing...it rescued them from *a party interested in their misery*, and gave them to a people interested in their happiness.

Tithesaver (turning to Soulloser).....What can he mean by this?

Patrick Joseph...I tell you what he means by it, Mr. Tithesaver, *that the people of England will not be paying four millions in taxes annually for this country*, to feed a race of useless Parsons and Proctors...to place 14 Protestants on the necks of 196 Catholics and Dissenters...to perpetuate oppression, poverty, ignorance, and crime.

Soulloser (in a passion)...Was ever such language heard in a Court of Justice?

(Here Patrick Joseph smiled most contemptuously at the notion, we presume, of Soulloser's Court of Justice.)

Soulloser (in continuation)...Patrick Joseph Hume, you are charged by Mr. Moses Bible with the rescue of a horse seized under a decree for tithe; what have you to say for yourself?

Patrick Joseph...Give me leave first to ask in what light am I to consider Mr. Moses Bible, the plaintiff? Is he a Magistrate; for I see him on the Bench.

Soulloser...Sir, Mr. Moses Bible is Mr. Moses Bible; and though he said, "turn out and be damned to you," he would say so with impunity...

Patrick Joseph...I believe you, Mr. Justice Soulloser; but Joseph Hume may be Joseph Hume too, and in his turn he may say to certain persons, "turn out and be damned to you," and say so with impunity.

Tithesaver (angrily)...We cannot allow the Board of Magistrates to be insulted. Come, answer to the charge, or informations shall be taken directly. On what ground did you commit this rescue?

Patrick Joseph (coolly)...There are some papers in Mr. Soulloser's hands which he brought from my house; one of those will give you the grounds of my conduct as fully as I can desire.

Soulloser (handing the papers to the Clerk)...Take these papers and look over them Read the heads.

(Peter Pendulum reads.)

No. 1.....The Evils of Absenteeism.
No. 2.....The Evils of Rack-rents.
No. 3.....The Evils of Orangeism.
No. 4.. The Church Establishment.

Soulloser...Perhaps No. 4 is the paper to which the defendant, Hume, refers.

Patrick Joseph....Yes, No. 4 is the paper to which the defendant, Hume, refers. Read it and answer it.

(No. 4 is divided into six short paragraphs.)

(The Clerk reads.)

"Church Establishment of Ireland; or, the lately received intelligence which has induced the Earl of Liverpool to call upon the Parliament and People of England to oppose any general measure of relief to the Irish.

"1. Population of Ireland....The population of Ireland is at least seven millions; of these the Catholics and Dissenters constitute six millions and a half. The Protestants of the Church Establishment are half a million, or one-fourteenth of the entire.

"2. State of that Population....The great majority of the People of Ireland are in a state revolting to humanity and discreditable to the British nation. No stranger visiting Ireland who does not say, that the Irish are the most wretched, miserable beings in existence, and the combinations, house-burnings, murders of that country are notorious. All this (see Mr. Maberly's motion) arises from *poverty and want of employment.*

"3. National Property in the hands of the Irish Church... There is at present a Clergy in Ireland deriving immense property from the Irish People in the shape of Church Lands, Tithes, and Church Rates. Not to speak of Church Rates, the draughts by this Clergy are estimated at £3,200,000 annually. *These Clergy are paid as if they were the Clergy of the entire population.* Now as they are the Clergy of one-fourteenth only of the population, they should receive but one-fourteenth of the payment of the entire Clergy of the population. *The Government should look to this.*

Tithesaver (interrupting the Clerk)...The Government has nothing to do with it

Patrick Joseph (smartly)....In Plunkett's speech on the

"Easement of Burial Bill," he said that Government, 300 years ago, took the Church Property out of the hands in which it had been, and blended it with the general interests of the State. *Either Government can do the same now, or what it did then was unjust.* If unjust, you know the right owners of the property, and RESTORE it.

(This was a dilemma into which Justice Tithesaver did not expect to be thrown, and Patrick Joseph laughed most heartily at his discomfiture.)

(The Clerk proceeds with the reading of No. 4.)

"No. 4. Such Property convertible to the Improvement of the Irish People....If justice took place in paying the Established Clergy, according to their services, their income, instead of being what it is at present, would be 228,571l. 8s. 6d., and 2,971,428l. 11s. 6d., *the over-payment*, might be converted to the comfort and employment of the people, to the extension of education and manufactures, to the prevention of heartburning, affrays and bloodshed.

Soulloser...Blood-a-nounse, Gentlemen, is the property of the Church to be *thus disposed ?*

(At this moment Devilmaycare's Sexton bursts into the Court-room : he is greatly agitated.)

Sexton ..Mr. Devilmaycare, I am come to tell you that Peggy Croker, our only Protestant Parishioner, has been suddenly attacked, and is just going to...

Devilmaycare (impatiently).. To what?

Sexton...To die.

Devilmaycare...Let her die and be d——d. What a time, when our last plank of salvation is at stake, to be pestered by an old haridan, whose body and soul are not worth the tithe of a blackberry. Away, Sirrah, don't annoy me.

Tithesaver (to his brother Magistrates).....This paper, to be sure, is exceedingly seditious, but as it is short, we might as well hear it out.——(The Clerk continues.)

"5. The number of industrious people it would employ.....Supposing the extra property now squandered on the Protestant Clergy, in the hands of the Government, or people, and expended on labour, it would give employment the year round at 15s. the week, to 76,190 *Tradesmen*, or at 6s. per week, to 190,476 *Labourers*. Averaging at 5½ to each family, it would be taking, *one way*. 417,045 off the poor list of the country, or 1,047,612, *another*.

"6. Contrast and Conclusion...The yearly income of a hard-working Catholic Clergyman in Ireland, averages £100; the Protestant Bishop of Derry has 15,000l. per annum. Is it the spirit of Christianity that one Priest should be paid as much as 150, or should Government or the people tolerate it."

Clerk (to the Magistrates)... That is all, Gentlemen.

(The Magistrates look thoughtful, but say nothing. Patrick Joseph understands them as well as if they had spoken a volume.)

Patrick Joseph (to the Clerk)...Perhaps their Reverences would wish to hear No. 4 again.

Soulloser (in a violent fury)...Silence, you reprobate offender. Your insolence is an aggravation of your crime; you would plunder the "Anointed of the Lord." Your system is spoliation.

Patrick Joseph (firmly)...My system is not spoliation, Mr. Justice Soulloser; it is justice, religion, common sense; and if you be anointed, it is to save our souls, and not to squander our substance.

Soulloser (in a storm of passion)...You are a villain, I tell you

Patrick Joseph (forgetting himself)...You are a villain and a hypocrite.

Soulloser (turning to Tithesaver and Devilmaycare)...Gentlemen, a villain and a hypocrite.

Tithesaver...Commit him.

Devilmaycare...Commit him.

All...Commit him, commit him, commit him.

Patrick Joseph...Won't I be heard?

All, again...Commit him, commit him, commit him.

(Patrick Joseph is seized by two sub-constables, and conducted to prison; as he leaves the room he is heard saying)...

Well, I am now fifty years old, and since I was twenty, I have been paying at least 5l. a year to Goodfornothing, or his father; 30 times 5l. are 150l., and then the interest—what a fortune for my little girls! and what the devil have the Goodfornothings done for all this?

Soulloser...We must take informations against that fellow.

Devilmaycare...To be sure, without delay. What do you think, Mr. Tithesaver?

Tithesaver...Do you know what? I really think, that by sending that gentleman before the Barrister, we shall be just acting as he would wish. It is my firm belief, that he committed the rescue to have an opportunity of attacking the Church Establishment. The more quietly we get rid of this matter the better.

Devilmaycare (serious)...Perhaps you are right; but will Moses be satisfied not to proceed?

Tithesaver (looking at Moses)...Why not? Moses is just as good game as ourselves...the Parson and the Tithe-proctor.

Moses...I'll do anything.

Tithesaver...Well, Moses, make a great fuss; say Hume deserved to be hanged: however, that you were merciful.... We'll keep him in twenty-four hours; say you took that into account.

Moses...You may depend upon me. I'll manage the affair.

Tithesaver...D—n it, I am sorry this affair ever came before us. Clerk, call No. 2.

THE SECOND REFORMATION.

[The Third Extract from the "Mirror of Justice" was published in the same year, '24—shortly after the Biblicals had entered upon the "Second Reformation."—How these Biblicals have passed away! The more knowing ones of them thought they could divert, by means of religious controversy, the attention of both English and Irish people from the consideration of national and local grievances: the progress of Reform in England, and of Repeal (Ireland's best reform), in Ireland, proves how strangely they miscalculated.]

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Third Extract from "THE MIRROR OF JUSTICE."

Scene .. A Petty Sessions Court.

Mr. Justice Newlight,
Mr. Justice Skylight,
Mr. Justice Sensible, } Presiding.
Mr. Parable Isaac,..... Clerk.

Mr. Justice Skylight—(looking at his watch)—Ho! not Court hour yet. Much business to-day, Isaac?

Isaac.—Not much to-day, Mr. Justice Skylight; but in No. 1, your friend the Churchwarden has lodged a complaint against Paul Newman.

Skylight.—Paul Newman! I regret that.—For what, Parable?

Isaac.—For cock-fighting, sir, on the Lord's day.

Newlight—(greatly disedified)—Dear me! Paul Newman was the only one in this parish we could proselytise; or prevail on to take the Bible.

Mr. J. Sensible—(contemptuously)—The Bible! take care it was not your Bible that brings Paul Newman before you to-day.

Newlight.—Ah, Mr. Justice Sensible, I wonder how you, who are a Protestant, can be always insinuating against the Bible. The Bible, sir, is the word of truth and the light of life—it shines—unto life everlasting.

Sensible—Aye; and perhaps unto cock-fighting too.

Newlight and Skylight (together)—Sir, the Bible is the rule of faith and morals. Every thing necessary for salvation is in it—with a pencil of light.

Sensible—A pencil of light! The eating of the body and the drinking of the blood are necessary to salvation. How can you say that the passages relating to this body and blood are pencilled with light, and yet give 80 different interpreta-

tions of them.—*Phosphorus*, Gentlemen, your light is, and shines in the dark.

Skylight (rather agitated)—And, Sir, are the Sacred Scriptures the only book not intelligible?

Sensible—No, Sir, not the only book. I know no book that is entirely intelligible—It is not Milton—It is not Shakespeare—It is not Homer—It is not Horace. And, I ask you, Sir, you who are such a champion for Bible reading without note and comment, have you yourself read the Bible without note or comment?

Skylight—Well, then, I suppose you would be for having us all become Roman Catholics and listening to the Church.

Sensible—I really think there is more sense in imagining three or four hundred learned men will come to a right conclusion on a given point, than that any one man will. And as religion is the foundation of morality, and morality the framework of society, the firmer the foundation of that morality the better. The foundation of Catholic morality is one solid rock —that, Sir, of your morality and mine, has a thousand clefts in it.

Skylight—Then, Sir, I suppose Catholic morality is steadier than ours.

Sensible—If the foundations be more steady, why not the superstructure?

Skylight—One fact is better than a thousand arguments. I shall show you that Bible-reading, without note or comment, and according to the interpretation of private judgment, has been productive of the happiest consequences.

Sensible—Come, then, where will you shew this to me.

Skylight (hesitating)—Will you allow me to go to Otaheite.

Sensible—No, nor Owhyhee.

Skylight (evidently confused.)—To Falloozeland.

Sensible.—No, nor Bamboozleland.

Newlight.—And why, Mr. Justice Sensible, will you not allow my friend Skylight to draw his proofs from these countries.

Sensible.—I tell you, Sir, I don't like farfetched proofs in any case. I know the unblushing falsehoods which the Biblicals have published *about this country*, and I doubt not that, to serve their purposes, they would publish equally unblushing falsehoods *about any other*. Come, Mr. Skylight, if you would shew me the effect of Bible-reading, shew it to me in that country where there are most Bibles and Testaments—prove to me that there is a diminution of vice in England, in proportion to the spread of Biblicism.—Shew me the fruit of your Bible Tree, the fact worth a thousand arguments.

Skylight.—So you won't let me go to Otaheite.

Sensible.—No, Sir, I will let you go to England, and I

will shew you there an horrific encrease of crime, while there has been a corresponding encrease of Bibles. The number of crimes committed in England and Wales for the first seven years of the fourteen, ending December 1823, was 47,522—for the last, 93,082.

Skylight.—Ah! but you have not shewn that this immorality arises from the reading of the Bible.

Sensible.—Come now, Skylight, be candid. If there was an improved system of morality in England, you would triumphantly attribute it to Bible-reading. As there is not, you must at least admit that it has produced *no good effect*, where it ought to have produced the best. But it appears to me to have a *bad effect*, and much of the immorality of which the calculation I gave is a proof—is, in my mind, assignable to it.—Does not fanaticism bring religion into contempt?—does not infidelity undermine it?—what has raised up every fanatical teacher in England—what many a deistical writer?—reading the Bible without note or comment. How, in the name of common sense, can morals be safe between them?

Newlight.—Friend, Skylight, why don't you quote texts of scripture?

Sensible.—Ah! Mr. Newlight, what good are his texts of scripture—they may prove wit or memory, but not judgment. You may quote scripture and poetry for ever, without a single ray of inspiration in either.

Skylight (hard-driven)...Well, then, there is Father Carroll—what do you say about him, Mr. Sensible; you who are such an advocate for Popery?

Sensible.—I think the use the Biblicals have made of the Wexford occasion, incontestibly proves the weakness of their cause, and, what is worse, their own depravity. It must be low water with them, indeed, when, to make out a case against the Catholic Priesthood, a *Lunatic is the approver*; and if the Laity looked on, *who created* that ignorance which made them look on? Was it not the Penal Code of your Biblicals, which made it impossible for a Catholic to learn, by making it felony for a Catholic to teach. Would Catholics of ordinary education suffer the madman to kill the child?—they would not. Who took from them an ordinary education?—You. You, therefore, are answerable for their ignorance & its consequences.

Newlight (looking to Parable Isaac)...I wish I had a bible here.

Isaac...Sir, the clock struck twelve, and the parties in No. 1 are coming in.

(Enter Mr. Churchwarden and Paul Newman.)

Skylight...Well, Mr. Churchwarden, you have lodged a complaint against Paul Newman, for breaking the Sabbath day.

Paul...What Sabbath day, Sir? I broke no Sabbath day.

Skylight...Mr. Churchwarden, when did you find Paul Newman cockfighting?

Mr. Churchwarden.....Last Sunday, Sir.

Skylight...Paul Newman, did you not know that the due observance of *that day* was part and parcel of the law?

Paul... Yes, of the law of man, but not of the law of God.

Newlight... Reprobate, did I not give you a Bible?

Paul... But the Bible says nothing of *that day*.

Newlight... What day?

Paul... Why the first day of the week.

Sensible (smiling)... You are right, Paul—the Bible speaks of observing *the last day of the week*.

Newlight (looking at Skylight, and then at Paul)...But the Church speaks of it.

Paul.....What Church, Mr. Newlight? Did you not tell me that the Bible contained every thing, and that I was not to look beyond it. If you take me now from Scripture to Tradition, why not take yourself to Confession, and your brother, the Parson, to Celibacy?

Newlight... You deserve to be put into the stocks.

Paul...Into the stocks, Mr. Newlight—and is it then the Gospel liberty of the stocks you would give me for reading the Bible without note or comment—and for not forgetting to keep holy the seventh day?

Sensible (to his brother Magistrates)...Oh, Gentlemen, you must perceive that this is all your own working. Go home, Paul Newman; give up your private interpretation of the Bible, or you'll gather worse perils from it than stocks and cockfighting. Isaac, call No. 2.

POPULAR ELECTIONS.

[In October, 1824, it was rumoured that a Dissolution of Parliament was at hand; I accordingly wrote the letter signed "CURRAN." The same faith in the great body of the Electors; the same assurance that the poorest amongst them, if properly managed and instructed, would stand by their country;—the same that I felt in 1832, when the object was, the return of "two Repealers" for my native City,—possessed me in 1824, before the controversy on "the Wings," or the evidence of the Waterford, Louth, Monaghan, or Clare Elections. I remember I was called an enthusiast by some of those who had read my letter; but, in co-operation with many good men, I have since proved that my enthusiasm had more practical sense in it, than their affected wisdom and real folly. The application of the Catholic Rent to the pro-

tection of persecuted voters was, I believe, first recommended in this letter.]

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To the EDITOR of the CORK MERCANTILE CHRONICLE.

"Oh! where is the slave, so lowly
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?"

SIR,—If it has been the misfortune of many to be born in slavery, it has been the fault of some to have died so.—There are certain periods in the existence of the most calamitous favourable to fortune, when the tide of events flows in the channel of wealth, peace, and liberty; taken, it wafts to happiness; neglected, it is lost for ever. To be sure, there is no certainty in the affairs of men.—The brightest prospects are blasted, and those who labour long and honestly in the best of causes, find disappointment their reward. But, the virtuous never desert the post of duty, and the brave never despair of maintaining it.

Sir, a General Election, from every appearance, is not very far distant; an event at all times and in all parts of the British Empire of paramount importance, but to Ireland, at the present moment of tremendous consequence. If the Irish Constituents send proper representatives to the new Parliament, Ireland is happy; her centuries of oppression will be remembered but to be deplored; and a new æra of social order and national prosperity commence for ever.—This cannot be effected without a mighty effort of both nation and individual, but the victory is a reward for the battle.

The destinies of this country are essentially interwoven with the opinions of the British Public. As long as those opinions are hostile to a change of system in Ireland, so long misgovernment will continue.—The moment those opinions change, and that an alteration in the mode of managing Irish affairs is desired, the alteration is effected, for the power rests where the will is.—This alteration is next to an impossibility unless those who go to England as the representatives of Ireland, truly represent Ireland, her wants, her expectations, her rights, her grievances The Irish Members of Parliament are the only organ of representation which we can reasonably expect the English People to regard.—They are called our representatives.—The English have been in the habit of listening to them as our representatives, and true or false, favourable or unfavoura-

ble, their representation have been considered as our representation. The honest politician on this or the other side of the channel asserts, that tythe, for instance, is a tribute, and oppressive. The Irish Member says, it is no tribute and not oppressive.—The English People, considering the latter as our proper Representative, believe him. The tythe system, accordingly, remains as a bone of contention for the peasant and the parson, and the honest politician is baptised an agitator, a rebel, or a radical.

Though it may seem strange, still under existing circumstances I would prefer a representation of Irish interests by Englishmen to any made by persons connected with this country.—No Irish Member whatever has set forth the state of Ireland with half the straight-forwardness, half the truth of Hume, Burdett, Brougham, Abercrombie, Hobhouse, Smyth, and Maberly. One is gas-light with regard to a particular city, but darkness itself with regard to Ireland. Another speaks for Emancipation, but fights for the Tithe system; a third pronounces a fine harangue on Irish oppression, but particularise the administration of justice, and you miss his advocacy. A fourth plunges headlong into the defence of every thing ruinous and oppressive. How does it happen that some Englishmen do more justice to this country than any Irishmen? The question is easily solved—the former have no connexions in this country to corrupt or blind them; the latter have. There is not a representative from Ireland in the British Senate who is not more or less intimately identified with the grievances of that land.—Take a survey of them all, and you cannot name a single individual among them who has not some near relative or friend fattening on the Church Establishment, the Ascendancy principle, the Rackrent system, Absenteeism, or Taxation.—Hence the manner in which the General Petition from the Catholics of Ireland was supported by the Irish Representatives in the last Session.—The complaints of that petition came in a tangible shape; that Petition probed the evils of the country to the bottom—but the friend in the Church exclaimed against it—the friend in the Corporation exclaimed against it,—the friend in the Orange Lodge exclaimed against it—all but the people exclaimed against it, and the Irish Representatives heard all and acted for all—but the People.

However, it is out of the range of probability that we could establish an Irish Representation by English or Scotch, and (though Heaven knows, it is hard to trust to men whose early prejudices and family connexions are at variance with their duty), still, there are to be found in Ireland those of high hearts and noble souls, professing

clear views of the state of the Country, with a courage to assert her rights, and an integrity to redress her wrongs. During centuries of political debasement they have shone over a benighted People, and they have not set for ever. That such men may be appointed to image the Irish nation in the British Parliament—to operate a change in the British mind favorable to Ireland, and thereby, assuredly to benefit Ireland, should be the wish and care of all true Irishmen, of those who can vote as of those who cannot.

Is it possible that the Irish voters could act independently, and send honest men to Parliament? Could they at one glorious effort burst the bonds with which Landlords, Clergy, Taxeaters, and tyrants have bound them—justify their own consciences, and assert their rights.—The oppressor will madden at the question, and the coward tremble; but nature, reason, religion, the prospect of great good, the certainty otherwise, of much evil, all answer in the affirmative. The Irish People may be fairly represented in Parliament if they but will it.—They may raise themselves from the dust, for they possess the power, and long, long may they be trampled if they do not exert it. Instead of aggregating the voters of all Ireland, or of one Province, or of one County, or of one Barony; let us place those of one Parish before us. The circumstances of all are the same, and those motives which ought to influence ten, will influence ten thousand.—Well, then, we have the constituency of one Parish before us, and Good Heavens! what an accumulation of misery and degradation do they not represent, and may they not put an end to. They feel that they belong to a people ground down and trodden. The oppressive landlord strips the coat from the back; the oppressive parson strips the flesh from the bone; the cold-hearted absentee heaps his board with their labour, and less fortunate than their dogs, they taste not even the crumbs that fall from it—the Corporation Belly God taxes high and gives no equivalent—hunger, cold, nakedness, every thing that can make life a curse or death a blessing, is their lot, and all the result of laws long since made, but still repealable. Are the Irish so debased in understanding as to be incapable of perceiving the cause of their misery—that they are at the mercy of the Landlord, the Parson, the Corporator, the Orangeman, because the law has placed them so—that such law has been made by one Parliament, and may be unmade by another. Can we imagine that if this matter were clearly stated to the voters of the parish before us, that the majority of them would not vote for a friend but for an enemy—no, we cannot; for a moment we

cannot. If, then, the majority of the voters of one parish may be got to vote for the country, why not the majority of the voters of one barony, one county, one province, one Ireland. Do possibilities present themselves only when death and certain ruin stare us—may a majority of Irishmen be induced to enter into illegal and desperate associations, and is no majority to be expected when the means are constitutional and the object unequivocally good, or are we to let the evils of the country run on, till foreign invasion or domestic convulsion aggravate or end them.

But I shall be told that in the matter of an Election, the influence of a Landlord is omnipotent. In my soul, I cannot believe it. The interest of a poor man is too intimately connected with an independent vote, to think that influence irresistible. I will suppose a conversation the substance of which, I am certain, has passed between many Landlords and Tenants, and may—I am certain, pass between many Landlords and Tenants more :—

Landlord.—Tenant, you must give your vote to Mr. Injustice.

Tenant.—Will Mr. Injustice tell the British Parliament to do away the Law which makes me pay tythes to a Clergyman I don't want?

Landlord.—No, Mr. Injustice will tell the British Parliament no such thing—He will be for your paying tythes always, and say tythes are no evil.

Tenant.—Will Mr. Injustice tell the British Parliament, that an Irish Landlord squeezes more out of his Tenantry than any other Landlord in the world, and will he call upon that Parliament to come between such Landlord and such Tenantry, to protect the latter from misery and starvation?

Landlord.—No, Sir, Mr. Injustice will say nothing about Landlord or Tenant. If the Landlord were to cut your flesh and pound your bones, Mr. Injustice will say nothing about it.

Tenant.—You know I have a large family. All my children are willing to work if they could procure employment, but that which should give them employment is expended by absentees elsewhere. Will Mr. Injustice say any thing about the Absentees?

Landlord.—No—Mr. Injustice will say that a Gentleman may spend his fortune where he pleases.

Tenant.—Vestries, Corporations, Grand Juries, tax me as they please, and for much I give them I often see nothing in return—what I gave the Church-warden for the Church—the Corporation-man for the pound—the Grand Jury for the road-[illegible] Parson—What I gave those last year would cover my

pay the tythe in cess to the road-jobbing Parson, to the end of the world, and Mr. Injustice will not trouble his head about you.

Tenant.—What then, will Mr. Injustice advise the British Parliament to do for me?

Landlord.—To send you the Bible.

Tenant.—Profligate hypocrisy—in that book Christ says to the Jews, "judge me by my works," I judge your friend Injustice by his works, and I reject him. However, let me propose to you one question more—I have the feelings of a man, and though they say my religion is idolatrous, it has not prostrated my intellect in the dust. Is my Protestant fellow-countryman to trample and insult me always? Will Mr. Injustice vote to place me on an equality with him?

Landlord.—No, Mr. Injustice will never vote for your Emancipation.

Tenant.—Nor will I ever vote for Mr. Injustice. I would rather lose the last farthing oppression has left me than sign my own condemnation by voting for a man who declares that as I have been born in slavery, I must die so.

Landlord.—Take care of yourself—you owe rent.

Tenant.—Well, all you can do is to eject me—but if every man were to follow my example, we would soon have a Parliament that wouldn't allow you to eject me, because I didn't vote for Injustice.

Language such as this has been often used by the poor man and acted upon. I can see no reason why it may not be used and acted upon generally. The Irish are a noble though an oppressed people, and all that is necessary to instigate to the performance of their duty is the knowledge of it. There is scarcely an individual in the land who would not readily encounter the unconstitutional interference of his landlord, if he thought that his opposition would be productive of good—and not a man who would not suffer himself to be ejected, if it were clearly shewn to him, that the rapacious Tithe-Proctor, the oppressive Landlord, the monopolizing Corporator, and the insolent Orangeman, would be ejected also.

With a view, then, Sir, to induce the poor voters of Ireland, and they are the majority, to vote for their friends and not for their enemies—for men who would represent the real state of this country to the English people, who have the will and the power to do us justice, I would propose:—

First—An Aggregate Meeting of the People of Ireland, to be held in Dublin, for the purpose of recommending to those having votes, the appointment of honest and intelligent men.

Secondly—Aggregate Meetings of each County and City, for recommending particular Candidates.

Thirdly—Parochial Meetings for the same purpose.

Fourthly—The distribution of 400,000 circulars, shewing forth clearly and forcibly, the advantages that would result to the Country from sending honest men to the British Parliament, and most particularly, at the present moment.

This, Sir, would be the outline of the plan, I would propose; and if I were to add to it, it would be that, as the general adoption of the measure would awe down tyrannical proceedings on an extensive scale; any particular cases of oppression may be met by the agency of the Catholic Rent. In no department whatsoever could it be more effectually employed. It would be striking at the root of all those evils under which this country has for ages laboured. It would raise the population of the land from that debasement, to which injustice and bigotry had reduced them.—It would make England strong, and Ireland happy.

Sir, there may be an enthusiasm in what I have suggested, but it is an enthusiasm for the constitution—a feeling, which tells me that our grievances may be constitutionally redressed, and which would so redress them.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

CURRAN.

A NEW IRISH ARITHMETIC.

[In the year 1825, I went to London, and there published a small volume, entitled "*Excursions from Bandon*, in the South of Ireland,† by a Plain Englishman." In the same year "*The Examiner*" gave a very flattering place to two articles with which I furnished it, and one of which is the subjoined. In '25, "educate the Irish" was an almost universal cry.]

.....

A NEW IRISH ARITHMETIC.

The education of the Irish being now fully determined upon, it becomes the duty of all those who have had any experience in the various systems of tuition, to communicate what they conceive to be the best one for imparting knowledge to that hitherto neglected, and at all times very ignorant people.

† I was induced to add,..." in the South of Ireland,"...an English Doctor of Laws, and an English Merchant (of the second class) having declared, that they were ignorant of the existence of such a place as Bandon....And yet these are the English whom the Bandonians will have to make laws for them!

Mr. PLUNKETT, the Irish Attorney-General—(in 1816, we think it was)—sneered at the present Home Secretary for proposing to educate the Irish: "Yes," said he, "teach them to read—to read what? Laws enacted for their degradation; teach them to calculate—to calculate what? Property not their own." Such was the language of Mr. PLUNKETT in 1816. However, though his own system is precisely as well calculated for covering the back or filling the stomach as the one he then ridiculed, yet does he see the importance of Education. If he has not been the actual parent of the Education Committee, he has most assuredly countenanced and befriended it; such conduct was befitting his highly intelligent mind.

Though the Irish have had the misfortune to differ on almost every other subject, we do not remember to have ever seen them in Court litigating the propriety of learning *figures*. Ciphering, indeed, has been a favorite study with them. A thousand times have we seen them build Cæsar's bridge on the knee of a leather breeches; but tens of thousands of times have we seen them work "the Rule of Three" on the back of the bellows. There is no fear then that they will not learn any system of arithmetic that may be proposed to them, or attempt to work any sums which may come in their way. This matter being set at rest, we have to express our regret that, in the books of arithmetic hitherto used in Ireland, the denominations of numbers, or the terms, should not not have been more familiar—that in fact the mind of the pupil should have been diverted from the working of any particular rule by the names of the various quantities. Thus, what does an Irish boy know about barilla or isinglass, or madder? As much as he does of shoes, stockings, a clean shirt, or a good dinner. We think that great injury has been done to the poor scholars of Ireland by ELIAS VOSTER, SWEENY, DEIGHAN, and other Irish arithmeticians, filling their books with such strange and far-fetched materials. To prevent then this evil in future, and to render the diffusion of learning as beneficial as possible in Ireland, we should suggest that a New Arithmetic might be drawn for the projected free schools, and that none but familiar terms be introduced into it: such for instance as "potatoes, parsons, bishops, bales of old clothes, bayonets, bibles, policemen, proctors, tithes, triangles." We might also occasionally introduce "ships, houses, exports, imports, [illegible] traders, merchants, manufactures; for

tem which we would recommend. Let the matter and manner of tuition be diligently noted :—

If 26 bishops be sufficient for nine millions of Protestants in England and Wales, how many bishops ought to be sufficient for half a million of Protestants in Ireland?—*Answer* 1 4-9*th* bishops.

Mill. of Prot.			*Bishops.*		*Mill. of Prot.*
If 9	...	...	26	...	½
2					
18			*Answ.* 1 4-9*th* Bishops.		

If 1 4-9th bishops be sufficient for ½ a million of Protestants, and Ireland have 22 bishops, how many bishops has Ireland over her number?—*Ans.* 20 5-9th.

If 6120 parsons be sufficient for 9 millions of English Protestants, how many ought to be sufficient for ½ million of Irish Protestants?—*Ans.* 340 parsons.

If 340 parsons be sufficient for ½ a million of Protestants, and Ireland have 1,289 parsons, how many parsons has Ireland over her number?—*Answ.* 949 parsons.

If £6,000,000 a year be sufficient for the maintenance of the clergy of 9,000,000 of Protestants in England, how much ought to be sufficient for the maintenance of the clergy of ½ a million of Protestants in Ireland?—*Ans.* 333,333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

If 333,333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* be sufficient for the yearly maintenance of the clergy of ½ a million of Protestants, and those of Ireland receive 3,000,000l. per annum, how much are they overpaid?—*Ans.* 2,666,666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

Having proceeded thus far, and demonstrated to the pupil what a plentiful crop of bishops and parsons his country can boast of, direct him to kneel and make an act of thanksgiving. Should the ignorance of youth or any other cause make him evince any reluctance, do not force him, but pass on to another series of sums. After working these, he will sing or recite an act of thanksgiving voluntarily.

Reckoning the population of England at 12 millions, and that of Ireland at 6½ millions, how many ships should Ireland build in a year, if England built 625 ships?—*Answer* 338 ships.

If Ireland built but 35 ships in 1824, instead of 338 ships which she ought to have built, how many ships was she short of her due proportion?—*Ans.* 303 ships.

If 12 millions of Englishmen have added for the last 20 years at the rate of 25,361 houses a year to their buildings, how many ought 6½ millions of Irishmen to have added?

Ans. 13,737 houses.

If Ireland built in 1821 but 1,350 houses, how many houses was she short of her due proportion?

Ans. 12,387 houses.

If the tonnage of the British and Foreign shipping that entered the ports of England in 1824 amounted to 2,157,-235, what ought the tonnage that entered the Irish ports during the same year to amount to?—*Ans.* 1,168,502 tons.

If the tonnage of all the shipping that entered the ports of Ireland in 1824 amounted to 156,336, and no more, in how many tons was Ireland short of her due proportion?

Ans. 1,012,115.

If England shipped 57,297,904*l.* of exports in 1824, what amount of exports ought Ireland to have shipped during the same period?—*Ans.* 31,036,364*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

If Ireland shipped in 1824 but 6,309,849*l.* of exports, and no more, to what amount was she short of her due proportion?—*Ans.* 24,726 515*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

After this manner do we think arithmetic should be taught to the rising generation in Ireland. The theory will not fail to become clear, when the demonstrations are thus just and satisfactory. One illustration more:—see what a gain the Irish youth must be conscious of in the working of the following sum!

If an annual pension of 200,000*l.* to the Catholic Clergy of Ireland be a *fair set-off* against the 2,666,667*l.*, the yearly overpayment to the Protestant Clergy, what would be an equally fair equivalent to an Irish Attorney-General's 10,000*l.* a year?—*Ans.* 749*l.* 19*s.*

It cannot be doubted, that the gratification which the pupil must feel in the bare idea of having an Attorney General on such moderate terms, would give a mighty impetus to his arithmetical progress.

CORK ELECTION IN 1826.

[In January, 1826, I became Editor of the *Cork Mercantile Chronicle*. The first year of my Editorship in Cork was remarkable for the meetings held in that City, on the subject of "a legal provision for the Poor of Ireland." To such a provision I have been always friendly; and, on the press or off the press, I have laboured to promote its enactment. I look back to my early exertions in furtherance of that object with no ordinary satisfaction.—I shall give, in another part of this volume,

an article on the subject which I wrote in 1829, and published in the *Irish Catholic Magazine*. The year of 1826 was distinguished also, in Cork, for the contested election between Mr. JOHN HELY HUTCHINSON (the son of Christopher, who died in that year, and who had been for a long term, the favourite and representative of the Cork people,) and Mr. GERARD CALLAGHAN. The recent demise of the latter gentleman would tempt me to exclude his name from my compilation—but he made himself too much matter of Cork History to warrant the exclusion. I was, perhaps, the most determined and, from my position, the most efficient opponent of Mr. G. Callaghan; and yet I cannot say that I was influenced by aught of a personal nature against that gentleman—in truth, there had been no intercourse of any kind, public or private, between us. When, in 1820, he first started for the representation of his native City in Parliament, I was inclined to think favourably of him, for his boldness and decision of character; and, I was prejudiced in his regard by the aristocratic assumings of some of his adversaries.—But, in 1826, when I read his three Addresses, in the latter of which he became the champion of that "Ascendancy" by which the race from which he was sprung had been long,—and still continued to be,—trampled in the dust; and when I could discern nothing but ambition in the man, I conceived a feeling stronger than that of personal hate against him; because it was based on virtue; and I said that there should be "*nullus amor, nulla fœdera*," no love, no league, between him and me.—The following was published in the *Chronicle* of December 1, 1826—Mr. Gerard Callaghan was ousted on the 27th of December. At the close of the gross poll, there appeared for him, 969 votes—for his opponent, Mr. Hutchinson, 1,020. It is said that the expense of this election stood Mr. Hutchinson, or rather his Uncle, the Earl of Donoughmore, in the sum of £15,500. How much it stood Mr. Gerard Callaghan I have not heard.]

ELECTION SKETCH.

SCENE—A ROOM IN HUMBUG HALL.

A table, with Decanters, Glasses, &c.

JANUS, *solus (pacing the room.)*

Well, never was mortal so unlucky in his political essays,—I have addressed them now three times, and neither will the Catholic believe me to be an enemy, nor the Churchman a friend. D——n it, one good Address would have been better than a thousand of them. I should have come out two months ago with what I blundered on last Tuesday: But *I must be feeling my way.* Again, I blazed too much in that infernal farrago—'Twas unnatural, and the fellows see through it; but I was led by that cursed old scribe who made me rant as if I had grown grey in the battles of the High Church, and then the sing-song about principle, principle! Oh! the humbug was too gross to go down with any one but myself.

Enter FAG.

Janus...Hey, hey, Fag, how' do? how' do? Come say does that *individual* vote for us?

Fag...By Gog, I fear not.—He's immoveable.—I've been preaching to him for the last hour, and I might as well be "whistling jigs to a mile stone."

Janus...Why, does he not respect principle?

Fag...Why yes, I urged that; but he got into a horse-laugh at the very mention of it. Faith, in good earnest, I could scarcely preserve my own seriousness when he mentioned certain particulars to me.

Janus...What, what, Fag, I hope you did not betray us?

Fag...Oh! no. I kept my countenance most miraculously, whilst he was refreshing my memory, and when he had done, I sighed like an angel for his want of *belief.*

Janus...But your remonstrances were to no purpose?

Fag...Why just so. He said, *what between you and me was true enough,* that if you could get in by Catholic voters, you would let the Church shift for itself, and therefore that he would rather vote for Old Nick, than be made a cat's paw.

Janus...Has he read my last address?

Fag...He has: but what is the use of that? He declares that if you were now for re-enacting the Penal Code he'd only think the worse of you for it. He absolutely imagines that it would be an offence to such men as Beresford and Maxwell, to place you in the same list with them—men who always spoke as they felt, and did not fashion their principles to suit their convenience.

Janus...Beresford was a Blockhead. He should have done what the sixty-nine Peers did, and he would be now Member for Waterford. *I* would soon accommodate myself to circumstances: "If the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet would go to the Mountain." But come Fag, take a chair, and let's drink to the *Reign of Humbug.*

Janus and Fag sit down to a table ; Janus fills a bumper, Fag does the same.

Janus (holding up his glass)—Here, Fag, " The Reign of Humbug."

Fag (holding up his glass)—" The Reign of Humbug."

Janus... Now and for ever.

Fag... Now and for ever.

Janus... Amen.

Fag... Amen. (Both drink.)

Janus... *Amen*—That's like the devotion of the last address. Heavens! what a bait I threw in the last paragraph of it for the Evangelicals.

Fag... Have you ever been at a Biblical meeting?

Janus... Never! By H—ll it never occurred to me.

Fag... Why, there it is, d—n it! you ought to have laid your plot better. *You were* of no political party in 182., and though you are now twenty years a member of the Establishment, you haven't been once at a Bible meeting. No wonder that they should distrust your new born zeal.

Janus... Well, well! you don't know how gullible this world is. Were you at the Club last night, Fag?

Fag... I was ; and let me tell you I sung a few verses laudatory of you there, too. They were originally designed for Sir Harcourt, as he was preparing for the Summer campaign of 25, but they may very well suit the present occasion.

Janus... Come then, Fag, let us have them.

Fag... Sings.

Sir Humbug Bold to the war is gone,
Mid the true blue boys you'll find him ;
Old Glenco's sword he has girded on,
And the High Church slung behind him :
Code of blood, said the gallant man,
Though all the world may scout thee,
If sword of Humbug shield thee can,
The Devil himself sha'nt rout thee.

Sir Humbug *backed*! but the Papist chain
Could not bring his proud soul under,
He kicked and cuffed like a bull insane,
And roared like a peal of thunder,
And said, " no chain shall pinion me,
The Great Sir Humbug High Churchee,
For be d—n'd if ever I shall agree,
To be *loosed* or *bound* by Popery."

Janus—Well! be damn'd, then, if that was not a strange composition for you to sing at a public club, and more strange still that you should imagine it calculated to serve my interest. Did not you perceive, in the first place, that it anticipated my discomfiture, and next, that it throws an air of ridicule over both Psotestantism and Popery, as if the writer or the subject did not care the discount of a " two penny bill" for either.

Fag—And isn't it the case?

Janus—True! but let themselves find that out, man. Fag, don't sing any more songs in my praise for another month, at least I'm making a song of myself just at the present moment to the tune of some thousands, and that's quite sufficient. But you said that old Cromwellian refused me his support?

Fag—Yes.

Janus...Did he recollect, Fag, that I called the Association, an *abominable* nuisance?"

Fag...He did; but he recollected also, when you qualified as a Papist in 1812 that you called the qualification oath, too, "*an abominable test.*" The truth is, he thinks "*abominable*" is a pocket pistol which you carry about you, and that you would discharge it at himself to-morrow.

Janus...The *abominable* fellow.

Fag (looking at his watch.)—Now 9 o'clock, and must to the Committee Room.

Janus—Fag don't forget what the Poet says,

"Dolus an virtus quis in hoste requiret?"

Fag...(Shaking his head.)—I understand you my *host*.

[Fag exit.

Janus...(Pacing the room again and agitated)—Precisely so. 'Tis, as I said.—They do not trust me.—I am derided. I strove to hide my pain from him; but 'twas vain; he'll see it, and though my tool, he'll mock me. Can I retrace my steps? I cannot. I'm pledged, and must be onward. Oh! that I ever lost my "*Think well on it.*"

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THE REV. ROBERT DALY.

[The following was published in the *Cork Chronicle* of the 26th Feb., 1827. It was founded on the fact of the Rev. ROBERT DALY having subscribed one pound where much more was reasonably expected. I have been told that the duty which devolves on the Rev. Mr. Daly, in consideration of the 10,000*l.* and 400*l.* a year which he enjoys out of Blackrock, is an obligation to preach for the KING in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Cork, should His Majesty think proper to visit "the beautiful City."]

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BLACKROCK MEETING EXTRAORDINARY.

A Meeting of the inhabitants of Blackrock and Ballintemple was held on Saturday, to return thanks to those individuals who have contributed by their exertions or their purses, to establish a New Dispensary.—An Institution of that kind was long a desideratum in that quarter, and was

never more necessary than at the present period of famine, nakedness and contagion.

Our Correspondent does not inform us who took the Chair; but he gives us to understand that when a proposition was made to thank *all* the Subscribers to the Institution, a shirtless, hungry looking fellow stepped forward and exclaimed,

"I oppose that resolution. I propose an amendment. I move that the thanks of this meeting be given to all the subscribers to the Blackrock Dispensary—the Rev. Robert Daly alone excepted."

It is impossible, we are informed, to describe the scene of confusion to which this interruption gave rise. Five or six individuals, with smooth hair, and long faces, started up in an attitude of frenzy to dislodge, "Vi et armis," the impudent intruder; whilst two or three hundred of the "Canaille" backed the latter with three distinct rounds of applause. Order being with some difficulty restored, the Chairman intimated that it was competent to any individual to propose an amendment. Perhaps, too, the person who had submitted one on the present occasion, would assign his reasons for dissenting from the original proposition. The latter suggestion from the chair seemed to meet general approbation; and one of those who had shouted for the mover of the amendment, rapped him tremendously between the shoulders with "Now, Peter, my boy."

PETER—(taking his position)—Mr. Chairman, I am no orator, as Mr. Daly is; but I talk plain truth, and I defy all the orators in Christendom to confound me. I say one pound a year is no sum for Mr. Daly to give to this Institution. He has got £10,000 fine out of Church Lands here, and he gets £400 a year additional, and what does he do for all this? (Loud cries of "Nothing! nothing!" with "he goes to Scotland to convert the Irish!") Why Gentlemen, though I am neither Priest nor Parson myself I'd be ashamed to have my name.....(The speaker was here interrupted by a Rev. Gentleman, who said that the chairman should not listen to attacks on one of the most learned and scriptural Clergymen in Ireland. They had all seen his controversial letters, which were of the most invaluable kind. They were the bread of life, and the waters of salvation. (An immoderate horse laugh.) Yes, he would contend, that those compositions were infinitely more valuable than food or raiment, and woe betide the reprobate generation that thought otherwise.)

PETER—(addressing himself to his Rev. opponent)—I wish you and your friend, Mr. Daly, were put for the seven weeks of next lent on your "bread of life and waters of [illegible]

vation." By the powers, you would not look half as plump as you do now, and I'd swear, by Easter Sunday morning you'd be as good Whiteboys as ever did penance at Carriganimmi (*cries of hear, hear.*) Mr. Chairman and gentlemen (raising his voice,) Do you think that *twenty shillings* were sufficient for Mr. Daly to give to this Institution? (No, no,) I, too, say no. Well, then, will any one second my amendment? A multitude of voices (I'll second it, I'll second it.) I knew that I would be supported; but I must have some respectable seconder. Come, (said Peter, addressing himself to the *elite* of the assembly,) will any of you second me? Several of the *elite* (We will, we will.)

The amendment was then put from the chair, and carried by an immense majority. Our correspondent informs us that the meeting did not break up for some time after this affair had been disposed of, and that it was most laughable to observe the looks that were exchanged between Peter the Fisherman and his scriptural antagonists. Peter at one time asked them, "how many Plowlands of Mr. D.'s land of promise would keep the South Poor-house in Potatoes and oatmeal."

THE CLARE ELECTION.

I endeavoured to be useful as an auxiliary in the carrying of the Clare Election. It was gratifying to me to hear that the Articles, which I wrote thereon, met general approbation. There was a circumstance, however, connected with that struggle, and with which I had to do, which was worth a thousand newspaper columns. It was this:—When all was uncertainty in Cork as to what would be the conduct of the Clare Electors when brought to the hustings, it occurred to me that it would be useful if the Citizens, who were meeting and resolving and subscribing, were to be brought, by some particular act, into, as it were, immediate contact with the Clare men:—Accordingly, I drew up a short address from the People of Cork to the Men of Clare, declaring to them their duty,—and announcing to them that Cork had already subscribed its one thousand pounds to sustain them, and that ten thousand more would be forthcoming, if necessary. This Address I submitted to the approbation of Mr. James Hayes and Mr. James Lyons (brother of

Thomas Lyons), now deceased, expressing a wish that something like it might be printed, in thousands, and forwarded by a special messenger to Clare. Mr. Hayes suggested that I should embody in the Address the resolutions which had been adopted at the Cork Parochial Meetings, with the names of the Chairmen and Secretaries of the meetings.—The suggestion was adopted. At eleven o'clock at night the three of us went to Mr. Connor, the printer, to have two thousand of the Address struck off. The following day, Mr. JOHN DE COURCEY, (now deceased)—a cousin of Mr. O'Connell, volunteered to become the envoy. He received his credentials from that most worthy man, JEREMIAH MURPHY, of Hyde-Park, who had been Chairman of the Great Northern Parochial Meeting. De Courcey travelled all night—he arrived in Clare before the resolves of the Electors were assured. He drove through the multitudes that thronged the avenues to the Court-house—he appeared on the hustings—the Cork Address was in every man's hands. I have heard it from Mr. CASEY (the Secretary of the Northern Parochial Meeting,) that Mr. O'Connell told him, that whatever hesitation there was before in the minds of the Electors about voting for him, was completely removed by the Cork Address.

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LIBERAL CLUBS.

[In 1828, THOMAS WYSE, of Waterford, instituted the first Liberal Club; he saw, with a view to the carrying of Emancipation, the necessity of organization in the Catholic Body, and he laboured to effect it. In the month of July of that year, Mr. O'CONNELL having visited Cork after his return for Clare, instituted a Liberal Club amongst us. The day before that on which the Liberator gave birth to our Club, I addressed the following letter to myself. I perceive that Mr. WYSE has deemed it worthy of a place in the Appendix to his valuable History of the Catholic Association. The Cork Liberal Club

cost me much trouble: I wrote articles without number urging its support on the public—and I attended the nightly meetings of its committees, till I injured my health and acquired a delicacy of habit, of which I have scarcely yet got rid. I thought I saw in the Liberal Club the germ of that democratic power which exhibited itself subsequently with such effect in the Cork Trades' Association; and I felt that no personal sacrifice could be too great on my part to foster it.—There were several most excellent members in this Club: among those most distinguished for their zeal and usefulness were, WILLIAM THOMPSON (now deceased,) RICHD. DOWDEN (RD.,) JAMES HAYES, T. FITZGIBBON, CHAS. SUGRUE, J. REYNOLDS, WM. CORBETT, F. A. WALSH, JERH. O'SULLIVAN, WM. PAUL LYONS, JAMES O'BRIEN, and MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY. These gentlemen gave, all of them much of their time, some of them the benefit of their splendid talents, to the interests of the Club.]

WHAT A LIBERAL CLUB WOULD DO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CORK CHRONICLE.

SIR—As you have taken up the subject of Liberal Clubs rather warmly, you will in all probability, have no objection to receive the co operation of one, who is as anxious for the institution of those Clubs as you possibly can be, and whose joy would be complete if he could once see them generally established throughout Ireland. The institution of those Societies was the dream of his earliest youth; in mature manhood, he had too often reason to regret the want of them—and if now in the "*yellow leaf*" of life, he beholds them realised, with a strong faith in their results he will die happy. Who your correspondent is, it is immaterial for you to know, and unnecessary for your readers to enquire—suffice it to say, that he has acted his part in the hitherto unsuccessful effort to ameliorate Ireland, that he has proved how utterly hopeless is the expectation that isolated exertions can effectually break down compact, long enduring, though widely oppressive systems, and that his conviction is deep—and the deeper, because it is the fruit of much experience—that nothing will save this country but the exertions of the great body of its people, constitutionally directed, no doubt, but—co-operative, organized, dis-

ciplined—having the same objects in view, pursuing them at the same moment, and in the same manner.

I will not occupy more of your space with preliminary observations. I will proceed to state what, in my mind, a Liberal Club would do. I will make my specifications—If in doing so, I should not be quite as perspicuous as I may be—be informed that writing has been no study with me; I have been ever more anxious to sign a good petition, and to procure signatures for it, and to see what support it received in Parliament, than to draw it up; and I have been more active in collecting the Catholic Rent, than inditing resolutions about it.

Firstly, then, a Liberal Club would, in whatever parish or district it is formed, serve as a centre, as a bond of union, as a rallying point, for the "men of good will" of all religions and of all classes, belonging to such parish or such district. The Protestant and the Catholic, the Methodist and the Presbyterian, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, all but immoral men, would be eligible to be members of it. Observe the good that would flow from this Irish convention. Men who now think alike on politics, but who seldom come together, various circumstances in life keeping them apart, would be congregated in a Liberal Club—and associating and working as they would be, for common purposes, they would find in the community of their interests, and the ardour and honesty of their co-operation, motives for an increase of mutual confidence and mutual affection—The Protestant would withdraw from the business or the conviviality of a Liberal Club, with a determination to add to the number of our Brownlows, and the Catholic would withdraw from the same, with a firm resolve to obliterate the past from his own mind, and to efface the memory of it from the minds of all those over whom he may possess influence. Classes, too, not distinguished by religious difference, would have their advantage. The rich member of the Club would descry qualities in the poor member, for which he might not have given him full credit before—and he would communicate the discovery to his wealthy neighbours, and the poor member again would see that arrogance and heartlessness were not the necessary concomitants of riches, and the lesson he would have learned, he, too, would impart to his fellows. Thus the uniting principle of the Club would operate far beyond the Club itself, and ten men of good will would create ten hundred like themselves. This would be the prime feature of a Liberal Club.

Secondly—A Liberal Club would leave no stone unturned to ensure for the County, City, or Borough, to which it

belonged, a full, free, cheap, honest and efficient representation in Parliament. It would increase the Freehold Registry to the utmost limits of extension, and maintain it so. It would do every thing in its power that the Franchise in corporate Towns should be employed for the good of the public, and not for the private ends of Corporators. It would labour that honest men should be returned to Parliament without expense, and that knaves should be beggared in their attempt to foist themselves upon the representation. It would reform the House of Commons, by reforming the Electors, who are supposed to constitute it. No member of a Liberal Club would have the hardihood to expect, that any man who had expended ten or twelve thousand pounds in getting a seat in the Legislature, would employ his purchase for the Public. The Club would labour that the public should have the giving of the seat, and that honesty, intelligence, and efficiency, should be the exclusive claims to it.

Thirdly—A Liberal Club would be useful in pointing out all those matters which might be fit subjects for Parliamentary interference, and in seeing that the petitions arising out of them were seasonably got up, properly signed and duly forwarded to the Local Representatives; and a Liberal Club would note whether those representatives neglected the petitions entrusted to them, supported their prayer or opposed it. It is at once ludicrous and melancholy to observe how this work of petitioning has been hitherto done, or rather not done in Ireland. You, Sir, I believe, have a tolerably correct notion how those affairs are managed; but it may not be amiss to expose the system, or the want of system, in this particular, to those who may deem Liberal Clubs unnecessary. In the April of the last year, I think it was, an Aggregate Meeting of the Catholics of the City and County of Cork, assembled in the South Parish Chapel of your City, and adopted *two* among other Resolutions. One of those resolutions pledged those who adopted it "to petition the Legislature for a full, free, and entire representation of the people of this Island in the Commons House of Parliament." It was proposed by the Member for Clare, and seconded by Mr. Richard Ronayne. The second resolution denounced the compulsory payment of the Irish Protestant Clergy by the Irish Catholic People; and it also contained a pledge to seek Parliamentary redress. This latter resolution was, I remember, proposed by Mr. James Daly, who certainly made some very pertinent observations in introducing it, and gave no promise that the complaint which he uttered would not be echoed in St. Stephen's.—What, however, has been the fact respecting both those resolutions? Not

a single petition has gone forth from your City or County touching the one or the other of them. We can find persons enough to speak, but few to do the work. Far be from me here to glance disparagingly at Mr. O'Connell,—that Gentleman has done the work of his country, and is doing it. The blame lies with Gentlemen of this City and County ; but there would be blame with none, if Liberal Clubs had been established. Such Clubs as a matter of course would take up the great principles of Civil and Religious Liberty. They would study that no resolution but a good one should be adopted by the people ; and, when adopted, they would see that it was carried into execution.

Fourthly—A Liberal Club would be useful in directing attention to all meetings where anything of property or right belonging to the Public, would be to be disposed of, whether those meetings be called by act of Parliament, or by corporate authority, or by vestry, or by party, or by individual. So much mischief has been done from time to time to the public under the sanction of meetings at which the public may be supposed to be present, but of which the public actually knew nothing, that the most unreflecting must see how very beneficially employed a Liberal Club would be in this particular. Some of the worst acts, general and municipal, which disgrace the statute Book, some of the veriest blots of Irish Legislation would never have been heard of, had there been Liberal Clubs to nip the evil in the bud, to strangle it in its infancy. The foulest invasions of private right & of public liberty would have been prevented, if those who first suggested the aggression had been met at the outset of their proceedings, and if public opinion had been brought to bear properly against them. Take for instance any of your Corporations. Why! as matters stood hitherto, the public were altogether at their mercy ; those bodies could do anything, because they could proceed with a virtual secrecy. There was no check, no opposition to them—and hence they could have their Wide Street Commissioners' Bills, and their Harbour Commissioners' Bills, and their Trustees of Corn Market Bills, and their Court of Conscience and Police-Office Bills, and their Weigh-House, and Pipe-water Establishment Bills.—Were these good, or were they bad for your City ? were they designed to promote the public welfare, or to strengthen the hands of a Party. Were they measures such as ought to be praised, or such as ought to be reprobated ? The Citizens of Cork had no control in originating, modifying, or perfecting them; but a Liberal Club would ; it would teach the Corporation to respect public opinion, or if it failed in that, it would have then two representatives

who would be sure to represent it. It is, however, in preparing for the Easter Vestry Meetings, that your Liberal Club would be eminently useful. It would have every man in the Parish, ready at his post, to raise his voice against taxation without representation; it would send its honest Protestant there to protest against injustice, to shame him who would praise Heaven, and plunder his neighbour, and it would send the Catholic there to vote when he may, and to learn when he may not. We must all see that it was most unreasonable, to throw as heretofore, the burthen of the Vestry War on some few individuals. The latter might, to be sure, have been prodigal of their services in the cause of their country. The business of all, however, should be executed by all, and it is only when all take it up, that it is discharged efficiently.

Fifthly—A Liberal Club would employ the Press prudently, universally, and permanently, for the enlightenment of the people. It would adopt or select those Political Journals, Tracts, or Catechisms which would be best calculated for the instruction of the Public, and it would take good care that they should receive the widest possible circulation. It would teach the people their rights and duties. It would teach them the obligations of the Magistrate, and the duties of the Citizen; it would tell them what it is to be an Elector, and what a Representative; it would point out the road to Parliament, as the road to the redress of public grievances, telling them at the same time that with themselves lay the appointment of the redressor: it would recommend Reform, and depict revolution, and it would show how criminal would be the latter, if attempted by persons who could quietly compass the former. All this a Liberal Club would do, and doing this, it would be each day diminishing its own labour, and causing itself to be less needed.

Sixthly—A Liberal Club would prove its utility by reconciling factions; by discountenancing the formation of illegal associations; by keeping the People on their guard against their emissaries: by labouring that private and public peace should be the characteristic of the country. With a view to these ends so desirable, so necessary, the attention of the Club would be directed to that curse of Ireland, "the excessive use of spirituous liquors." The drunken man is prone to riot; he is easily induced by fools or knaves to act seditiously or to speak so. The drunkard, therefore, could not be a member of any Liberal Club. Such a character would be outlawed. Two Thousand Parishes would, by their Clubs, reprobate the brute as unfit for moral enjoyment or social intercourse, and would not this

be a great good for Ireland. What legislation could effect for this country any result half so beneficial; now Liberal Clubs would realize it in twelve months, they would render drunkenness unpopular. The Irish drunkard would soon be like the French and the Spanish and the American drunkard, not laughed at but loathed; loathed as abominable and infamous.

Seventhly—Liberal Clubs would, and it would be a great desideratum, free the Catholic Clergy from the heavy yoke of politics. Those Gentlemen have not entered into that arena in which they now cut so conspicuous a figure from choice but from necessity. They were forced into it. They saw that the system which prevails, led to disorder, to outrage, to gross immorality, to the peril of the rich, to the ruin of the poor; they saw likewise that it was pregnant with evils greater than any it had ever before engendered; with this they perceived that the remedy lay with the Legislature, and they girt themselves accordingly, that the Legislature might be favourable. However, though the Priest contributed and greatly contributed to send in Dawson for Louth, and Stuart for Waterford, and O'Connell for Clare; still they were not "vessels of" this "election," and they felt that they had a higher and a loftier vocation; they could not but regret that the Laity did not know and could not do their own duty. It would then be an inexpressible delight to any Roman Catholic Clergyman, that a Liberal Club should be established in his parish.—He would be sure that by such an institution a knowledge of their rights would be secured to his flock, and with it a knowledge how constitutionally to assert them. As a matter of course even liberal Protestants would be glad that there would be no further occasion for clerical interference.—Whilst they would be ready to admit that it had been necessary and useful, they would like to have the bugbear removed from the ken of their less liberal brethren.

Eighthly—Liberal Clubs would be extremely valuable in their exhibition of working men. The Member of a Liberal Club, who would merely speak, might be listened to; but he would be certainly laughed at; the individual too, who would honor the Club once a year with his notice, and do no more, would be in like odour. None, but the active man would be regarded—those who would give most practical effect to the principle of the Club—that is, those who would do the greatest portion of the public business. This result of the Institution of Clubs, would be most gratifying; for it is really most mortifying to see men, who are not known at all to the public, coming forward at Election times, and other seasons, and assuming airs of consequence, as though

they were the greatest benefactors of that public, and Demi-Gods in the eyes of all others, as they are great Gods in their own. All this tribe will be opposed to Liberal Clubs, because the Clubs will be greater than all of them together, and the most hard working man in the Club, the most honored, and the most influential in it.

I could, Sir, proceed with several other matters of great import, in which a Liberal Club would be useful, but I feel that I have encroached too much on your space, and that I have trespassed on the patience also of your readers. I shall therefore close this letter by wishing sincerely that all Ireland had Clubs, the operation of which were steadily directed to these purposes which I have recited above.—How unlike they would be to those Orange Pandemonia where nothing but blood is spoken of. Do, Sir, proceed in advocating the institution of Liberal Clubs. The faction is already organized; it cannot progress; but the Irish people may, by, as Wyse says, an universal, uniform, permanent system of enlightened and energetic organization for Imperial ends and constitutional purposes.

I am, Sir, yours,

Cork. A MAGPIE.

CORK BRUNSWICK CLUB.

[The Clare Election set the Anti-Emancipationists in both countries mad.* The first of them that showed in

* The following extracts from a Letter addressed by the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Kenyon, and bearing date Sept. 18, 1828, furnish no bad specimen of the feeling entertained by the Anti-Emancipationists in England when his Grace indited his epistles:—

"An inaction totally inexplicable possesses the Government. We see rebellion stalk through our land with impunity. Conciliation still reigns in our councils. The Popish Association, day after day, audaciously asserts its omnipotence, and proclaims aloud that it will yield to no other authority. One of the members, a fellow, who years since deserved to be hanged for his treason, has through this means been chosen to sit in a British Parliament. Itinerant Popish demagogues are roaming through the country, spouting sedition and treason; and who offers the slightest opposition to all this? no one.

"I simply ask, if we desert our GOD, will he not desert us; will he be not avenged upon such a nation as this?

"Let it (the nation) demand that the Catholic Association shall be instantly annihilated; let it demand that all Popish establishments of whatever nature, whether Jesuits' Colleges or

Cork decided symptoms of political rabidness was a gentleman, in other respects no fool, a Mr. Wm. Gregg.† He was most learnedly followed in all his vagaries by an LL. D., named Adams, really a clever man. The Court of D'Oyer Hundred was the principal theatre of their glory; and there they belaboured Daniel O'Connell, the Priests, the Catholic Association, *et cetera*, in right heroic style. Occasionally they were a little too chivalrous: and even some of their own would not dare with them. As a matter of course, a *Brunswick Club* was instituted in Cork; indeed Cork has claimed the honour of instituting the first club of that name. The meetings of the Cork Brunswickers were private. They published, however, their resolutions, and the names of their President, Secretary, of those who proposed and seconded resolutions, and of their committee-men. The public not being content with this, I gratuitously undertook the duty of

Monasteries, &c. shall be immediately abolished; let them demand that no Roman Catholics shall vote at elections; and, finally, let them require a full and undisputed Protestant Ascendancy within these realms."

† At a Court of D'Oyer Hundred, held on Saturday the 6th of Sept., 1828, Mr. Gregg gave notice that he would move the censure of the Court on Sir Nicholas Conway Colthurst, for allowing the Band of the City Cork Militia (of which he was Colonel) to play at a public dinner given to Mr. O'Connell by the Citizens of Cork, on his visit to them after his return for Clare; also, that the Government should be requested to take the command of the Regiment from Sir Nicholas. The following is an extract of the speech made by Mr. Gregg on giving notice of his motion:—

"Yes, I do hope the Government will remove Sir N. C. Colthurst from the command. Captain Harding, of the North, refused his band; but Sir N. C. Colthurst granted that of the Royal Cork City Regiment, and the man that would give his band would, for aught I know, give his regiment to that *traitor*, O'Connell. *(A deep sensation.)* So help me God, if I were an officer of that regiment, I would not stay a single day, a single hour in it, and for what? Because when the hour of danger would arrive, I would not rally under or with that man that could act as Sir N. Colthurst has acted. Were I an officer in that regiment, I would, so help me God, institute a court-martial against a Commanding Officer so acting, and I call upon a gentleman on my right (Ensign Good) to do so."

Mr. Gregg did not persevere in his motion.

reporting for the Brunswickers, and gave the first specimen of my powers in the *Chronicle* of Oct. 17th, 1828.". In the *Constitution* of the 14th of October, the resolutions and the names used in the report had appeared.]

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CORK BRUNSWICK CLUB.

A Meeting of the Cork Brunswick Club was held at the Imperial Hotel, in this City, on Monday the 13th instant. Among the Gentlemen present were, Mr. Gerard Callaghan, Messrs. T. French, Cummins, Knapp, Lewis, Townsend, Mr. Gregg, Colonel Longfield and Doctor Adams; Rev. Mr. Edgar also attended.

The New City Sheriffs entered the room in full dress, and were loudly cheered.

Mr. Gregg said he was most happy to see the Civic Officers thus magnanimously coming forward. Whilst Protestantism could boast of such men as James Cummins and his respectable young colleague, Mr. Perry, England may defy the confederated world in arms (*cheers.*) The Rebel sword may flash, and the Papist pike may glisten; but whilst the sword of the Church and the State—Whilst the Corporate faulcheon was wielded by such Gentlemen as he now saw before him, in vain would O'Connell threaten, in vain would that congregated band of traitors and incendiaries, the Catholic Association, talk of their seven or seventy-seven millions (*cheering.*)

Doctor Adams claimed the honor of having brought the highly respectable Civic Officers among them. At one of the recent meetings held in the City Court-House, he had concluded his observations on two distinguished individuals by a classical quotation—

"*Expergiscimini aliquando et capessite rempublicam.*" The latter part of this exhortation had been translated "capsize the republic," but he was above the sneers and the gibes of desperadoes in hand, and rebels in heart.

Mr. Gregg (elevating his voice)—Aye Gentlemen, above them—above them—as much as the Cedar of Lebanus is above the lily of the valley. When rebellion—

Mr. Secretary Vincent interrupted Mr. Gregg. He said that the Club had been convoked for particular objects, and the sooner gentlemen proceeded to business, the better: he meant nothing offensive to Mr. Gregg.

Mr. Gregg—Oh! no, Mr. Vincent—I know you well, and I feel how deeply we are all indebted to you for the glorious prospect which is now before us. You, Sir, are the founder of the Cork Brunswick Club, and from that Club all other Brunswick Clubs in both England and Ire-

land have emanated. You deserve, Sir, a Statue of gold. (*hear.*) And I wonder how you could have been yesterday talking of a paltry silver cup to any one.

Mr. Vincent—Oh, that was yesterday, in Patrick-street, in joke.

Robert Deane, Esq was now called to the Chair.

The President said, no distinction in his profession could gratify him in the same degree with the honor with which he was then vested; it was a proud consideration to think that he was the President of such men as he saw then collected around him. (*hear*). He verily believed that the spirit which now animated all true Protestants, would be the salvation of the empire, and he trusted that the great mass of the English Public would soon evince that the cause of the Irish Church was the cause of the British People. He would gladly hear what any Gentleman had to say, for it was a foul calumny that the Members of the Brunswick Club avoided discussion (*hear.*)

Mr. Secretary Vincent said, that the present meeting was called with a view to thwart "the County and City of Cork Liberal Club," which promised to become a most powerful and efficient body. The individuals composing it were indefatigable in their exertions—and their plan was such that in six days they could get up 100 petitions on any subject. Their arrangement was of such a character as to make it necessary for the Corporations, the Gentlemen of the Establishment, indeed for all of them, to open their eyes. They would no longer have to contend with the isolated exertions of three or four restless agitators; it would be the entire population of the City and County that would be now against them—against them in the Vestry, against them at the Hustings, against them at Saint Stephens.

Mr. Gregg—Will they be against us, Sir, in any other place? (*cheers*)

Mr. Vincent trusted that the Protestants of Ireland would be always found equal to their wants. (*hear*)—He thought now that it was the business of the Club to meet the Liberals, and as they had their City and County Central, so should the Brunswickers (*hear.*) The name will be a point at any rate, even though we should not have the reality. Mr. Vincent then read the following resolutions, which were carried unanimously—

No. 1—That the Title of this Club shall be changed, and that henceforward it shall be called "*The Brunswick Constitutional Club of the City and County of Cork.*"

2—That all the Gentlemen whose applications have been read by the Secretary—as well as all strangers now

present in the room, be admitted members of the Brunswick Constitutional Club of the County and City of Cork, and that they be enrolled accordingly.

3—That in future, all Gentlemen desirous of joining the Club, shall be admitted and enrolled on the written recommendation of three existing members.

Mr. Gerard Callaghan addressed the Chair at considerable length. He took a rapid review of the history of the Catholic Question: he descanted on the mischievous proceedings of the Agitators, and said that it was in vain to deny that the mass of the Irish People were now in a very alarming state. The Agitators had certainly effected one point—that it was now no longer a struggle with a few demagogues, but with the vast majority of the population of Ireland. Yes, the Protestants were called upon to make a stand against confederated millions. This was, no doubt, a pitiable state of society; but was his friend, Mr. Edgar, to be deprived of his tithes; and were the vested rights of his friend, Mr. Knapp, to be trampled on by Papal innovators (*cheers.*) He regretted to think that whatever the enthusiasm may be, which was now manifested in the North and other parts, there was great apathy, not to say treachery, in certain quarters, from which far different things were to be expected. Had Mr. Dawson done his duty? (*cries of "Judas, turncoat and deceiver."*) Was the Duke of Wellington at his post? Where was their champion, Mr. Peel? Oh, it was enough to sicken the heart to have such associates, and to make a man regret joining a cause in which such individuals were leaders (*cries of hear, hear.*) It was, however, gratifying that there were some men who were true to their colours, and who proved their superior fidelity, when such fidelity was most wanted. Need he name his Grace the Duke of Newcastle. His object was to propose a resolution complimentary to that great man, but before he should do so, he would beg to refer to the proceedings of their former meeting. On that occasion he had charged Mr. O'Connell with having once said that he (Mr. O'C.) was no Roman Catholic.* He thought it now

* The subjoined extract from a speech reported in the *Constitution*, as having been delivered by Mr. Gerard Callaghan, on the 12th Sept. 1828, at a meeting of the Cork Brunswick Club, held at the Imperial Hotel, will illustrate our report, and show how complimentary the deceased gentleman was to be Agitator:—

"He is a compound of vanity and vulgar ambition—of unsteadiness and inconsistency; a brawling bravo, without the mind of a gentleman or the spirit of a true patriot—not caring

right to say, that Mr. O'Connell had never used the words in the sense which he had imputed to them. He was also reported to have called Mr. O'Connell's popularity *ephemeral*. He might have used the word, but it was certainly misapplied—for, of whatever character the brawler's popularity was, its duration was certainly unprecedentedly long, it was now in the twentieth year of its reign, and could not therefore, be orthoepically denominated ephemeral, which signifies daily.

Mr. Gregg (to Mr. C.)—It surprises me, Sir, that you should take such notice at all of the Arch Rebel. (*hear.*)

Mr. Callaghan here read the following resolution.

"That the warmest thanks of this Club be offered, and are hereby given to his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, for his admirable Letter to Lord Kenyon on the present aspect of domestic politics, a production which for vigour of reasoning, historical research, and force of expression, as well as sound knowledge of the nature and working of the British Constitution, has never been equalled, and cannot be surpassed."

Mr. Hobbs seconded, with great pleasure, the resolution just read.

Mr. Sheriff Cummins entertained the highest respect for any thing coming from Mr. Callaghan, and the profoundest veneration for the exalted Nobleman, whom it was sought to compliment: he thought, however, that Gentlemen should not allow themselves to be carried away by their admiration, and to deal in extravagant, and therefore, ridiculous panegyric; he would request of Mr. C. to reconsider the terms of his resolution, and to see if they could not be somewhat modified: he feared, indeed, that their enemies would make a handle of this resolution, and he for one, did not wish to supply them with matter for ridicule. The composition of the Duke of Newcastle was respectable enough for an ordinary individual; but, after all, it was not fit to be "the Manifesto of a leader,"—it was too declamatory: besides, when Gentlemen elevated

one blackberry what mischief he may bring down on his poor deluded followers, provided he obtains pelf during the operation, and provided he can secure himself in the sequel. He (Mr. C.) had marked his progress from the days of Quarantotti's Rescript, when he stated he was no *Roman Catholic*, down to the day when he called himself a time-piece, that never required winding (because he was always *twisting*.) He had marked the history and fate of similar demagogues, including Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Mr. Paul, and others, and he would say of his (Mr. O'C.'s) present ephemeral popularity,—Oh! grossly abused name."

Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.

the Duke to the topmast height of excellence, as a writer and a Statesman, and a Philosopher, they should recollect that his Grace was virtually an obscure man, and that it would be very unseemly to swell him all at once into a "Magnus Apollo"—it would appear as if men measured his Grace more by his Boroughs than by his intellect.

Mr. Burgess Knapp would not yield to his Friend Mr. Cummins, in Constitutional or literary knowledge on the present occasion; he would then say that he never read a more eloquent, a more statesmanlike, a more profound, or philosophical disquisition than the letter of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle. (*hear.*)

Mr. Lewis (of Garrycloine) was enraptured with it. It was really astonishing to think how "The *Times*," "The *Sun*," "The *Morning Chronicle*" and several most influential Papers in the sister country, undervalued it as they did.

Mr. Callaghan—It is *an axiom* which I cannot solve.

Mr. Gregg—Mr. President—Put the Resolution as Mr. Callaghan has submitted it. I do not like, I must say, to see Gentlemen throwing cold water on our noble ardour, Sir, I must say that when I brought forward a resolution in spirit and in substance, like unto the one now before you, I was not properly supported in the Court-house.† Gentlemen who should have stood by my side were not to be seen, Sir.

Some confusion here followed—several Gentlemen rising to give explanations. The resolution was eventually put and carried with two or three dissentients.

† At a Court of D'Oyer Hundred, held on the 1st of Oct., 1828, Mr. Gregg moved a resolution, requesting of the Common Council to grant the freedom of the Corporation at their next sitting, to Lord Kenyon and the Duke of Newcastle.—Dr. Adams seconded the resolution In speaking of the glories of the Pelham family, he alluded most particularly to Thomas Pelham (the Irish Secretary,) who immortalized himself in '8, "that year (said the learned Doctor,) when several who were now walking the streets ought to have been brought to condign punishment." On the opposition of Mr. Burgess Saunders, and at the suggestion of the late Mr. Connell (Recorder of Kinsale.) and several others, Mr. Gregg postponed his resolution to a future Court. This Court could not be in the Mayoralty of the then Chief Magistrate (Mr. Dunscombe.) who was on the point of giving up the rod.—Twice did Mr. Gregg express his profound sorrow to Mr. Dunscombe, that he would not be in office when his resolution would pass, "for it would certainly immortalize him." It was most ludicrous to observe the serious acknowledgments which the expiring Mayor made to him who would immortalize him!

Doctor Adams said, that the Resolution which he held in his hand followed with great propriety that other one which his very worthy friend, Mr. Callaghan, had introduced. Lord Kenyon may not be a great lawyer,—a great financier—or a great orator; but he was supereminently a great and a good Protestant (*loud cheers.*) And it was great and good Protestants that the nation wanted to relieve her from all her difficulties (*Loud cheers.*) Doctor Adams read,—

"That the warm and grateful thanks of the Club be also offered, and are hereby warmly given to the Right Hon. Lord Kenyon, for having by his excellent letter to the Protestants of the United Empire, aroused well-founded apprehension for the safety of our "Glorious Constitution in Church and State," which bids fair to produce the happiest effects."

The Rev. Mr. Edgar seconded the resolution in a deeply impressive oration.

Mr. Gregg started up, and swore that the thanks of universal Ireland were due to the Gentleman who had just addressed them. His motives were unquestionable; he said that he would stand by the Church until death, and how had that Church stood *by him*—how?—how?—how—Mr. Chairman? Why, Sir, it has left him thirty years a miserable Curate—to preach on tracts and starve. (*uproar.*)

Mr. Thomas Townsend would request of his friend Mr. Gregg not to deviate from the question; there were some matters too, which it would be better to pass by in silence.

Mr. Gregg—Yes—I suppose as you pass by the attacks which are sometimes made upon you by your cotemporaries. Mr. Townsend, it appears very ridiculous in you to be volunteering answers to observations in London Papers and to be neglecting business nearer home.

Rev. Mr. Purcell—"Peace on earth to men of good will." (*hear.*) I trust Gentlemen will end the present conversation, and proceed to business—"The Wolf is at the door."

Mr. Gregg—If there were fifty Wolves there, Mr. Edgar ought not to be at this day without a parish.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr. Thomas Townsend next read the following Resolution:—

"That we rejoice to see the Irish Government display a proper perception of the dangers which at present menace the peace and welfare of the country. And we take leave to express a fervent hope, that following up the spirit of the Proclamation lately issued, it will apply the powers of the existing laws to extinguish an illegal assembly, which has been meeting for years past in the Metropolis, under

the pretext of petitioning for redress of grievances, and stiling itself the *Catholic Association*. A CONVENTION DEFYING THE AUTHORITY OF THE LAWS, plundering the poor through the agency of designing individuals in the collection of a fund called the *Catholic Rent* "for no purpose known to the laws"—but which may be applied to the most mischievous and wicked purposes. An assembly of men, who utter the most inflammatory harangues—fomenting disaffection and sedition, to the disgust and disquiet of his Majesty's Loyal subjects—and to the imminent danger of the public peace. An assembly of wicked spirits, who, if suffered to proceed any further in their mad career, will try to destroy all the moral and political influence of Society, and to efface all traces of any Constitutional Government in Ireland."

Mr. T., in a very eloquent and elaborate Speech, proved that the armed Brunswickers of the North were more pacifically disposed than the peasantry of the South, though unarmed: he shewed likewise how it was possible for the Association to comprise within it the richest, and the most charitable, and in other respects, the most prudent individuals in the community, and still be a congregation of knaves, plunderers and rebels; he anticipated that there would be, comparatively, little or no petitioning, if the Association were suppressed, and he declared his full conviction, that if the Association lasted much longer, tithes pensions, and other such constitutional matters, would be most seriously endangered.

Mr. Sheriff Savage seconded the resolution, which had been so eloquently brought forward by his friend Mr. Townsend. If the Protestants did not bestir themselves, there was no knowing to what a pass their holy religion would be reduced to. The Papists had actually become Reformers. Why, if they proceeded at their present rate, we should, bye and bye, have an inquisition as to what services Mr. Townsend had rendered for his 7 or £800 a year pension. He was satisfied that there were many persons who had the hardihood to think, that *a pension gained by abusing the Papists*, and abusing them properly, was "*plunder*"—and that they would designate it as public money squandered on "no purpose known to the law."—(*hear, hear.*]

Resolution carried.

Mr. T. French said it would be discreditable to the Club if it adjourned without taking some notice of the Constitutional Press of Ireland (*hear, hear.*) It may be said, to be sure, that it sometimes raised false alarms, that it gave England and the world to understand that things

were worse here than they really are: that British Capital is thus kept out of the Country, and Foreign insolence cherished. All these charges may be alleged against it, but still it was true to immaculate Protestantism—(*cheers.*) Mr. F. read the following resolution—

"That the Protestants of Ireland owe a vast debt of gratitude to the Constitutional Press of the Empire, for its intrepid and noble advocacy and support of our glorious Constitution." Unanimously carried.

Mr. Callaghan jocularly observed, that if the word *disinterested* entered into the composition of the last resolution, *he*, for one, would oppose it.

The Meeting shortly separated.

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CURIOUS CASE.

[The political rabidness of Mr. GREGG having proved very acceptable to the Orangemen of Cork, the Brethren presented that gentleman with a Silver Box, and an Address. The address and Mr. Gregg's reply were published in the *Constitution* of Saturday, Nov. 29, 1828.—At the head of the advertisement was a wood cut equestrian representation of "the great and good" King William. The curious were very anxious to know who the addressers were; but no names having appeared to the address, they were left to indulge in all manner of speculation. The prevailing impression was, that the Cork Orangemen were a band of poor fellows to whom "Yeomanry pay" would be a very good thing; though, no doubt, they could make a great sputter about their "lives and fortunes."—On the Monday after the appearance of the Address, I established the following "curious case." Alderman BAGNELL (I think it was he) visited me a day or two after its appearance, and assured me that I had been imposed on—that he presided at the Police Office the day on which the "curious case" was stated to have been brought forward, and that he had no knowledge whatever of the matter. I admired much the simplicity of the Worthy Alderman.]

POLICE OFFICE, (THIS DAY.)

CURIOUS CASE.

The Police Office was more than usually crowded this day, in consequence of its having been generally known that a case of some interest would have been brought before the Magistrates. About 12 o'clock the Justices made their appearance, and shortly after a stout Female entered the Court, with a host of egg-women, milk-women, fish-women, &c., in her train. Next came rather an important looking personage, of the masculine gender, having a very seedy coat and desperately black eye, and backed by about a score of that class of Freemen who job in making Members of Parliament and Aldermen of the Ward.

One of the Aldermen having asked what complaint *Roger Church* had to make against *Peg Hegarty*, the important looking personage now came forward and said, that on the last Saturday, as he had been returning homewards, he was met near the County Infirmary by the woman Hegarty, who abused him in the most insufferable manner, and dealt him several blows in the pole and one in the face, the consequences of which must be evident to the spectators. He was a loyal man, ready to sacrifice life and property in the defence of Church and State; but if he was to be set upon by such mastiffs as that virago (pointing to Peg,) he would say that there was no Government in the Country.

An Alderman—Po, po, po, Sir! you are talking nonsense.

Peg Hegarty—Let him alone, please your Worship.—I'll tell you soon about his property, and as for his life—oh! the worthless scoundrel.

Alderman—Come, Mrs. Hegarty, you must use no improper language in this office.

Peg Hegarty was now called upon to say why informations should not be received against her. Having first seized the Defender of the Church and State by the shoulder, and pushed him from between her and the Magistrates' desk, Peg proceeded with her version of the story. She said that, unfortunately for her, *Roger Church*, had by his high talk, and before his coat became so shabby as it then was, induced her to give him credit for fish, for which he never paid her—She often went to his house, to get her money, but the answer she invariably got was, that he was "*out.*" She was told one day that he was at the Court-House, and another day, that he was at the Brunswick Club, and, a third day, that he was at a Bible Meeting in Patrick-street. The week before last she had called at his house, and the

answer she received then was, that indeed he was presenting a silver *box* to Billy Gregg, who abused Sir Nicholas and Counsellor O'Connell.

Mrs. Hegarty was here requested to come to the scene of action as soon as possible. Accordingly, she said, that she met the complainant, at the Infirmary, on Saturday, as he himself had said, and that she had demanded of him her money. She told him plainly, that it was a shame for him to keep her out of her little earnings, and be giving a box to Billy Gregg, the Attorney.

Alderman—Well, well! Did you strike him?

Peg—I did, your Worship. He called me a Papish b.....h; upon which I gave him a thump over the eye, saying "there is a *box* for you, you beggarly blackguard," (*roars of laughter.*)

Alderman—Really, then, Mr. Roger Church, it was strange language for you to address to this woman, after having kept her, as she says, so long out of her money?

Roger—Mr. Alderman, is a loyal Freeman of the Corporation of Cork to be taunted by such a miscreant as this for having come forward, "when our lives and properties are assailed," to compliment the man, "whose warning voice was heard in arousing the Protestants of the South to a sense of their danger?"

Alderman—Folly, folly, man! pay the woman her money; and let those poor devils who are with you—and who I suppose clubbed their pence to get up that snuff-box for Gregg, go to work, if they can get any thing to do, and put shirts upon their backs.

One of the shirtless loyalists flourished a number of the *Constitution* of Saturday, and said that the proudest act of his life was the giving of his sixpence towards the Silver Snuff-box.—"Look, Mr. Alderman," said he, "at that Address and at that Reply."

The Alderman—Indeed I have read both, and I do think that both the Addressers and the addressed ought to be put into the Mad-house. That political Maniac, the Messenger, says, "to stand the watch may give the loyal some temporary trouble; but be assured that they will weary the rebel force, and great will ultimately be their reward." Why! the man who could use language of that kind in the present peaceful state of this country, is little short of a Lunatic.

Whilst the Justice was making those observations, some of the brethren of Lodge 983 were admiring the picture prefixed to the Address, which was presented by the Orangemen of Cork to William Gregg, Esq.—"It is," said one of them, "King William a horseback,"—

"*Gulielmus Rex super equo,*" observed a by-stander. "What names are you calling here, Sir," demanded a loyal brother. "No names at all," replied the Latin dealer—"*Gulielmus Rex*," signifies William Gregg, and "*super equo*" means "on a Ramcat." * This translation had nearly led to a scuffle; but the Lodgeman and the Latiner were peremptorily ordered by the Bailiffs not to interrupt their Worships.

How the complaint was disposed of we cannot say, as our Reporter left the Office before the Magistrates came to any decision. *Mr. Wherland,* † though a little *outré* in the Court of D'Oyer Hundred, was heard to say, that Lodge 983 must be a very shabby concern, as the members of it were even ashamed of their own names, and *Mr. Hatton,* ‡ who also figured in the Court of D'Oyer Hundred, admits, that he would be as mad as his namesake, *Winshelsea*, if he had hand, act, or part, with such political ragamuffins.

* Mr. O'Connell, one day, in the exuberance of his fancy, called Mr. Gregg "a Ram-cat." Well! Mr. Gregg endeavoured to repay him with interest; and, moreover, he practised somewhat in the same line himself when he called an Ex-Mayor of the City, and a most venerable Brunswicker, to boot, an "Old Ass."

† A bold Freeman of the Corporation of Cork, and a true loyalist. At a Court of D'Oyer Hundred, held on the 12th of November, 1828, he moved that the freedom of the City should be given to all the Sons of the Freemen at Large, and to all the Sons of all future Freemen at Large. The object was to counteract the extension of the Freehold Franchise. To the disgrace of the loyal, Mr. Wherland was not supported.

‡ A very loyal chandler.

MEETING OF ORANGEMEN.

[A Silver Snuff-box having been presented to Mr. GREGG, I thought it right that something should be given to Doctor ADAMS also; I accordingly got up the following Meeting of Orangemen, (Lodge 983)—the same by whom Mr. Gregg had been complimented. About the time that the subjoined piece, and the "*No Surrender*" article that follows it made their appearance, the Orangemen of Cork were holding private meetings (called by advertisement,) and it was rumoured abroad that arrangements were in progress for securing the return of Mr. Gerard Callaghan and Mr. James Cummins for the Representation of the City of Cork.]

MEETING OF ORANGEMEN.

From the Chronicle of December 3, 1828.

A Meeting of the Orangemen of Cork was held last night, at the old rendezvous, to take into consideration certain matters connected with the interests of the body. The Lodge-room was pretty crowded—there being, shortly after the taking of the Chair, at least 140 of the Brethren present.

At eight o'clock precisely, Brother *Thomas* was called to the Chair ; Brother *Smith* acted as Secretary.

The *Secretary* said, that the present meeting was rather out of course—it having been determined that the brethren should not come together before the second Monday of the month. Some gentlemen, however, thought the present Meeting requisite.

THE MERITS OF DR. ADAMS.

Brother *Mason*....Yes, I was, and am strongly of opinion that no time should be lost in discharging a debt of gratitude to an invaluable friend ; to a man who has been faithful to us in the worst of times; who has thrown the shield of his imperishable name over the Church and State, and protected both from the attacks of false friends and open foes,—I mean Dr. Adams. (*hear, hear.*)

Brother *Williams* did not know a worthier man than Dr. Adams, or one who was better disposed towards the King and the Constitution. (*Cheers.*)

Brother *Jameson* said, it was really a treat to behold the Dr. and William Gregg that memorable day on which, " hand in hand," they made their stand for Kenyon, Newcastle, and Glorious Protestant Ascendancy for ever (*cheering.*) The two Gentlemen enacted the parts they had undertaken to perfection ; they were of different temperaments, but supereminent in their kind. The noble, impetuous ardour of Mr. Gregg, was finely moderated and directed by the cool judgment of Doctor Adams. I do not think that I ever witnessed a finer countenance than the Doctor's, when, after seconding the motion of his friend, he turned round to that friend and seemed to ask him, " What think you now of Dr. Adams ?"

Brother *Green*....Dr. Adams, on that day, did his duty. I remember the significant shake which he gave his head, when Mr. Gregg told his Worship the Mayor, that the vote which he had just proposed would immortalize his Mayoralty.

Brother *Sadler*....And the Mayor seemed to feel the weight of the honor which Mr. Gregg had designed for him.

Brother *Green*...And Mr. Dunscombe has immortalized himself.

Brother *White*...He has...a queer way.

Brother *Mason*...Gentlemen ! when I introduced the mention of Dr. Adams's name, I did so under the impression that you were all capable of duly appreciating the merits of that

distinguished man, and of acknowledging them becomingly? (*cheers*) Yes, Gentlemen! I say *acknowledging* them; for give me leave to tell you that it has gone abroad that you have not treated the Doctor as became him or you...in truth that you have overlooked and neglected him. I have been asked why has not some compliment been paid to the man, who, as my Brother Jameson properly observed, strove "hand in hand with William Gregg for Protestant Ascendancy." If Wm. Gregg (as our Address to that Gentleman says) was the first whose warning voice was heard in arousing the Protestants of the South to a sense of our danger, Doctor Adams it was, who by his eloquence, gave weight, energy, and effect to William Gregg...for without him the latter would have been laughed at.

Brother *White*...He was laughed at as it was.

Brother *Mason*.. Gentlemen, I do propose that a Silver box be presented by us to Doctor Adams, with a suitable device and inscription.

[Here about one hundred of the Brethren paired off rather tumultuously.]

Brother *White*...Mr. Chairman, if you call after the brethren, perhaps if they don't give Brother Mason the box for the Doctor, they may at least give snuff for it. (*loud cries of order.*)

Brother *Mason* said, that, notwithstanding the sneers of some, and the defection of others, he would persevere in the motion which he had made and press it to a division, did he get but a seconder.

Brother *White*...Does any one second the motion that Ledge 983 do give a silver snuff-box to Doctor Adams, with a suitable device and inscription? What! not a seconder!

Brother *Baker* here said that no Gentleman present could entertain a higher opinion than he did of the rare attributes and distinguished services of Doctor Adams. When the Callaghans' and the Cummins's were wanting...when even George Knapp was half asleep, Doctor Adams was at his post, and manfully did he discharge his duty. Gentlemen, however, should recollect that getting silver snuff-boxes was not like Church work. (*hear, hear.*) In fact they should pay for the boxes, and, perhaps they had done enough that way already. (*hear, hear*) He would himself have no objection to their presenting, say, a *pinchback* box; but that perhaps, may look invidious.

Brother *White*...It would, however, be in keeping. The *Chronicle* said yesterday, that we were all designated as a set of shirtless *pinchback* fellows.

(Several voices..." D——n the *Chronicle*. *It would appear as if you were bit by it.*"

Brother *Baker*...Gentlemen,—As this subject has been introduced, I think we must dispose of it with credit to our cause and to ourselves. What would you think then of a resolution well worded, complimenting the Doctor on his having by

his oracular voice warned the Protestants of the South, and saved the King and the Constitution. *(cheering.)*

Brother *Taylor* said, that there was much sense in the resolution proposed by his friend Mr. Baker, and that he would most readily second it. *(cheers.)*

Brother *White*...There was no fear of that resolution not being seconded. Let it have paper enough.

Brother *Mason* protested against the sneering in which Gentlemen were indulging. Some of them had been seen to go into the Liberal Club, and they ought to continue to go there. *(hear.)* Mr. White had once rather better principles then he seemed now to be actuated by.

Brother *White* assured the Chairman and the Brethren, that his principles had undergone no deterioration.

Brother *Baker* now read a resolution which he had drawn up, and which was in a very complimentary strain. It was put from the Chair and carried unanimously.

Brother *White* suggested that the resolution should be shaped into a snuff-bag, and presented in all due form to Doctor Adams.

The Meeting were here about to proceed against Brother *White*. when

Brother *Roger Church* rose and said, that it was no wonder that Mr. White should think little of both them and Doctor Adams, when the treatment which he had met the preceding day was taken into consideration. They heard of and saw the treatment which he had received. He applied to the laws of his country for redress...and what was his redress. A pert lawyer suggested, that the box given to Mr. Gregg was the first stroke, and that villain Hegarty was actually sent about her business. On my leaving the office, I was assailed by the host of Popish Fish-women, Milk-women, and Butter-women, and other Romish Insurgents, she had brought with her; they rose up in rebellion against me...the veriest rebellion I ever encountered. *(cheers.)*

Brother *White*...Or will encounter.

Brother *Roger Church*...(in continuation) ..My existence was in danger.

Brother *White*.....Aye; your "life and property" ! ! !...The rebel, Peg Hegarty, had assailed your eye last Saturday, and yesterday I suppose all the other she rebels assailed your hat and wig for the fish money. Perilous times, indeed!

Chair....Really, this is intolerable, Brother White...*(hear, hear, hear!)*

Brother *White*....."Well, Mr. Chairman, I shall trouble you no longer; only, you will be good enough to communicate the substance of this note to the Gentlemen of "known Constitutional principles." I am sure it will be very acceptable to them."

Brother *White* here handed a note to the Chair, after which he retreated from the brethren.

Brother *Green* (to Prother *Roger Church*)—Did Mr. Gregg stand by your side yesterday when those taunts were uttered against our body?

Brother *Roger Church* ...He did not. *(Murmurs.)* And yet, I will declare it, I thought he would have fled on the wings of the lightning to succour a Brother in distress.

Brother *Mason*...I must say that I did not altogether like that part of the Messenger's Address, in which he said that he was no Orangeman, and in which he made so great an effort to prove that he wished no ill to any man. There was, I will avow it boldly, an appearance of *ratting* on the face of it.... *(Cheers and hisses.)*

Brother *Bear*...Dan O'Connell would say that ramcats must be always *ratting*.

THE NOTE.

The *Chair* here called the Gentlemen to order. He said, that he had the most entire confidence in Mr. Gregg, though that Gentleman might not have thought it safe to appear among an army of insurgent Popish Fish-women. Indeed, so thoroughly imbued is Mr. Gregg with the true principles of the Constitution, that he has been heard to denominate the Box with which the brethren honoured him, a Protestant Box, an *exclusively* Protestant Box...a Box, the very constitution of which would not admit Catholic *snuff* into it. *(Laughter and Cheers.)* The Chairman thought it would be better if Gentlemen would pass on to business. He would, suppose, read for them the note which Brother White had handed to him when relieving the meeting of his presence.

[The name of the writer of the note was not mentioned, but the substance of it was, that the Cork Brunswick Club had determined to put Mr. James Cummins and Mr. Gerard Callaghan in nomination for the representation of the City of Cork, at the next General Election, and that they had also determined to ascertain what encouragement such resolution would receive from the Loyal, in a *pecuniary* point of view. The writer insinuated rather broadly to Brother White, that when the affair would come to be considered by the lives and *property* men, it would create a very *generous* sensation.]

Brother *Mason* did not think that the meeting should entertain any question connected with the note which had been just read. If any matter, such as that alluded to by Brother White's correspondent, came regularly before their Grand Meeting on the second Monday of the Month, why then they should speak to it. As for himself, he would now openly say, that if it were intended that they should not be paid for their votes whenever an election came, or whoever the man may be to be elected, he, for one, would oppose any such Jacobinical proposition (*immense cheering.*) He knew what *his property was* as well as other men knew that which was their's, and he would lose his life rather than surrender it *(loud cries*

of "No Surrender.") He would, however, say not another word on the subject, as the probability was that they would hear more of it.

Several of the Brethren concurred in the expressions which had fallen from the last speaker, and said, that they were satisfied that if any gentleman had the hardihood to propose that they should defend Church and State, on any other than the old terms, such Gentleman would not find a seconder.

Shortly after this our Reporter left the room.

.....

"NO SURRENDER."

["*No Surrender*" was the cry of the Brunswickers from Cork to Derry. I caught it, and endeavoured to turn it to account.]

.....

"*NO SURRENDER.*"†

Monday Evening.

The Brethren of Lodge 983 met this evening, pursuant to notice. The attendance was very numerous, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather; among those present we noticed several of the persons who take a prominent part in our Church and Corporate concerns.

At half-past seven o'clock, Brother *Hoskins* was called to the chair. The former Secretary was requested to continue his services.

The particular business of the meeting having been disposed of—Messrs. *Comerford* and *Wherland* introduced themselves as a deputation from the Brunswick Club, and

† Just as this article had been put into type, in walks to me Mr. James Wherland, with a letter to "the Editor," in which he denied that he had said "that Lodge 983 must be a very shabby concern, as the members of it were ashamed of their own names;" declaring also that he was fully authorized by the Magistrates of the Police Office of Cork to state, that no such proceeding as that referred to by the *Cork Mercantile Chronicle* (the Curious Case) took place in that Office"—He, moreover, begged leave to state, "that he had not the honour to be a member of the Cork, or of any other Brunswick Club." I gave ready insertion to his letter, saying that our Reporter must be strangely in error respecting that gentleman; and expressing an opinion that at least five hundred disclaimers would appear on our next number. I did not hear again from Mr. Wherland; I dare say he was proud of the noble sentiments with which I associated his name in my "NO SURRENDER."

expressed a wish to be allowed to make a communication. —Leave granted.

Mr. *Comerford* said, he would briefly state the objects of the deputation. The gentlemen he addressed all knew the melancholy state of the Representation of this City, and the necessity which impressed itself of remedying the evil. The Brunswick Club had taken up the matter, and he had no doubt but with proper co-operation they would go through it triumphantly. All that was necessary was, that all true Protestants should unite heart and hand, and sacrifice a little for the good of the country. Never was there a moment when it was more desirable that men should prove what they are really made of. Religion was endangered,—that pure religion which was so essentially dear to them; their liberties, too, were in jeopardy—a daring faction had sprung up in the country, which arrogated to itself all power;—but he trusted that the disinterested men whom he addressed, and the disinterested men by whom he had been deputed, would be now, as ever, an overmatch for them.—(*loud cheering.*) He knew well that he had not miscalculated—he knew well the good feelings which actuated them—he would therefore proceed to read a copy of resolutions which the Brunswick Club had adopted.

Mr. *Wherland* said that he would read the resolutions, but Mr. *Comerford* observed that he could read them well enough himself. The resolutions were as follow:—

"Resolved.. That the interests of the Protestant Church, and the security of all our Establishments, eminently require that none but true Protestants be entrusted with the Parliamentary Representation.

"Resolved...That it is disgraceful to the loyal Protestants of Cork, that their City should be represented by such men as Mr. John Hely Hutchinson and Sir N. C. Colthurst.

"Resolved...That Mr. James Cummins and Mr. Gerard Callaghan be put in nomination for the Representation of this City at the next General Election, and that we do support them with all our influence.

"Resolved...That a deputation do wait upon Lodge 983, to obtain their assent to the preceding Resolutions.

"Resolved...That as the expenses of contested Elections are enormous beyond calculation, the best co-operation is that which tends to spare the pockets of loyal Candidates."

Mr. *Comerford* said, that having read the resolutions, he would do no more than suggest that some Brother would propose a resolution declaratory of the determination of Lodge No. 983, to act in unison with the Cork Brunswick Club at the next contested election.

A considerable pause here ensued—no Brother acting, or

appearing disposed to act forthwith, upon the suggestion of Mr. Comerford.

Mr. *Comerford* and Mr. *Wherland* looked at each other, and Lodge No. 983 looked at both of them.

Mr. *Comerford* at length broke silence—He said that he trusted there was nothing objectionable in the resolutions he had read; he conceived that they were such as every true Protestant ought to embrace cordially and unhesitatingly.

Brother *Mason* observed, that Lodge No. 983 would act as became true Protestants; but it was not to be expected that they would adopt a string of resolutions (proceed from what quarter they may) without good note or comment.—*(cheers.)*

Mr. *Comerford* here said, that, for his part, he would be most happy to give gentlemen any explanation they may require; he thought, however, that the resolutions were so drawn up as to speak clearly their purport and bearing.

Brother *Mason* entertained no doubt but that the gentlemen of the deputation and of the Brunswick Club, understood well the nature and the obligations of the propositions which had been submitted. It would not be deemed however, extravagant that Lodge 983 should wish to understand them well also *(cheering.)* Brother M. here read over the series of resolutions which had been brought forward by the Deputation. When he had come to that one which spoke of "*sparing the pockets of Candidates,*" he emphatically asked "What it was which it was intended to convey by it to all true Protestants?"

Mr. *Comerford* and Mr. *Wherland* both said that it was impossible that the meaning of the resolution could be mistaken. That meaning was expressed as clearly and as undisguisedly as delicacy would have permitted.

Brother *Mason* would observe no delicacy in the business, and he believed that he spoke the sense of the Lodge when he said, that the more above board gentlemen were, the sooner and the better would they understand each other (*cheers.*)

Mr. *Wherland.*—"Well, then, the meaning of the resolution is, that when the struggle comes for Protestant Ascendancy and true religion, no man shall higgle about pay or bounty, but vote for the true champions without fee or reward (*a profound sensation*) That is the meaning of the gentlemen who have sent us hither, and that is their practice."

Several of the Brethren of Lodge 983 here rose apparently disposed to express their opinions; but the general wish was, that the business for the present should be left in the hands of Brother Mason.

Brother *Mason* accordingly asked—"Am I, then—is this Lodge to understand that the Freemen of the City of Cork are to give up their rights and privileges; that they are not *to be considered* in sending in Mr. James Cummins and Mr. Gerard Callaghan to Parliament?

Mr. *Wherland*—I say, Sir, that the understanding of the Brunswick Club is, that no man should be paid for his vote at the next election—*(loud murmurs)*—and I say more than that—

(Mr. *Comerford*, in a low voice to Mr. W.—"*you have said enough*")—that no man ought or has a right to be paid for voting at an election—(*immense uproar.*)

Brother *Mason* here said that he was most happy that the gentleman had spoken out; that Lodge 983 knew what the Brunswick Club meant, and that they had now a knowledge of the course which they meant to pursue *(hear.)*—In the name of common sense, was it to be tolerated, that in the nineteenth century, the clearest rights of Protestant citizens and men should be thus outraged and denied—(*immense cheering.*) Why! if *they*, if Lodge 983 had not a title, absolute and undoubted, to the emoluments they received, what title, he would ask, or what property was secure?—*(continued cheering.)* They had met there that night, to concert plans that Doctor Magee should remain in the undisturbed enjoyment of his thousands a year—and that Corporate Gentlemen should dispose of the tolls and the rates as they always disposed of them; and that the Pensioner and the Placeman should not be molested; and they were to be told—*they*, without whom those others would be nothing, that they had no rights to be respected, no property to be held sacred! (*deep murmurs.*) Oh, it was enough to sicken the heart to think how ungratefully they had been treated. (*hear, hear.*) Was it for this that they had separated themselves from their brother men, in this their native land? Was it for this that they had become the scoff and scorn of the civilized world? So, then, all else were to have rights—the Rev. Mr. Purcell and the Rev. Mr Edgar, and every other Rev. Mr. was to have rights—George Knapp, too, and Mr. James Cummins were to have rights—all were to have rights and properties but those who had the best claim to them (*cheers.*) He, for one, would not listen for a single instant to any such doctrine. (*cheers.*) Without undervaluing the rights of others, he would assert his own, and he would call upon every true Protestant who heard him, to join him manfully. *(Immense cheering, and loud cries of* "NO SURRENDER!") Oh! that cry was cheering to his heart. It reminded him of the days when his and their forefathers had contended for the true

faith, and when they shed the last drop of their blood rather than be the slaves of Papists and Jacobites. (*tremendous applause.*) But what availed it, that they had fought and bled, if their posterity were to be outraged with impunity. He liked Protestantism, but he disliked innovation, and he would resist the innovators, be they Protestant, or be they Catholic (*cheers.*) He would request of the gentlemen who had been deputed on this mission, to return whence they came, and to tell their constituents that they had miscalculated greatly. Right was right, and property was property—and Lodge No. 983 would never consent to surrender either.—(*Renewed cries of* "NO SURRENDER," *and immense cheering.*)

Brother *Bass* said that he was no orator, but that extraordinary occasions gave rise to extraordinary efforts; he would therefore make bold to say, that a more extravagant proposition than the one which had been submitted to them by the Deputation had never been laid before loyal men. (*cheers.*)—They would disgrace themselves for ever, if they did not resist it inexorably.—(*Loud cries of* "*inexorably*," *and* "*No Surrender!*"

Brother *Baker* never thought that he should live to see the day when a Revolutionary attempt would be made, and that, too, by such men as formed the Brunswick Club, to rob him and his children of their vested rights (*hear, hear.*) What encouragement would remain for the support of true Protestantism if such an attempt were to prove successful, (*hear, hear.*) His grandfather had come from Londonderry, and that grandfather's father had fought under the banners of the immortal Walker. He trusted that their offspring would not disgrace them in their graves; but that he would prove himself worthy of his brave and loyal parentage.—"*No Surrender*" had been the watchword of Jack Baker's great-grandfather—"*No Surrender*" should be the watchword of that great-grandfather's great-grandson.—(*Deafening applause, with long-continued cries of* "*No Surrender!*")

Brother *Wilson* said, that the Brunswickers might as well take the coat off his back, as prevent him from doing that which would put a coat on it (*hear.*) He was no man to blink matters. There were many of those that carried high heads that day, who had themselves enjoyed the fruits of the right which they would now extinguish. (*hear, hear.*) Full often had they and their families tasted the sweets of it. They did not surrender it, but for some weightier consideration. Neither would Lodge 983 surrender it without a why and a wherefore. ('*No Surrender,*" "*No Surrender,*" "*No Surrender.*"

Mr. *Wherland* now rose and said, that no power on

earth should prevent him from saying that he thought the Gentlemen who had spoken and the Gentlemen who had cheered had done any thing but honour to themselves and their party. (*a sensation.*) Yes, he would assert it, that they acted as if they did not care a farthing for the true faith, or for Protestant Ascendancy, as if they believed that their lives and liberties were not in peril. Money, money, money, was their sole impulse—their first beginning and their last end. The question with them was not "is Ascendancy to be preserved." but "are we to get £10 a man for voting conscientiously?" Shame upon such Patriots, such Protestants! how unlike theirs was the conduct of the 40s. Freeholders who acted up to their mistaken sense of duty, and in doing so, braved penury and persecution. Oh! they should learn a lesson even from an enemy. But let them rather study from their friends. He could tell them that the purses of the Clergy and the Laity of their communion would be open at the next General Election.—Hedges Eyre would be down with his thousands, and Lord Bandon with his fifties. The Rectors would contribute from their abundance and the Curates from their poverty. George Knapp would prove that his title had been merited, and Robert Deane would show off both Prince and President. He was sorry to be compelled to say it, but he could not avoid expressing what he felt, that Lodge No. 983 would be disgraced for ever.—(*Deep murmurs and a general call for Brother Mason.*)

Brother *Mason* rose and said, that on the part of himself and of his loyal Brethren, he flung back with indignation the foul calumny to which Mr. Wherland had given utterance. The members of the Lodge might not boast of heavy purses, but they had more principle than mightier men, and they supported the cause for which they had associated, on terms less liable to suspicion or animadversion. The poor Protestant upheld the system for a miserable pittance—many a Brunswicker derived affluence under it, and little was the country the gainer by their services. (*cheers.*) They had been told that the Clergy and the Laity, the Nobility and the Gentry, would subscribe to send Messrs. Cummins and Callaghan into Parliament, and shame their niggardliness. If the prophecy were verified, and he doubted much that it would, its verification would do no credit to the men who would realize it. Doctor Magee may give one hundred pounds, and Parson Edgar one hundred pence to ensure the return of their favorite candidates—but one has £12,000 a year to protect, and the other £12,000 a year to hope for. (*cheers.*) And what have they done, and what do they do for all this money?

He was sorry to be forced into this line of observation, but let the gentleman who dragged him into it be responsible for the consequence. (*hear, hear.*) George Knapp's name too, had been called into requisition—he, plain Mason as he was, would not yield to George Knapp in mind or in manners ; and he saw no reason why he should be called upon to forego a vested right, in order to bolster up a system on which George Knapp fattened. If he voted that that individual should receive thousands out of the public money, he had no notion that he should vote, without being properly considered. (*cheers.*) It was true that Mr. Hedges Eyre had given £1000 to the Brunswick Fund, and it may be possible that he may give £1000 more to send two puppets into Parliament. But what did all that amount to ? If Mr. Hedges Eyre had given £20,000 to the poor, it would not be half the sum which he and his like owe to their impoverished country. English Gentlemen support their own poor ; but Irish Gentlemen send their poor to England, or meanly send begging letters to that country to raise alms for them (*hear, hear.*) He would ask were they to shelter Mr. Hedges Eyre from a poor-rate, and break stones on the road themselves, and yet receive not even a farthing compensation. Oh ! such a doctrine was not to be endured for a moment. (*cheers.*) It occurred to him that certain gentlemen imagined that Ireland was made but for the enjoyment of Lords and Corporators and Squires and Churchmen, and that the people, Protestant as well as Catholic, were made but for their use and benefit. He would, however, at least in the particular point before the meeting, prove to these Gentry that they should not have every thing ; and therefore it was he would say, with the Barons of old—"*Nolumus Leges Angliæ Mutari*;" which meant, that "no man should vote under a ten pound note." (*immense cheering, with cries of "Nolumus Leges Angliæ Mutari," and "No Surrender."*)

Mr. *Comerford* was extremely sorry to hear certain expressions which fell from the last speaker. He did not rise under any expectation of being able to bring over the meeting to his opinions—indeed that was, he perceived, impossible ; but he thought he may still remove much prejudice, correct much misrepresentation, and do some justice to a class which he conceived to have been grossly, though unintentionally, vilified. In what he had to say, he meant nothing offensive ; on the contrary, he trusted that the tendency of his words would be found to be conciliatory, and that they would separate, if not of one mind, certainly of one heart. The great men of the Ascendancy had, in his judgment, been too severely dealt with by Mr. Mason. Their

merits and their services had been entirely overlook-ed by that gentleman in the impetuous rush of his excited feelings. Had they not all of them felt the advantages of the various Institutions which Protestant Parliaments had spread over their country. What art had they not fostered—what want had they not supplied. To begin with the more provident of the Establishments, which the maligned Protestant Clergy and Aristocracy of Ireland had founded, he would instance the Foundling Hospital (*a deep sensation.*) How many of them had not felt the advantages of this invaluable Institution? (*great uproar.*) Yes, they were poor, but he gave them credit for having those feelings of *gratitude* which—(*Lodge No. 983 now became an actual Bay of Biscay. Several of the Brethren cried that Mr. C. should be forthwith expelled, whilst others made signs of proceeding to actual ejection.*)

Mr. *Comerford* was not aware that he was in any wise out of order, or that he had used any expression to which exception could be taken. He would proceed to the *Charter Schools*, with which they were all so intimately acquainted (*increased tumult and indescribable uproar.*)

Brother *Mason* said such treatment was beyond all endurance. What! were they to be designated b————s, because they would not violate the rights of conscience, and vote for nothing. (*Immense cheering.*)

Mr. *Comerford* protested most solemnly that he had not the most distant idea of casting the alleged imputation.—He would say more—(Mr. Wherland, in a low voice, "Y've said enough.")

Brother *Mason* (to Mr. C.)—I do not believe you, Sir.

Mr. *Comerford* (in a passion)—Well, then, "whom the cap fits let him wear it."

A tremendous rush was here made upon the Brunswick Deputation, which soon swept both it and ourselves out of No. 983 Orange Lodge-Room. As we withdrew from the Hall, we heard repeated cries of—"No Surrender! ! !"

.....

MEETING OF THE COUNTY AND CITY OF CORK BRUNSWICK CLUB.

[The following was published in the *Chronicle* of Dec. 19, 1828. There had been held a few days before a meeting of the County and City of Cork Brunswick Club, at which the resolutions and nominations (*infra.*) were made and adopted.]

.....

This meeting, as we said in our last, was not a public one. The resolutions, however, the proposers and secon-

ders of them, are known, and various other matters, too, which it may not be uninteresting to the public to be put in possession of. We must here protest loudly against the principle of private meetings.

Robert Deane, Esq. President, was called to the Chair. Mr. Deane did not look as well as usual. It was supposed that some recent accounts *from Leeds* had thrown a damp over his spirits.

William H. Kelly, Esq., Clifton, proposed, and Captain G. S. Cotter, Heathfield, seconded the first resolution.—It was as follows :

Resolved...That in order to complete the arrangements of the Club, the following Noblemen and Gentlemen *be requested to accept the office of Vice-Presidents* :...

Earl of Mountcashel,
Earl of Bandon,
Earl of Bantry,
Earl Listowell,
William H. M. Hodder, Esq., Hoddersfield,
John Longfield, Esq., Longueville,
Henry Green Barry, Esq.; Ballyclogh,
John Tonson Rye, Esq., Rye-Court,
Arthur B. Bernard, Esq., Palace-Ann,
Thomas George French, Esq, Marino,
William H. Herrick, Esq., Shippool,
John Travers, Esq., Garrycloyne Castle,
John Thomas Cramer, Esq., Oysterhaven,
Jonas Morris, Esq., Dunkettle,
Charles Silver Oliver, Esq., Sunlodge,
Rev. Henry Johnson, Magourney,
Simon Dring, Esq., Rockgrove,
Michael Roberts Westropp. Esq.
Rev. Doctor Sealy Baldwin,
Thomas Harrison, Esq.
George Knapp, Esq.
Joseph Leycester, Esq.
Joseph Garde, Esq.
Henry Bagnell, jun., Esq.
John Swete, Esq.
William Massey Baker, Esq.
Richard Wood, Esq.
William Henry Keily, Esq.

Mr. Sheriff Cummins wished to know if the resolution which had been proposed and seconded, were to be made public?

Mr. Keily—Certainly.

Mr. Sheriff Cummins—As a demonstration of our strength?

Mr. Keily—By all means.

Mr. Sheriff Cummins—I object, then, to its publication. It is any thing but a proof of strength. First of all—and let me here speak freely, for I perceive I can do so with safety. There is not the name of one Member of Parliament representing this county or any portion of it, in the entire list. Why what will the Liberals say when they read this matter? that all the Representatives of our County, City and Boroughs, eight in number, are with the people, and not with us. That is what they will say—(*disapprobation.*) Again, let me tell you, and I say so without intending the least disrespect for Doctor Sealy Baldwin, that the Church does not appear to be with you from that catalogue. We have two Bishops, three Deans, three Archdeacons, in these three dioceses, and *not one of them* a forthcoming Brunswicker. We are actually afraid even to invite one of them to join us at this momentous crisis (*symptoms of impatience*) Moreover, let me tell you, Gentlemen, that there are names on that list which ought not to be on it. Rely upon it that Colonel Hodder and Colonel Baker are no more with you than they are with the Amelikites.

A Member—It can do no harm at any rate to put their names forward (*hear.*)

Mr. Sheriff Cummins—It will do harm, Sir, and we ought to learn prudence. Did you observe what explanations were forced upon the Association by the use of my friend Mr. Sheriff Saunders's name?*

Mr. Thomas Townsend—The less that is said about Mr. Sheriff Saunders the better.

Mr. Comerford had been listening to Mr. Sheriff Cummins, but he had heard not a word from that Gentleman touching the Nobility. (*Hear.*) Was the Earl of Mountcashel, and was the Earl of Bandon also against them?—(*cheers.*)

Mr. Gregg—Mr. Comerford always speaks to the point. (*cheers.*)

Mr. Sheriff Cummins observed that he would leave comparisons to others. He was as thorough a Brunswicker as any Gentleman in that meeting—but there were *hyperboles*

* Mr. Burgess Saunders' name was sent up from Cork to the Corn Exchange, as a contributor of 5s. to the Catholic Rent. The Association Report in which the subscription was announced, created a great sensation among the Cork Brunswickers. As well as I recollect now, Mr. Burgess Saunders *explained* by saying that he had lost a wager of 5s. to Mr. Charles Sugrue, and that there had been a jocular understanding between him and the Associator, that the crown should go to *the Rent.* Mr. Thomas Townsend, the Editor of the *Cork Constitution*, was by no means satisfied with this explanation.

enough in all their calculations, without his adding to the number. Admitting, and it was going as great length as could reasonably be expected, that Lord Mountcashel would make an excellent Premier, and Lord Bandon a most admirable Foreign Secretary, still what followed? Was the Nobility of Cork—was the Nobility of Ireland with them?—(*Yes, yes.*) He would say, "No, no." Let them look to the Poll which was then going on, for the Representative Peer. How, he would ask, was Lord Castlemaine supported? Lord Castlemaine, the true Protestant, the genuine Brunswicker.—How? Lord Dunally, the notorious Emancipationist, was 29 votes a head of him! Yes, Lord Dunally counted 55 Irish ProtestantPeers his friends, and Lord Castlemaine but 26. He thought they had better not put their great names forward; for, if they did, others would be calculating their great names too, and—

Mr. Gregg—Mr. President, put the resolution. No wonder that the Protestants of Bandon should be shewing tail, when theCounty and the City of Cork Constitutional Brunswick Club is thus lectured. (*cheers.*)

The resolution was eventually carried.

John Travers, of Garrycloyne Castle, Esq., proposed, and Mr. Burgess Knapp seconded the next resolution.—It was as follows:—

Resolved...That the following Gentlemen, together with the President and Officers of the Club be appointed a Committee of Management, with power to add to their number, five to be a quorum:

William Jameson,	Burgess,	Peter Comerford,	Esq.
Amos Westropp,	do.	Rev. J. W. Edgar,	
William P. White,	do.	Henry Leader,	Esq.
William Crofts,	do.	George B. Low,	Esq.
Robert Lawe,	do.	John Lewis,	Esq.

This resolution passed without any observation.

Wm. Gregg, Esq. proposed, and Peter Comerford, Esq. seconded the next Resolution.—It was

Resolved...That the Subscription to this Club shall be in future not less than ten Shillings, nor exceed One Pound...the same to be paid annually, on the First day of March.

A Member asked what return was to be got for the subscriptions. It would please him greatly, and he was sure it would gratify the great body of Brunswickers, if something after the manner of the Cork Liberal Club Room were established.

Mr. Comerford approved highly of the suggestion which had been thrown out. It would be a rare sight to see the Earl of Bandon reading out of the same newspaper with Thomas Slone, the journeyman painter and glazier.

Mr. Callaghan was afraid that the system would never answer. (*a laugh.*)

The resolution was carried.

Rev. Dr. Sealy Baldwin, proposed and John Lewis, Esq. seconded the Fourth Resolution.

Resolved...That in order to co operate more effectually with our Brother Brunswickers in achieving the Constitutional objects of our formation, the members of every District Brunswick Constitutional Club in this county be, and are hereby admitted Honorary Members of this Club."

A Member whose name we could not learn, approved highly of this resolution. There were but few Brunswickers compared with the immense host of Liberals, and it was the business of those few to make the most of themselves. (*cheers.*) The plan pursued by several of the agents of the BibleSociety Schools was admirable. They induced the same children to go to several Schools, at the same time, and then returned them as though they had been *multiplied* by the operation.*

Mr. Swete did not like to hear such matters talked of.

Gerard Callaghan, Esq. proposed, and Mr. Keily seconded the following resolution:

Resolved...That a Committee be appointed to prepare an Address to the King, and Petitions to both Houses of Parliament, praying that no further political power be granted to Roman Catholics; and that the Constitution, as settled *essentially Protestant* in 1688, be preserved in its fullest integrity. Also Petitions for a correction of the abuses of the Forty-shilling Freehold Franchise in Ireland; for a re-consideration of the policy which established Maynooth College; and for the effectual extinction of the Popish Association...and that the following Gentlemen compose the Committee.

THE PRESIDENT.

Gerard Callaghan, Esq.	George Knapp, Esq.
John Lewis, Esq.	William Jameson, Esq.
Thomas Townsend, Esq.	Doctor Sealy Baldwin.

Mr. Vincent thought that Mr. Callaghan went rather too far in his resolution—really, to talk of re-considering the policy which had established Maynooth College, was approaching the ridiculous. Gentlemen should recollect that Catholic France was now supporting, and handsomely supporting a Protestant Clergy.

Mr. Gregg.—Gentlemen will recollect no such thing.—I would have proposed the resolution myself, had not Mr. Callaghan taken the resolution out of my hands; but I

* Vide in the *Cork Chronicle* of the year 1828, the letters of the Rev. Maurice Sheahan, R. C. Curate of Youghal, now Parish Priest of Killeigh,

shall not be outstripped by him. I move that we do also pray, that all Catholic Soldiers and Sailors be forthwith discharged. Mr. President—we stand upon a volcano!

Mr. Sheriff Cummins had told Mr. Callaghan that his resolution would lead to such exhibition. There was a mean in every thing.

The Resolution ultimately passed.

Two resolutions were adopted, one appointing a full meeting of the Club for the 13th of January; the other exculpating Mr. Sheriff Saunders. Mr. Thomas Townsend was very loath to exculpate Sheriff Saunders.

.....

[The Cork Brunswickers were becoming so excessively rabid, that I felt compelled to make the most crazed among them a subject for a Commission of Lunacy. The most out-of-the way things were now said about the Succession,—the Rent,—the Association, &c.&c.]

.....

DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO.

Yesterday, a Jury was summoned to enquire whether a certain Gentleman of great political notoriety in this city, was or was not of unsound mind. The investigation excited the greatest possible interest. We do not recollect to have ever seen a stronger meeting of Liberals and Illiberals.

The Gentleman who was the subject of the inquiry was not brought into Court until after the examination of the several witnesses. His voice, however, was distinctly audible from the commencement of the proceeding; he appeared to be arguing or soliloquizing in the neighbourhood of the Court—the words "pike," "pistol," "bayonet," "Church," "State," "Constitution," were rapidly heard from without, and immediately recognised as his peculiar intonations.

Mr. John Bennett was the first witness examined. He deposed that he had been long acquainted with the subject of the present inquiry—he observed his conduct very narrowly for the last six months; he regretted much that his fellow citizen laboured under some strange influence latterly; the subject of the present inquiry had once received a stroke from a Dublin Lawyer—that, perhaps, had affected his intellect; stronger heads were crazed by slighter causes. His delusions were of the most fanciful kind: he believed, among other things, that the King of Sardinia was to come over to this country to dispute the succession, and that the people would join him. The unfor-

tunate gentleman talked of nothing but swords, pikes, and bayonets. He holds the doctrine that all the greatest British Statesmen that ever lived, were mere fools to him, and that he was sent into this world "for the salvation of many." He had taken into his head, that there would be a wide-spread rebellion—that thought had so filled his mind that he actually considered every man a rebel. It was the opinion of witness, that if the gentleman were not tied up in time, he would do himself or others some mischief.—(A voice from without—"*Aye, here I am, ready to march against the rebels. Down with the House of Savoy; down with the King of Sardinia.*") Mr.B. in continuation—the Court and the Jury could now hear the ravings of the individual himself.

A Juror—What rebels can the man mean, when he talks this way?

Mr. Bennett—Really, I don't know, unless he means the Catholic Association; and sure am I, that there are as loyal men in that body as there are out of it: men who could gain very little by confusion; but those are the vagaries of the poor man's brain; he thinks of nothing but agitators and insurgents, and midnight murderers.

The Court.—Is the subject of the present inquiry particularly excitable on any one point?

Mr. Bennett—Any thing that has the most remote tendency to bring the recollection of Mr. O'Connell's name to his mind, is always sure to set him astray; for instance, if you called your dog "*Dan*," he would certainly think of Dan O'Connell, and the dog would run a good chance of suffering as an agitator.

Mr. Dan. Meagher knew Mr. —— for many years, and regretted much that 1828 had proved so fatal to him. The unfortunate gentleman betrayed such rabidness in the Court of D'Oyer Hundred, some time ago, that even his political friends were afraid to go near him. Some of the most determined Brunswickers stood afar off, fearing absolutely to approach him. At one moment he hurled defiance at "77 *millions*" of Irish Papists, and at the next he said he would *make a God* of Tom Dunscombe. The symptoms of mania were of the most unquestionable description.

A Juror.—Mr. Meagher, did he look very wild on that occasion? Ans.—Very wild, indeed, Sir. In the course of his observations that day, he said he would fight for the Church. His countenance, when he uttered these words, was the fiercest thing I ever witnessed; the hyena was nothing to it. Really, I am sorry for the poor man.

Mr. Ex-Sheriff Savage—Had no doubt but that Mr..... was touched; the most striking proof he cou'd give of it.

was, his going up to Dublin to the Rotunda meeting. What but madness could induce such a man to think that he was himself *of consequence* in Ireland. The poor man used boast that he had greatly benefitted the Protestant world.

The Court said, that this was a case, if of any, of political mania. Certain extravagancies had been detailed of Mr. ——, but it was greatly to be apprehended that similar extravagancies could be told of many others. If all the political maniacs that raved on the Irish stage at the present day, were to be put into strait jackets, all the Lunatic Asylums in the Empire could not contain them. The Court expressed a wish to see Mr. ——, in order to propose some interrogatories to him.

Mr. —— was led into Court between Dr. Adams and Mr. Hatton. He evidently looked upon those gentlemen as very mad, for their extraordinary attention to him. When the subject of the inquiry had been seated—

The Court addressed him—Mr. ——, what strange stormy weather we had of lete.

Mr. ——.—It is no wonder that the weather should be strange and stormy. The Association exists, and its tornado breath is raising storms and tempests and hurricanes both by sea and by land.

The Court...But as far as I have learned, the victims generally are Papists.

Mr. —— ..I declared. ere this, with oracular voice, that the Papists would be inevitably overwhelmed.

The Court....As you are in the *quid nunc* you have possibly heard of the failure of Fry and Chapman?

Mr. ——...I have: the *Rent* is the cause. The Agitators have drawn all the money to themselves. The plans of the Rebels are deep laid; and all loyal Protestants must oppose them. They think to purchase arms, and to embarrass the commerce of the sister country. When the ruin of trade has set all things in confusion, then will they rush on with the pike and the bayonet.

The Court.—We had your friend, Dan Meagher, here, a short time ago.

Mr. ——...Dan Meagher is not my friend, nor any Dan—the name is a hideous abomination; it is that worn by the Arch Rebel, and should not be pronounced by loyal lips, or heard by loyal ears. The name, and those who honour it, are fit for the *Canties* alone.

The Court...You mean that they should be hanged.

Mr. ——...Hanged...hanged...hanged; aye, aye.

(Mr. ——'s glasses, which were elevated on his forehead, here fell upon his nose...the same accident happened the last day he pronounced "*aye, aye, aye.*")

The Court..Mr. ——, that was rather a sudden descent which your glasses made.

Mr. —— ..Much more sudden will be the descent of the King of Sardinia upon your coasts, If you concede to the Papists their demands, you undermine the throne of the House of Brunswick, and prepare for the introduction of Papal sway ...the House of Savoy. Mind, I am prophetic.

The Court here ordered the Prophet to be removed.—The latter was led away, and as he retired he spoke of the House of Savoy and the King of Sardinia.

The Jury instantly found a Verdict,—"POLITICALLY MAD."

DIALOGUES FOR THE DAY.

[On the 24th of Dec., 1828, the Duke of WELLINGTON's Letter to the Most Rev. Doctor CURTIS makes its appearance, and on the 2d of Jan., 1829, the Letter of the Marquis of ANGLESEA to the same Prelate.—The Marquis leaves Ireland amid the regrets of her people; and the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND succeeds him. The hard law of necessity compels the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel to resolve on concessions to the Catholics; and, on the 5th of March, 1829, Sir Robert (in accordance with the Royal Speech delivered on the 5th Feb.) moves "that the House of Commons should resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House, to take into consideration the laws affecting his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects." After the most stormy debates in both Houses of Parliament, accompanied by the fiercest agitation without, the Relief Bill received (on the 29th of April) the Royal assent. That Bill had brought two very obnoxious measures in its train—one for the abolition of the Forty-shilling Freeholders; the other, for the abolition of the Religious Orders. To both I gave all the opposition in my power. In several articles headed "*Political Power*," I contended that the elective franchise required rather to be extended than contracted in Ireland, and that if there was to be any new legislation in regard to it, it should be to protect it by the ballot. I had the satisfaction to see going from Cork two petitions against "the Wings," most numerously signed. The Gentlemen with whom I co-operated in the getting

up of these documents had no expectation that they would be successful; they felt, however, that the Irish people owed it as a duty to themselves to register their protest against the wrong which the accompaniments of the Relief Bill were calculated to do them; and, they resolved to fulfil their part. I must here say that they had to contend with the sneers of some nominal Catholics (but I fear real infidels,) who laughed at their respect for the Religious Orders; and with the worse than apathy of some little liberal politicians who think that no vindication of truth can be useful which does not forthwith produce fruit.

Sir Nicholas Conway Colthurst, one of the representatives for the City of Cork, died on the 19th of June; and Mr. Gerard Callaghan was once more a candidate for the representation. The conduct of Mr. Callaghan during the latter days of the struggle for Emancipation had been anything but calculated to make the majority of his fellow citizens forget his proceedings in 1826. His Address was, accordingly, the signal for battle, and every effort was made to thwart his ambition. The great majority of the leading Liberals, Catholic and Protestant, not being very sanguine that they could, with any degree of ease, return a man according to their own hearts, and being, perhaps, more solicitous for the discomfiture of Mr. Callaghan than for the triumph of any one else, learned with joy that Colonel Hodder, (a Brunswicker,) had taken the field even against the object of their aversion. From whatever cause, Colonel Hodder's Address had scarcely appeared on the Cork Journals, when it disappeared. The Liberals were, as it may be supposed, sadly disappointed. In the *Chronicle* of Wednesday, the 1st of July, I submitted a statement of the comparative number of Liberal and Brunswick votes, and I urged that if the poor Catholic voters could be induced (and I stated my conviction that they could) to vote without money, Mr. Callaghan would certainly be ousted. My article was useful in rallying the Liberals, and at about nine

o'clock of the evening on which it was published, a deputation proceeded from the Chamber of Commerce to Beaumont, soliciting Mr. CHARLES BEAMISH to stand for the vacant seat. Mr. Bermish asked of the deputation, if it was the intention to bribe? "No," was the reply. "Well then," said Mr. Beamish, "you will lose the election." Mr. Beamish could not be induced to stand. On Friday the 3rd of July, the Citizens, assembled in public meeting, were induced by Dr. Baldwin to believe that Sir Augustus Warren would be a competitor with Mr. Callaghan. Sir Augustus was a Brunswicker; but (like Colonel Hodder) even so, he was acceptable; and, not the less acceptable to some, because it was understood that he *would not bribe*. Dr. Baldwin and the late James Ludlow Stawell* were deputed by the Citizens to wait on Sir Augustus Warren, requesting him to stand, and promising him their support. The election was fixed for Tuesday, July the 7th. In the *Chronicle* of Monday, July the 6th, the subjoined "*Dialogues for the day*" appeared; one of them was intended to serve the cause of purity of election generally; the other was a canvasser among the Brunswickers against Mr. Gerard Callaghan.]

* What a shame that the lovers of Reform and the haters of Compulsory Church Taxation, in the City and County of Cork, have not raised a monument to the memory of this noble man!

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DIALOGUES FOR THE DAY.

THE CANVASS...NO. 1.

Candidate...Elector, I have come to you for your vote.

Elector...You shall have it, if you pay me for it.

Candidate...If I pay you for it! Elector, you are, at least, a straight forward fellow. Allow me now to ask you, why is it that I should pay you for your vote? Do you know what it is to be a Parliament-man?"

Elector...I don't know, nor do I much care...nor does it concern me, either.

Candidate...You should know it, then, and you should care a good deal about it, and it concerns you to know it, and to care about it.

Elector...How is that?

Candidate..." To be a Parliament man" is to have the power to make laws for hanging you, or for flogging you, or for throwing you into gaol, or transporting you to Botany Bay...for covering the country with soldiers and tax-eaters, and compelling you to support them...for giving you and your family employment, and good wages, and good food, or for making you the wretched, ragged, half-starved, sty-housed things you are.

Elector... Faith, Sir, you are right.....we have been always very badly off...we've had nothing but idleness, and hunger, and sickness.

Candidate... And you'll never have any thing but idleness and hunger, and sickness, if, when one comes to you and asks you to assist in making him a Parliament-man, instead of enquiring how much honesty he has to serve you, you consider merely what money he has to bribe you.

Elector..." May be so."

Candidate... It is not "*may be so*," but "*it is so*." If I give you a ten pound note for your vote now, do you imagine that I will not pay myself hereafter. I will pay myself, and you'll have no right to complain of my conduct. I'll take no trouble about making laws that may serve you, and I'll vote for every tax that's proposed, till taxation shall have eaten the hat off your head, and the coat off your back, and the shoes off your feet...and you and your wife and your children shall walk to the Poor-House, if we care to provide such a refuge for you. What business are you?

Elector... A labourer.

Candidate... What are your weekly wages?

Elector... When I'm at work I have seven shillings a week, but I'm idle half the year.

Candidate... No wonder you should be idle half the year, and badly paid even when you are employed. You send men over to Parliament, who make no exertion to promote your interests, but every exertion to promote their own. Even Mr. Peel himself complained of the Irish Members; he said he could get no good of them...that they would not attend to the concerns of their country. But what, think you, does a poor man pay in taxes out of his labour every year?

Elector... Enough I suppose...but I don't know.

Candidate.....But you ought to know it. Fool! its your business to know it. The poor man pays *more than half his earnings* to the tax-gatherer!!! Almost every article that he eats, drinks, or wears, is directly or indirectly taxed, and the man that gets into Parliament by purchased votes does not care whether the taxation be necessary or unnecessary.

Elector... The poor man, however, is the sufferer.

Candidate... Yes, you are the sufferer. You may get a few pounds *but once perhaps in your life* for your vote, and yet for those few pounds, you send a man into Parliament who will rob you of *hundreds*. He may tell you that you have no interest

in what goes on in the House of Commons; but himself and his connections find their interest there. They get places and pensions and jobs and contracts...your sweat and your children's sweat pays for all.

Elector...Oh! it must be the case...when we see those who can afford *but twenty or thirty pounds* to their fellow citizens in a season of pestilence and famine, expending *tens of thousands* in endeavouring to get into Parliament, what must we think, but that their object in getting into Parliament is not the good of their fellow citizens.

Candidate...You have struck the nail upon the head.

Elector...I'm strongly tempted to tell the next gentleman that comes to me with their money, to take it to the House of Industry, or the Orphan Asylum.

Candidate...They won't take it to the House of Industry or the Orphan Asylum; they have money but for the ruin of their species. If they don't expend it in the purchase of your conscience, they devote it to the debauching of your wife or the seduction of your daughter.

Elector...I think I have seen some such canvassers.

Candidate...Yes! and I'm satisfied *they* spoke of *doing good* to their fellow countrymen—*they*—who have brought the grey hairs of many with sorrow to the grave.

Elector—I'm inclined to listen to you, Sir.

Candidate—Well, then, let me tell you, that you are bound to vote for the honest candidate, not on your own account merely. You are bound to vote for such, *by the duty you owe your neighbour*—and that duty is one you cannot disregard without crime.

Elector—How is that!—Isn't my vote my own, to dispose of it as I please?

Candidate—No—it is not your own, to dispose of it as you please. Society gives it to you that you may choose a good man who may benefit society; and if you knowingly choose a bad man, you violate your trust, and are answerable for the public mischief which that bad man does. The sufferings of the widow and orphan will rise in judgment against him, who sends a bad man into Parliament—for the latter will not regard the condition of the poor.

Elector—Am I, then, to understand, that when I give my vote, I am but the servant of the public, and that I am, in conscience, bound to give that vote for the public good.

Candidate—By all means—you and all other voters ought to vote conscientiously, as you would have your successors vote conscientiously if you were to be disfranchised to-morrow.—When you choose a bad man, you act foolishly by yourself—you act unjustly by others—you may endure your own folly, but for your guilt to others you must suffer here or hereafter.

Elector—There are many Freemen belonging to the trades, and they have been always in the habit of looking for money.

Candidate—They have—and themselves and the money

have melted. I have been talking this day to a friend, and he told me a tale that made my blood run cold—Perjury ! ! !—May God forgive the man who placed the unfortunate beings in the way of temptation—their victims never will forgive them.

Elector—I see, then, that, when I vote for a man whom my conscience does not approve, I am a fool to myself—I do wrong to my neighbour—and I expose myself to the crime of perjury.

Candidate—Precisely so—many a bribed voter, who had promised himself that he would not take the oath, if tendered to him, took it to the deep damnation of his soul. He placed himself " in danger and he perished in it."

Elector— I shall look about me.

Candidate—Elector, I have come to you for your vote.

Elector—What will you do if you go into Parliament?

Candidate—While the Session lasts I'll attend to the business of Parliament night and day. I'll originate or support such measures as I think conducive to the general good. It shall be my business to procure the most useful information on all public matters, and to turn it to the best account for the nation. I'll study that the Government shall be a source of gain to the people, and not a thing merely to tax and keep them down.

Elector—If you do all that, it is I who ought to give ten pounds to you and not you ten pounds to me. You shall have my vote, Sir.

MR. G—D C——N AND A TRUE PROTESTANT.

Mr. G—d—Ha, ha, my friend—I know you're a true Protestant ; I presume I may calculate upon your support.

True Protestant—Indeed, Mr. C——n, I am no humbug Protestant ; but you can't calculate upon my support.

Mr. G—d—Ho, ho, friend, surely you cannot be serious.

True Protestant—I can assure you, Sir, that I was never more serious in my life.

Mr. G—d—And pray, now, why is it that I am not to have your support?

True Protestant—Mr. C——n, as your own Address says, " WE WANT REPOSE."

Mr. G—d—Well then, return me, friend, to Parliament, I pledge me you shall have it.

True Protestant—Mr. C——n, if you had been anxious for the repose of your fellow-citizens, you would not have come forward to contest, or seek for the representation of this City in Parliament.

Mr. G—d—Why ?

True Protestant—I shall tell you. Mr. James Morgan truly said, at the close of the Election of 1826, that the vic-

tory gained over the French at Waterloo, was not of greater consequence to the peace of Europe, than the triumph which had been achieved over you, was to the repose of your native City. The spirit of Mr. Morgan's observation holds good now. You cannot, Sir, be returned for Cork consistently with a decent regard for the opinions of nineteen-twentieths of your fellow citizens, and you ought to have considered that, when you penned the words I have just used, "WE WANT REPOSE."

Mr. G—d—Pugh, pugh, friend, you trifle.

True Protestant—I do not trifle, Mr. G—d, and I now tell you, that even though I thought much higher of you than I do, I would not enkindle warfare with my Catholic brethren in order to gratify your ambition; you must know, Sir, that the great majority of the inhabitants of this City and of Ireland generally hold you in aversion, and that they would consider your return as a public and private insult to them.—*Sir, laws ought not to be made in defiance of public opinion; neither ought law makers.*

Mr. G—d—These are antiquated notions.

True Protestant—Call them what you will, I tell you that you ought to have acted upon them and not addressed your fellow-citizens.

Mr. G—d—Not addressed my fellow-citizens on the vacancy.

True Protestant—Yes! or if you addressed them, it should have been thus—"Gentlemen—As I am more anxious for the repose of my fellow-citizens than for my personal aggrandizement, I decline to press on your consideration my pretensions to fill the present vacancy. I perceive that there are very strong prejudices against me in the minds of the larger portion of my fellow-citizens, and I fear that by succeeding in opposition to their wishes, I may be the cause of more mischief than I could effect of good even with the best opportunities." That, Sir, would have been an address suited to circumstances, and one that would do you more honor than any triumph which you can gain over your fellow citizens.

Mr. G—d—Would you have me laughed at?

True Protestant—Fools may laugh at you, but sensible men will laugh at me and others, if by promoting the object of your ambition we revive animosities which were, I may say, dead and buried. We can have a good Protestant Candidate without you.

Mr. G—d—And is "our struggle" then to be forgotten?

True Protestant.—"Our Struggle!" I observed the phrase in your Address, and could not avoid thinking that there was anything but good taste in the use of it. You must have known that the majority of the electors were opposed to you, and that many of those who went with you had no great confidence in you.

Mr. G—d—I presume that you have been misled by the Romanists into doubts of my sincerity.

True Protestant—The fact is, Mr. C——n, "he who runs may read," you said at least one honest word in your life.

Mr. G—d—Well! what was that?

True Protestant—When you qualified as a Catholic freeholder with Mr. Francis Molony in 1811, you said, alluding to the oath you had taken, "*What an abominable test*"

Mr. G—d—I see you have got a good memory; but that's an antiquated reference.

True Protestant—Since the day you pronounced the words I've mentioned, there has been nothing in your acts as a religionist or a Politician, upon which reliance can be placed.

Mr. G—d—Now, how prove you that, Friend?

True Protestant—How prove I that, Friend! The proofs are on my fingers' ends. In 1820, when some of the friends of Sir Nicholas Colthurst sought to turn both Catholic and Protestant voter against you, they insinuated that you apostatized to gratify your ambition. How did you meet the insinuation? You conveniently forgot the year in which you qualified as a Catholic Freeholder, and you fell back upon the days of your boyhood, saying, that it was at school in England you learned your Protestant principles. You endeavoured thus to cause the Catholic to think that you had been a Protestant from your boyhood, and therefore not responsible for your change, and to cajole the Protestants at the same time, into the delusion that you had never been a Catholic *man*, and accordingly that you had not fallen away from the mother church to gratify your vanity.

Mr. G—d—Ha, ha, ha! well! any more?

True Protestant—Who can forget your three Addresses in 1826—those Addresses which prove that you could assume any form or colour you pleased, to advance your own objects. In the course of a few days, you became of an Emancipator, a furious, red-hot Orangeman. The change was unnatural, and the motives were too obvious not to be seen. Some of my Protestant brethren *used you*, in the ferment of the hour, but they clearly saw that you intended *to use them in turn*—they can have no further use of you now, but to degrade themselves.

Mr. G—d...I'm a martyr to the cause of Protestantism.—Shall my visit to Dublin this year be forgotten, and the memorable words which I uttered.

True Protestant—The words which you uttered at the meeting in Dublin, might have been tolerated coming from a Beresford, or a Maxwell, but proceeding *from you*, who outstripped all the Beresfords, and all the Maxwells, in your *twelve days race* of Orangeism, their extravagance was the sure sign of their insincerity, and has not the event proved that they were insincere.

Mr. G—d—How's that.

True Protestant—Stand off, Sir.—You the offspring of Catholics, the brother of Catholics—proclaimed at a moment

when even your word may set this country in a blaze, that, if the King conceded emancipation, *the compact between the throne and the people was broken.* What was the import of those dread words? This—that the Protestant may plunge his sword into the heart of his Catholic Fellow-Citizen, which Catholic Fellow-Citizen, in self-defence, would have to kill, burn, and destroy. You would have the triangle and the gibbet for your own flesh and blood, and massacre for all of us indiscriminately.

Mr. G—d—I spoke from a sense of duty.

True Protestant—If I thought that you had spoken from a sense of duty, I should not thus arraign you; but who can know what your sense of duty is? *You told the Protestants of Dublin to resist any Act for Emancipating the Catholic.* You now tell the Protestants of Cork that it is their duty, as good subjects, to obey the Act which has passed. What am I to infer from all this, but that as a public man you cannot be trusted.

Mr. G—d—I see, friend, I cannot promise myself your support.

True Protestant—You oughtn't to be able to promise yourself the support of any man who loves integrity in a public character. Some Protestants may support you, for no other reason than this, that the Catholics hate you—and the Catholics have just cause to hate you. You misrepresented them—you insulted them—you employed prostitute writers to misrepresent and insult them—you did every thing in your power to make them odious and suspected by their fellow-citizens, and fellow-christians, and they do not believe that you could have done all this from *a sense of duty.*

ELECTION SKETCH.—No. 2.

[The Deputation appointed to wait on Sir Augustus Warren, proceeded to Lisnegar, the residence of his cousin, Lord Riversdale, where they expected to see the worthy Baronet. Sir Augustus had gone to Dublin.—Lord Riversdale, however, informed the Deputation that Sir Augustus had been speaking to him about the vacancy in the Cork Representation, and that he was satisfied Sir Augustus would feel gratified at being put in nomination—if such a proceeding was not to entail expense on him. The Liberals were content with this report of their Deputation, and accordingly Sir Augustus was put in nomination.—Mr. Gerard Callaghan was declared duly elected after two or three days' polling. Mr. John Warren (the brother of Sir Augustus,) and the Rev. Somers

Payne, his most intimate friend, appeared on the hustings, on the part (as the Liberals thought) of the Baronet; the Brunswickers, however, not seeing the Baronet himself,—and it being rumoured that he had mentioned to some friends in Dublin that he gave no sanction to the use which had been made of him—the Brunswickers, under these circumstances—(many of them, too), feeling that they were bound since '36 to Mr. Callaghan,) declined to vote for Sir Augustus, and swelled the list of his apparent opponent. The Liberals, too, at least several of the chiefs of them, did not deserve success—they broke faith with the public—they set out with a pledge not to bribe or sanction bribery; they got money from several persons in aid of the legitimate expenses of the contest, and they expended some hundreds in purchasing votes—aye! some simple men were engaged in seeing that the bribery oath was administered to persons coming up to vote for Mr. Callaghan, and were even challenging that gentleman's agents to submit Sir Augustus' voters to the same test; whilst some of the chiefs of the Liberals were actually bribing, and exposing those whom they bribed to the guilt of perjury; and undermining that very principle of purity of election, which, by being properly sustained as well by practice as by precept, was, even then, much as any thing else, likely to ensure them success. The return of Gerard Callaghan was the bitterest wormwood to the Liberals: I could not, for my own part, hear the Sheriff pronounce it; and I proceeded homewards from the Court-house, through a comparatively unfrequented way, on which I overtook honest John Reynolds, who, too, was stealing away from the scene of our mortification, and who said to me—"Really, when I see such men triumph, and the suffrage as it is, I am strongly tempted to sell what I have and go to America, and leave this country for ever."—The Chamber of Commerce was the theatre of much personal altercation, the evening of the return; indeed, I never saw any thing like the exhibition which the Chamber on

that occasion presented. The Liberals were particularly indignant with such of their own school as had sided with Gerard; and the least indication of triumph on the part of the latter, was enough to bring down on them the wrath of the former. The day before Mr. Callaghan's return, it was generally rumoured abroad that he was a Government Contractor, and that, therefore, he was ineligible—(by the bye, a Mr. George Whately, a merchant, with whose father Mr. Callaghan had had a personal collision, was the individual spoken of as having first raised the question of Mr. Callaghan's eligibility.)—A protest was entered against Mr. Callaghan's return—and it was fondly hoped that his return may still be declared "null and void" by a Committee of the House of Commons.—A Petition (signed by 52 electors) against the return of Mr. Callaghan, was lodged in the Hanaper Office on Wednesday the 22nd of July,—on the following Friday, the subjoined piece appeared in the columns of the *Chronicle*. I wrote it in order to exhibit the grounds of the petition—to induce the Liberals to support it with their purses, and to put the public and some of the chiefs of the Liberals on their guard, against the manœuvres of the Callaghan party.]

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SCENE—HUMBUG HALL.

JANUS—SOLUS.

If they have sense—I am undone. This cursed Petition frights me. A few hundred pounds, with a little perseverance, may unhorse me for ever. I thought *Sir Gusty's* withdrawal set every thing at rest, and I laughed at the Liberals. I have my fears, however. Where is *Fag*? He ought to be here now. Oh! that he may relieve me from my pain. I have driven myself through a mass of troubles, and the Liberals may now clench me if they please.

ENTER FAG.

Janus... Ha, ha, Fag; what news?

Fag... Bad news.

Janus... Bad news, d'you say? And will they petition?

Fag... They will petition, and they have forwarded their petition already to the Hanaper Office.

Janus... They have!

Fag... Yes, and I am cursedly afraid they will follow it up.

Janus... Fag! if they do follow it up our game is at an end

—*you* lose the place I promised you—*I* lose my seat as I lost my money.

Fag—I fear, then, they will follow it up.—Blast them, they have taken a view of the matter within the last four or five days, and they say that perseverance now is worth any money.

Janus...And what view is it?

Fag...They say that, if a Committee of the House of Commons decide against you next February, *you are out for ever.* They calculate thus:—The same cause of ineligibility which would foil you before a Committee of the House of Commons, would exist for some months after the issuing of a new writ—you, therefore, could not stand for the representation. They don't care what honest man, as they say, gets in for your seat; 'tis sufficient for them that any Brunswicker, but yourself, takes it.

Janus...Curse them, I'm no Brunswicker.—Why hav'n't they eyes to see? As I said to one of them the other day, they act as if they were drunk from morning till night.

Fag...Why, it is true, you are no Brunswicker—but they still consider you worse than any Brunswicker. Our friend with whom you had the conversation the other night, has been since saying that you are *a Catholic in your heart*—but they all laughed at him, and they said that if you were a Catholic in your heart, that was the very reason why he should have voted against you. They said that for their part they could never support any man who professed one thing and believed another.

Janus...They hav'n't been electioneering—but I interrupted you.

Fag...The Liberals take it for granted, that the Brunswicker, or other, who may get in for your place next March, will wish to retain his prize, and not be disposed to surrender it to you or any other. Well then—by the time a General Election comes round, they say they shall have a body of six or seven hundred unpurchaseable Electors, and with that force they calculate upon being able to sustain any liberal Candidate, and by splitting their votes, to determine between you and any other obnoxious competitor for the representation.

Janus...And to determine against me, as a matter of course?

Fag...Yes; they think that if there be a chance of keeping you out of Parliament, it is by prosecuting their petition They say that they are much more likely to keep you out of Parliament now and for ever by giving you the full benefit of your Contract, than they are to unseat you hereafter by any combination of circumstances. One of them told myself that he was confident as he breathed, that with five hundred pounds he could work more effectively against you next February, than with fifteen thousand at any subsequent time. D—n that Contract! Are you sure that it will make against you?

Janus...I fear much that it will, Fag!

Fag...What!—blast it?—hav'n't you got a release?

Janus...Why, you know that I have been telling them that

I have had a release of some kind; but I was obliged to admit that I was still responsible for *the quality* of the provisions supplied.

Fag...That responsibility does not render you ineligible—you contracted to supply Government with 32,000 tierces of Beef and Pork by the 31st of last May. You say that you have sent in the greater quantity, and that for the remainder Government took with another House, and that before the Election. There is an end to the contract then.

Janus...Fag, a release is one thing and a discharge another. I am released from that portion of the Contract, which I had not entered upon previously to the Election.—I am not discharged from the responsibility attaching to the several thousand tierces which I myself furnished. Fag—*the quality*.

Fag...Curse *the quality!* You contract to supply Government with so many tierces of provisions—you send them in—what more about it?

Janus...Fag, the law which I fear will make against me, was enacted in consequence of frauds in the quality of the provisions which had been sent out to our troops during the American war. You know that mercantile men generally make good the weight or the bulk of their engagements:—it is in the *quality* they sometimes make convenient mistakes.

Fag—I hope you have, however, treated with apparent indifference the objection when put forward by a Liberal. Nothing like a bold face.

Janus...Yes, I have asked them could they think me such a greenhorn as to stand if I thought there would be a legal objection to my eligibility. One of the fellows, however, said, that when Bish, the Lottery Contractor, found himself in the same circumstance with myself, he in all probability used the same language. Fag, what shall we do? I thought when *Gusty* had been read by the Liberals, they would have fallen foul of him and forgotten Janus.

Fag...I thought so too; but when I sounded a chap on the subject, his reply was—"DE GUSTIBUS NON DISPUTANDUM."—"*The petition is forwarded.*" I was never more vexed in my life. Janus, you must—

Janus...What, Fag?

Fag...Turn your knowledge of human nature to account.

Janus...I was thinking so.

Fag...It appears that you are now in the power of the Liberals; you must ply these Liberals with love and with fear;—you must at one and the same time, alarm them with accounts of the thousands of pounds which the following up of their petition would cost, and fondle, and flatter, and cajole them.

Janus...Fag, you are a clever fellow.

Fag...The people have entrusted their interests to five or six individuals—prepare your toils for these—when you meet them in the street, address them as if they were familiar friends, and as though you were utterly ignorant of every thing they had

uttered to your prejudice. Say, "James, how d'you do?"† and "Dan, how do you do?" and "Herbert, how do you do?" and "Denis, ho do you do?" Trifles of this kind unnerve strong minds.

Janus...I have been already practising at that.

Fag...Next—in the course of a month or two, invite some one of them to your table, or let one of your family invite two or three of them, and bring you together.

Janus—We would have had a Conciliation Dinner but for that odious CHRONICLE.

Fag...Let your intimate friends, too, become the customers of some of the leading Liberals; let them buy from them what they do not want, and praise articles which they do not use.

Janus...That, I think, has been done.

Fag...Connect your name, too, immediately, with some clap-trap. For instance, there is talk of getting up a General Hospital for the sick of this City. The idea has been started by some Liberal, and the funds are to come from a Portuguese Catholic; but do you insinuate yourself into the business, and we will give you the merit of all with the public.

Janus.....Fag, you deserve to fill the very highest place in the public service.

Fag...Rely upon it, if you act upon my advice, the Liberals will forget to prosecute their petition, and their Press will in vain remind them, that if blood be shed in the North, you have been, by your speeches, an accessary to its effusion. But I must be gone. [*Exit Fag.*

Janus, *solus*...Fag, on leaving me, touched a chord which vibrates painfully. The *Belfast News Letter* says, that accounts from Tyrone speak of fifty, sixty, and even seventy dead. What share have my politics in this result? The thought—but I must manage those Liberals. I have often said that they were a pack of shabby, noisy things. I'll prove it.

† This was suggested by a straw that was turned up in the Liberal Committee-room the evening before the return of Mr. Callaghan. A leading Liberal expressed his anxiety to know whether any account had been received from Sir Augustus Warren which would falsify the rumours abroad, respecting his having disconnected himself with the contest then going on. He said that the Liberals should know whether or not they had a candidate, as some gentlemen would not wish to keep the City longer in a state of excitement,—there ceasing to be a reasonable prospect of success. He added, that he had been that day walking in the City, and that Mr. Dan Callaghan (who was kind enough to say,) "How do you do, James?" had, &c. &c. &c.

TABLE TALK.

[There was a prorogation of Parliament about the time of Mr. Gerard Callaghan's return; his eligibility, therefore, could not be determined before the next Session.—The interval was employed by the Liberals, in raising money for defraying the expenses of their petition, and in preparing proofs; and by Mr. Callaghan's friends, in sneering at the Liberals, denying that they had an inch of ground to stand on; and in efforts to divide and conquer them. The influence of the Callaghan family was unquestionably great at this time. The two Banks,—both the National and the Provincial—were believed to be favourable to the late return, and averse to any attempt to disturb it. The Callaghans were the principals of a great mercantile establishment, which, for a series of years had the execution of very extensive Government contracts; they were also the proprietors of a Distillery, and Mr. Gerard Callaghan was the favourite of the great Distillers. The Journals, too, at least the majority of them were friendly to Mr. Callaghan—the *Constitution* bellowed in his favour, and the *Reporter* endeavoured to serve him by taking no notice of the proceedings of the Liberals, or insinuating that they were silly. In truth, it was an arduous task for those who first undertook the petition, to go on with it; they, however, succeeded,—owing to the energy of one among them,—Mr. Daniel Meagher; to the acuteness of another among them,—Mr. Robert Morrogh, their law agent; and, let me add, to the services which I performed both on the press and off it. From the day of Mr. Gerard Callaghan's return, to that on which the decision of the Committee of the House of Commons which declared that return "null and void," was known in Cork,—the *Chronicle* ceased not to stimulate the Liberals to that effort which eventually proved successful—to suggest high motives for it—to cheer on those who felt that the petition ought to be prosecuted, but who were afraid of the Callaghan influence to take their sides like men—to rebuke those who

had not done their own duty, or who would prevent others from doing theirs. Mr. Gerard Callaghan was not insensible of the character of the enemy he had in the *Chronicle*, and he endeavoured to crush it—but he failed.* In the course of the Petition campaign I suggested and drew up a Circular, which brought subscriptions and replies from Dr. DOYLE and ARCHIBALD HAMILTON ROWAN—the publication of which was eminently useful: it kept steady to the cause some men whose constancy was desirable, but who value a cause more for the names that are associated with it, than for its own intrinsic merit. I was not content with fighting the battle of the petitioners in the *Chronicle*,—I carried the fight into the pages of *The Irish Catholic Magazine;* and here, too, endeavoured to work up the good cause.—"*The Table Talk*," which I subjoin, was published in that Magazine. It was uttered at a time when the Callaghan influence or intrigue had detached some useful names from the camp of the Liberals; and when as much reliance was to be placed on the love of popularity which swayed others, as on their love of principle.]

* Mr. Callaghan's Solicitor intimated to the Proprietor of the CHRONICLE, the intention of that Gentleman to institute a prosecution against him for an alleged libel. The Proprietor waited on Mr. Callaghan: In some time after his interview withthat Gentleman, the following paragraph was submitted to him by Mr. Callaghan's Solicitor for insertion, as the only condition on which a prosecution would be given up :—

"Mr. Gerard Callaghan has consented to forego a prosecution of the Proprietor of this Newspaper for an alleged libel against him, in an article of the MERCANTILE CHRONICLE of the 20th of July last. He (the Proprietor) begs to apologise to Mr. Callaghan for having inserted the article in question,—and hereby pledges himself to Mr. Callaghan, that his name shall never again be alluded to in this Newspaper directly or indirectly, in terms derogatory to his name and station, or hurtful to his feelings."

This paragraph was handed to me by the Proprietor of the CHRONICLE. I said that I was not conscious of having written a libel against M. Gerard Callaghan; and that the insertion of the paragraph before me would be putting the entire Press of Cork into the hands of the Callaghan family. I added that it was free to the Proprietor of the CHRONICLE to act as he pleased with his own property, but that if Mr. Gerard Cala-

ghan's paragraph appeared in the columns of the CHRONICLE, I ceased to be its Editor.—The Proprietor agreed with me in opinion that the paragraph (as drawn up) could not be inserted. He subsequently submitted to Mr. O'Connell, both the alleged libel and the apology—the following is a copy of Mr. O'Connell's opinion—

"I think no honest man will read the CHRONICLE if the apology required be inserted.

"I do not think Mr. Gerard Callaghan has any legal right to complain of the paragraph in question."

The Proprietor refused to insert the paragraph, and we heard no more of the prosecution.

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TABLE TALK.

SCENE—*A Room in a Country Cottage.*

A *Quartetto* of Milesians are seen enjoying themselves over a glass of "the Native."

Dick—Well! John, I wish you joy—Silistria has fallen at last.

John—Yes, it has fallen: and if the war continues another year, you will hear of the Russian eagle soaring above the dome of St. Sophia.

Dick—Why! John, you have an implacable hatred of the Turks.

John—It is not a hatred of Turks, nor a love of Russians: It is a detestation of tyrants. I cannot forget how the unfortunate Greeks were treated by their despotic masters, and I rejoice to see those masters trampled in the dust. By the bye, too, the fall of Silistria occurred very opportunely to raise my drooping spirits—Dick, when last we met here you gave us to understand that Gerard Callaghan would not have been returned for Cork.*

Pat—Very true, John. Come, Dick, let us know how that "abominable nuisance" succeeded?

James—I look upon Gerard Callaghan as the very worst political character that has appeared amongst us for the last thirty years.

Dick—Indeed, James, Gerard Callaghan has little or no excuse for the course he has taken. He cannot plead poverty, which often tempts men to strange practices.

John—But how, Dick, did he get his seat?

Dick—He has not got his seat yet, and I trust never will get it. He is this moment in as pretty a cleft-stick as he well may be. Mr. Gerard Callaghan was at the time of his being returned, and is now, a government contractor, and a government contractor we all know is ineligible to sit in Parliament.

* In the "Table Talk" of the July number of the Irish Catholic Magazine, the Cork Election forms a prominent topic.

James—I have seen a good deal in the Cork papers about Mr. Gerard Callaghan's being a Contractor. It is very strange, however, that Callaghan should have stood, knowing as he must the state of the law?

Dick—James, there is a providence in these matters,—when a Committee of the House of Commons shall have told Gerard Callaghan that *his* was *no return*, the ambition of the man will have received the sorest disappointment that can be well imagined.

James—Dick, you were in Cork lately. How do Callaghan's partizans feel about the contract?

Dick—I'll tell you one circumstance which came under my own observation, from which you may infer how they feel about it. There is, you are aware, a public room in Cork called the Chamber of Commerce.

James—Yes; I've been in it. 'Tis frequented by very many of the most independent citizens.

Dick—Well—I happened to be in the Chamber of Commerce last Sunday week, when the petition against Mr. Callaghan's return was exhibited for signatures. Every Elector that entered the room whilst I was present, signed it, save and except one.

John—Who was he? he must not have known Gerard Callaghan.

Dick—He did know Gerard Callaghan, and no man in Ireland hated him more or spoke more severely of him.

John—How then did it happen that he should have refused to petition against him?

Dick—When he was asked to sign the Petition he said that he could not do so *without a scruple*, as he had promised not to petition against Mr. Callaghan.

John—Who made him promise?

Dick—There is the point. The reason assigned by the Elector for declining to annex his signature to the Petition was one of the strongest inducements for forwarding it.

John—So it ought. If Callaghan's friends were not afraid of a Petition, think you they'd trouble themselves, getting promises from Electors that they would not sign one?

Dick—It was precisely so the gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce argued; and the fact is, that the effort made by Callaghan's friends to prevent any petition from being forwarded has completely turned on themselves.

James—(To Dick) I presume the individual who was tampered with, is one of some consequence in Cork?

Dick—Yes, a most respectable man; one whose charities are unbounded; who has always gone with honest men and honest measures, but whose nature is a little facile; you all must have heard of him—*Mr. Jeremiah Murphy.*

Pat.....(*thunderstruck*) Mr. Jeremiah Murphy! Impossible...the man who subscribed £300 to the O'Connell Testi-

monial...whose name is as well known here in Dublin for patriotism and benevolence as in his native City.

John...Confound it. I don't like to hear of such a man being caught napping; but he must have been taken in.

Dick...I can assure you, gentlemen, that I pitied him when I saw the agitation under which he laboured as he walked off from the table on which the petition lay. It was imagined by some that he had made the promise under the impression that there was no existing contract between Callaghan and the Government, and that he had conceived therefore, he was conferring no favour on Mr. Callaghan by his forbearance.

James ..I really do not know that Mr. Murphy is bound to observe a promise such as that pledged to Callaghan's friends. Mr. Murphy has one clear duty to perform, and that is, to prevent such a man as Gerard Callaghan from attaining political power. He ought not to have made any promise inconsistent with that duty, and the best reparation he can make to society, if he has made any such promise, is, instantly to break it....(To DICK)...Callaghan's friends calculated, I suppose, that if they could detach a few such men as Mr. Murphy from the Liberals, that the latter would not be able to proceed with the petition?

Dick...Precisely so; but in that calculation they are sadly mistaken. It will be necessary before getting a committee, to enter securities to the amount of £2,300; now there are four or five gentlemen among the petitioners who are willing and able to supply that necessity: *The expense* of the committee, it is generally supposed by well informed persons, cannot be much above £300. The process of ascertaining whether or nor Mr. Gerard Callaghan is a government Contractor, must be very simple, and can scarcely go beyond a single sitting. Admitting even that the inquiry lasted two days, five or six hundred pounds would compass every thing.

James...I think that not only the City, but the County of Cork, are called upon to do every thing in their power to defeat the ambition of Gerard Callaghan. As I said in the commencement of this conversation, he is the most obnoxious public character that has been amongst us for the last thirty years. I declare it, when I think of that man, coming up here to Dublin this year and telling the Brunswickers, that if Emancipation were granted, the compact between the throne and the people was dissolved; and connect both with his sudden adoption of Brunswick principles in 1826, I feel it a duty of imperative obligation to oppose him undyingly,...for no man hereafter should be tempted by his success to imitate his practice.

John...I think all Ireland would subscribe to keep him out of Parliament.

James.....All Ireland would subscribe to keep him out of Parliament; but it will be a disgrace to the County of Cork, if it requires one farthing for the purpose from the rest of Ireland.

Dick...Rely upon it, the people of Cork will do their duty. The day I was at the Chamber of Commerce, I was introduced to a gentleman of the name of MEAGHER. He appeared to me to be high in the regard of the liberals, and there seemed to be in his countenance something that inspired love and commanded confidence. He was one of those men to whose hands you would readily entrust your cause, and you would swear, that he could never betray it. This gentleman told me that there was not the least doubt of the petition being prosecuted—that the honour of the Chamber was at stake, and that the Chamber would never allow it to be said, that its opposition to Gerard Callaghan was any thing but serious and determined.

John—(to Dick)...Did you meet my friend, JAMES DALY, in Cork? I expect that Callaghan will meet in him a steady and effective opposer?

Dick...Not in Cork, but in Killarney, at the races. Mr. Daly is a very sensible man; he has pledged himself to co-operate against Callaghan, and he expressed his regret that he was not in Cork to attach his signature to the petition.

John...I expected all that from James Daly. My friend, Daly, I think, too, must feel sore at a recollection personal to himself and Gerard Callaghan. He was one of those Catholics who brought forward Gerard Callaghan in 1820, and who laboured to effect his return at that time. Mr. Daly now evidently sees, that Mr. Gerard Callaghan is not the political character whom he thought he had been supporting; and his pride must be hurt to reflect, that he had been fostering such a nuisance. If I mistake not much, Mr. Daly will now make atonement for the mischief he unconsciously did his country, and he will teach Mr. Callaghan, that he who could have been the warm supporter of *the Liberal* in 1820, can, in 1829, be the determined foe of that liberal now that he has become *the Illiberal, the Intolerant*, and *the Persecutor*.

James...I admire the character which you have given of Mr. Daly. Your friend mistook the nature of Gerard Callaghan, but errors of that kind are incidental to us all. It is the mark of the great mind, however, to atone for errors, as I am sure your friend will.

John...Rely upon it he will.

Pat...Gentlemen, was there not something strange about that Cork election altogether?

Dick...Yes, there was; but the Liberals of Cork are not so much to blame as some people think. It seemed to be generally admitted among them that Gerard Callaghan should be kept out of Parliament if possible.

John...And so he ought. I'd vote for any genuine Brunswicker—I'd trample on my best feelings, to defeat the ambition of such a man as Callaghan. The discomfiture of a politician, such as I believe Callaghan to be, is in itself an important consideration.

Dick...Indeed, John, I don't think that *you* could be got to

change your opinions with the rapidity with which Gerard Callaghan changed his in 1826.

John...No; not for Shoumla *(a laugh.)*

Dick...The Liberals of Cork not being able by themselves to defeat Callaghan, were obliged to coalesce with whom they could. Therefore it was, that when Colonel Hodder came forward, though a Brunswicker, they intimated to him their determination to assist him.

Pat...Hodder withdrew?

Dick...Yes; before the day of election came on. He assigned several reasons for not entering on the contest; but his principal one, as some imagined, was want of money. It would appear, that a day or two after his withdrawing, he was put in funds, and would have actually returned to the charge. The Liberals, however, conceived themselves pledged to Sir Augustus Warren.

Pat...Pledged to Sir Augustus Warren! No doubt, you have read Sir Augustus Warren's *autograph* address?

Dick...Yes, I have Sir Augustus says, that he was in Dublin when he was put in nomination; and that if he had been consulted, he should not have been put in nomination.... The Cork Liberals have no wish to dispute the correctness of the Baronet's assertions;—all they insist upon is this.. that they and the public were informed by Sir Augustus Warren's near relations and intimate friends, that Sir Augustus would have no objection to contest the representation with Gerard Callaghan, provided that contest was not to entail expenses on him.

James—Sir Augustus Warren proved himself a sensible man, by not implicating himself in a pecuniary way, in order to become a member of parliament.

Dick—Most particularly, as I am sure *he* would never turn his seat to personal account. It appears now that he has no wish to become a public character; but I am certain that were he to become such, it would be to his honour. I understand that a relation of his, a Doctor Warren, solicited his interest to procure for him some situation in Cork. The request was, I suppose, a fair one; but the reply of the Baronet was eminently praiseworthy. He told Doctor Warren, that the situation in question was a public one, and that he would make no exertion which could in the remotest degree interfere with the fullest competition for it.

John—Hang it, the man who could be so faithful in small things, must be faithful in great things, and ought to be actually compelled into the public service.

Dick—Well: the Liberals were glad, when it was intimated to them, that Sir Augustus was willing to stand. They thought that his Protestantism was too genuine to be questioned by the Silliberals, and they imagined that they could descry in him, many traits of character for themselves to admire. He was not from their own ranks; but he was looked upon as a man

of principle and honour, and they were most happy to fight under the banners of such, against Mr. Gerard Callaghan. In their joy at having fallen in with Sir Augustus, and in their reliance on the representations of the Baronet's friends, the Liberals overlooked having a direct communication with Sir Augustus himself.

Pat.—How did that operate?

Dick.—Why it operated thus. It has given the Liberals the appearance of having acted imprudently, and it has operated to produce Callaghan's return, of whatever nature that return may be. The Electors of Brunswicker principles not seeing Sir A. Warren actually before them on the hustings, either did not vote at all, or voted for Callaghan. There were contradictory accounts of the worthy Bart.'s intentions, and the partizans of Callaghan, as may be supposed, made the best use of the circumstance. Moreover there is good reason to think that, if Colonel Hodder had been promised the Liberal interest even twenty-four hours before the reading of the Writ, he would have stood the Hustings and carried the Election.

James...(To Dick)...How did the Freeholders act?

Dick...It can scarcely be said that they were tried. The Assessor ruled against the legality of the forms in which some hundreds of them are registered, which circumstance particularly tended to precipitate the close of the Election. I can understand, however, that no reliance was to be placed on very many of them. The poor Forty-shilling Freeholders of Cork, may be said to be about five hundred in number...they are too ignorant and too demoralized to vote honestly, and not too numerous to be corrupted. They are purchaseable by any man who is vicious enough to buy them. Mr. Denis Mullens, a gentleman who has devoted much of his time to the Cork registry, has told me that he considers the poor Freeholders of Cork generally speaking, rather an injury than a service to the popular cause, and hence he gave me to understand that he has been always calling on the men who could not be bought, to procure freeholds.

John...Has his call been attended to?

Dick...No, he told me that he could name three hundred comfortable men, who may be Electors with the greatest ease, and who had not the spirit to become such.

John...Oh!

"Down to the dust with them, slaves as they are."

They deserve that Gerard Callaghan should represent them in Parliament. Any man who could arm himself with a vote against such a nuisance as Gerard Callaghan, and neglected doing so, I detest him as I do Jussuf Pacha. You know, Dick, though I was rejoiced to hear of the fall of Varna, I did not relish the name of the miscreant that sold it....(*Hear, and a laugh.*)

Pat (*seizing the bottle*)...Come Gentlemen, we've had enough of this Cork business; fill your glasses and let's have done

with it. Here's to "*the Committee that will throw out Gerard Callaghan.*

[*All fill their glasses and drink* "the Committee that will throw out Gerard Callaghan."]

Dick...Gentlemen, you have drank the Committee. I think it fair, that you should drink also the men who will have got the Committee. The Petition against Callaghan's return has been lodged in the Hanaper Office, signed by fifty-two independent electors. These men have been abused by "*the Mail*," and "*the Packet*," but I trust they will be toasted by every liberal company in Ireland.

Pat...Come, give them, Dick....we'll drink them with rapture.

John...We'll drink them for ever. What say you, James.

James...For ever.

Dick...(*the company rising*)—Gentlemen, I propose "the health of the fifty-two Cork Electors, who have petitioned against the election of Gerard Callaghan."

John..." Nine times nine." *All drink the toast with nine times nine.* [*Cætera desunt.*]

MR. G. CALLAGHAN'S REJECTION.

[On the 6th of March I received the following letter from Mr. Meagher:—

" 29, Surrey-street, London, 3d March, 1830.

" MY DEAR SHEAHAN,—I'm sure you'll not attribute my not addressing you before to any want of esteem and respect for you.

" I now give you the Glorious News, the reward of all our labours. When the Chairman pronounced that " Gerard Callaghan, Esq. WAS NOT DULY ELECTED," my heart leaped from its place, and is now so full, I can write no more than to say, GOD bless you. " Your's truly,

" DAN MEAGHER."

Mr. Callaghan's return had been declared "invalid" on the third—the day on which Mr. Meagher (justly proud of a success to which he had pre-eminently contributed,) penned his burst of intelligence. On the Eighth of March, I published the following in the *Chronicle*.—There will be seen in it the motives of my opposition to the rejected Member, and the line of conduct which I had determined to pursue in his regard.]

THE "*TRUE CHAMPION*" FLOORED.

All other matters, whether of foreign or domestic intelligence, must yield precedence this day to the history of the downfall of the "true champion." Mr. Gerard Callaghan essayed to sit in St. Stephen's for this City; but the seat has been taken from under him, and *down—down* he has gone, to the inexpressible entertainment of all lovers of the true bathos. Verily, verily, the Ex-Member has tumbled high since crossing the water. He has succeeded in proving himself, beyond all doubt, a—GREAT fellow; but few there are even of "the musquitoes," of "the little men,"† of the "sixpenny beggar liberals," by whom his greatness was opposed, that would be now anxious to share that greatness with him. So, may it ever be with an ambition like unto that of Gerard Callaghan. May it ever find true and determined spirits to resist and discomfit it; and may every future Callaghan be as is the present one—humbled—humbled for his own sake and for the public good.

Again and again do we say, that we have been actuated by no feeling of personal antipathy to Mr. Callaghan. So far from our being influenced by any such unworthy motive, we speak the truth when we say, that it was with regret that we feit ourselves bound to give him the unmitigated opposition which he met at our hands. He was a resident citizen—he enjoyed the character of being a good landlord and a good family man—he was blessed with a competency of talent and information—he was sprung from the people,—all these considerations, however, and more which we do not mention, were lost to the man, because of the political course which he had marked out for himself:—It was as a public character, in particular, that he was to be estimated by us, and a more objectionable public character seldom challenged the reprobation of a Journalist. We can forget and forgive the efforts made by the Hodders, the Longfields, and the Beresfords, to perpetuate the thraldom of seven millions of deserving men. We would, as it will be readily imagined, prefer vesting political power in other names; but when the families we have named or any of them come forward as candidates for public favour, we are not disposed, and, we say it sincerely, to indulge in bitter recollections of days which, we trust, will never return. Not so with Gerard Callaghan—the circumstances under which *he* took up his principles of

† Titles given by the *Constitution* to the Citizens by whom the petition against its favourite had been signed and worked to a favourable conclusion.

latter years—the hollow, unprincipled, and loathsome instruments whereby he sought to achieve his "darling ambition;" every recollection associated with his name fires every patriot mind with opposition to him—opposition, steady as the principles upon which it proceeds is sound.—We gave a word of advice some time ago to Mr. Winston Barron, of Waterford. We submit another now to Mr. Gerard Callaghan. He has been *returned to Cork* by the Liberals, and let him remain there—let him pursue his mercantile speculations as heretofore—let him be regular in his attendance at the Board of the House of Industry, and co-operate with the Governors of that Institution for the amelioration of the condition of our poor—let him labour that the Corporation make no more non-resident Freemen, and that it deals its favours to all equally—let him, in his private capacity, as a Citizen, endeavour to stem that torrent of immorality, which bribery at Elections is spreading amongst us—let him do penance in good works for a few years, and then he will receive forgiveness—it may be favour—from his fellow-citizens. We certainly shall not be implacable to the repentant sinner. But Gerard Callaghan left one course alone open to us, and that was to oppose him. We have opposed him beneficially for the public—beneficially we trust, even for the Gentleman himself.

[The following is the article on "Poor Laws," before alluded to; and which appeared in the *Irish Catholic Magazine* for July, 1829.]

POOR LAWS IN IRELAND.

We are not particularly irascible, and yet we must confess, that our bile was not a little excited, on reading a conversation reported to have taken place on the fourth day of the present month, in the Commons House of Parliament. Mr. Brougham presented a Petition from the town of Birmingham, complaining of the distress under which so large a portion of the British community is now labouring, and tracing it to what the petitioners believed to be its causes. As well as we recollect, there was no variance of opinion among Honourable Members, as to the existence of the distress: but there was the usual discrepancy as to its causes and practicable remedies. Mr. Peel took a part in the conversation; he said many things to satisfy "the manufacturers, artisans and other inhabitants" of Birmingham; he expressed his confident hope, that the vessel of

the state would right itself. Having dwelt on the national debt, the currency, over-trading, and the American tariff, the Right Honourable Gentleman concluded with something about our own countrymen, and that something it was, which produced the excitement of which we have spoken. The Honourable Secretary made allusion to the immigration of Irishmen into England, to the effect which it has on the wages of labour in that country, and he said, that such immigration *suggested the necessity of material alterations in the law.*

We are not among those who are disposed to give an illiberal interpretation to the words of men in power. We will not believe then, that when the Home Secretary used this language, he intended that the law of settlement in England should be changed: much less can we suppose that he meant that Irishmen in want of employment, should be prohibited from seeking it in the sister country. The words of the Right Honourable Gentleman as reported, are rather ambiguous; but we give them the freest glossary; and we translate them in the sense and spirit in which we think they were uttered. We understand him then to have said, that, with a view to relieve the English operative from the competition of the Irish labourer, it is expedient to consider whether or not, legal provision should be made for the wants of the latter in his own country. The cunning Scotchman, who has no objection that one year's residence should entitle to a settlement in England, sought in the last session, that the term of three years, which is necessary to constitute a claim in his own country, should be encreased to that of seven. It was immediately seen that a blow was aimed at the competition of Irish labour in the Scotch home market—at the Act of Union between Gt. Britain and Ireland, the spirit of which is identity of interests—English, Scotch and Irish—that the law the enactment of which the Scotchman sought for, would be indirectly to say to the Irish operative, "avoid Scotland; you may spend six of the best years of your life amongst us, enriching us by your industry; but, if in the seventh year you sicken or lose employment, you will have no legal claim upon our support—no national claim upon our sympathies." The measure was accordingly abandoned. Its promoters saw, that whatever might be urged in its favour, the end in view must be otherwise attained, and some of them said, "well then, make a legal provision for the poor of Ireland."

It would appear to us, that the Home Secretary has resolved to act upon this alternative of the Scotch worthies. We err egregiously if his government has not already de-

termined, that Irish operatives shall in future have less temptation than heretofore to leave their own country, and if it be not a ruled point with that government, that, if the Birmingham cutler or the Glasgow weaver complain of distress, no portion of it shall be attributable to the inroads of the Irish. Is it not, however, deeply mortifying, and exasperating in the highest degree to reflect, that relief or the consideration of relief, should have *thus* arisen to the destitute people of Ireland? Unhappy! ill-fated Ireland! Never was land treated with such merciless indifference by rulers, as you have been by those whom an all-wise Providence permitted to govern and scourge you! We have had years of famine in Ireland without number—pestilence has followed us like a shadow,—widows and orphans, the blind, the maimed, the aged and the infirm have been known to pine and perish unheeded amongst us,—the strong man in the prime of years has fallen dead in our streets, of hunger,—the wretchedness of the people of Ireland has been the theme of every traveller, and a by-word with the nations,—it went abroad that our land was a land flowing with milk and honey; but that our people partook of neither. All this was known. The Frenchman knew it,—the Spaniard, the Austrian, the Italian and the Russian knew it. The citizen of America heard of the condition of the poor of Ireland, and repeated it as a lesson to his children. Nothing, however, was to have been done for those poor, till their poverty should be found inconsistent with the comforts of their English masters, till their utter destitution should place them in an inconvenient relation with their Anglican betters! ! ! then, and then only were Irishmen to be treated like men—it was then that the reluctant concession was to be made that the land was created for those who are placed in it, and that there are others besides clerical, corporate, and rent-roll bipeds, entitled to partake of its produce.

It was most fortunate for the Irish widow and orphan of this second quarter of the nineteenth century, that the Birmingham and Glasgow operatives should have their comforts curtailed by the visits of their Hibernian competitors. Were not such the case, the present and the future would be as the past has been. The widow would be allowed to perish as widows have perished, and the orphan would be allowed to devour its mother's corpse in the absence of other refection. We do not here attach any particular blame to the Home Secretary. Attention to the interests of the poor of Ireland was the particular province of our hundred representatives—of these representatives, no man could have spoken worse than has the Home Secretary

himself. We could have pardoned him in much, for the description which he has given of them; but we are checked when we reflect on that Disfranchisement Bill which he passed into a law—we presume to reform them!

It is possible, that we may have put too liberal a construction on the words of Mr. Peel; it is possible, that if the distress of the English operative subside in a month or two, the wretchedness of the pauper population of Ireland may be forgotten. We know that there are engines at work to defeat, to mar, or to retard every measure of good for this country. For these and other reasons we deem it not amiss to enter here upon the discussion of the question of a legal provision for the poor of Ireland. There has been much of exaggeration, and of distorted argument, and of misrepresentation on that subject,—we shall be employed well in asserting the rights of humanity; in exposing the sophistry, and the calumnies of those who disregard those rights; and in rescuing from a participation in the injustice of bad men, some few who love the poor, but who have opposed the best practical measures of relief to them, from false terrors produced by the designing and the hard hearted. It is a certain fact, that there are individuals in Ireland whose private charity is unbounded,—names above all praise, who lent themselves unknowingly to the most unworthy artifices to perpetuate the hunger, the nakedness, the heart-rending destitution of their unfortunate fellow countrymen.

There will be always in every community two classes of individuals labouring under distress, who, though both of them may not possess equally strong claims on the consideration of the public to which they belong, ought, nevertheless, to be provided for by that public. There are the blind, the maimed; the aged; the infirm; the widow; the orphan; the male and the female, who are willing to labour, but who are unable to procure employment,—these form one of the classes for whom, we think, provision ought to be made by every State; and that State which neglects them, does not regard right and justice. Next, there are those whom vice or improvidence has rendered destitute, who have, perhaps, to blame themselves altogether for the wretchedness to which they are reduced,—these form our second class: a narrow mind—a callous or a hypocritical heart—may say, that they ought not to be provided for by the public; but political expediency, independently of good feeling, will dictate the contrary. We have based the title of one class of paupers upon right and justice,—we have asserted the propriety of consulting for the other class on political expediency. It will be seen, that the origin of

society, the foundation of property, and the preservation of every thing valuable in the state pre-suppose the recognition of our principles, or enjoin a maintenance of them.

For illustration sake, we shall select from each of the two classes we have named, an individual case, to prove therefrom the reasonableness of our theory: and first, we shall take the most obnoxious sample of that description of paupers, whose claim to public support rests, in our minds, on something more than public convenience. We will suppose an able-bodied operative, a man endued with the frame and strength of a Hercules,—it is immaterial whether he be a carpenter, a cooper, a weaver, or a simple labourer. He is honest, thrifty and industrious. Misfortunes, however, come on him; and, in the vertigo of society, he loses his employment, and with that employment the means of supporting himself and his family. Is such an one to starve? He had no control over war or peace; over taxes or imposts; over trade, free or restricted. He is the victim, perhaps, of a blundering legislation. But is he to be its entire victim? Again we ask, "is he to starve?" There is a society, and what is called —property, in the land in which he lives. It is admitted that he is a member of that society, and it is declared, that, when called upon, he must protect its property even at the peril of his life—can it be supposed that a rational being would become a member of a society, or that any society could be formed in which all title to the means of subsistence would be forfeited,—where the members would be liable to lose life for not protecting that which, if they did not partake of, they would die? The absurdity involved in the doctrine, that any man willing to work "should not eat" if food he can procure, is so egregious, that it would be waste of words to dwell upon it longer: "*give us bread*," said the Israelites to Joseph, "*why should we die in thy presence, having now no money.*" What irresistible eloquence there was in that simple appeal! And it was not addressed to the minister of Pharaoh in vain: Joseph was not an unjust man, neither was he hypocritical or hard hearted, and he supplied the wants of the applicants abundantly. Mr. Gerard Callaghan of Cork, said, we recollect, at a meeting held in that City, in August, 1826, "that he did not know that there was any written authority—any dictum of jurist, asserting the rights of able-bodied men, if destitute, to public provision." If jurists have not declared the right, it must be, because they could not imagine it possible, that any man in his senses would call it into question.

We now come to a case selected from the second class. The pauper shall be one of the most vitious and improvi-

dent wretches. It is admitted, that he has destroyed his own prospects in life,—that he has blighted the hopes of those who had their dependance on him, and, that he has deliberately plunged himself in that abyss of misery in which we now find him. We shall not stop here to talk of the weakness of the human mind—of the perverseness of the will—of the numerous and repeated instances of vice and folly which the very best amongst us exhibit in our own lives. We assert that political expediency—that the self interest of society—demand, that even this wretch should not be abandoned—that he should be provided for; they teach that no man, however ill circumstanced as to character—however morally unworthy—should be suffered to famish, to putrify and become pestilential—to have no alternative but starvation or robbery, perhaps—murder!

Society has dangers from within as well as from without. The cupidity and the ambition—the armies and the navies of neighbouring potentates or nations—are not the only sources of danger from which a legislator has to apprehend peril, and against which he ought to provide. There are other fountains of evil besides these, that flow full often to the detriment of a state, which wise laws may effectually control, though they can never dry up. Intestine tumult, domestic rapine,—pestilence at our doors—these do us much mischief, and sometimes more mischief, than the injustice or the violence of external foes, and they are indirectly promoted by any system of government or mis-government which does not provide for the wants of every man in the hour of his extremity. When the unfortunate whose case we are considering, sees that there is no refuge whatever for him,—when those who are acquainted with his immoral courses refuse him the meal without which —he dies,—and when those who know him not, hear his application for relief and heed it not—he is told to consider himself an outlaw, and too frequently he becomes such. He robs, and teaches others to rob: he may close his career of villany and outrage at the gallows,—but his hands will probably be reddened with the blood of one, or more than one of his fellow-creatures. Suppose that, with all his vices, he is not reprobate enough to prove the highwayman—that rather than rob he will die: pestilence seizes on him—and not on him alone—it desolates the land where his famished corpse lies down, and it peoples the church yard with an early population. We are told that in the summer of eighteen hundred and nineteen, a strolling beggar labouring under fever, was admitted to a country wedding where there were thirty-two persons assembled, in the barony of Duhallow, in the County of Cork:

twenty-seven out of the thirty-two took the fever, and several of them were gathered to their fathers. Now this strolling beggar, may have been precisely such an one as some wiseacres would have left to strolling and to beggary, to rags, to filth, to famine and to typhus. The results of their wisdom are seen: we hesitate not to say, that the mass of human wretchedness, of destitution and mendicancy was increased in this southern barony by the event we have recorded; and that wives were made widows, and children orphans, and all mendicants by the operation of it.

As it is not our intention that this article should swell into a treatise, we shall pursue this part of our subject no further. We have said quite enough for the reflecting part of the community, to satisfy them, that provision of some kind should be made for the distressed, however the destitution may have originated. We shall answer by and bye, the principal objections which are raised against our theories. The reader will find that they are as

"The baseless fabric
Of a vision, which leaves not a wreck behind."

Having insisted on the propriety of there being in every country, a provision for the destitute, we come now to consider how things are in Ireland. Most revolting to humanity—most discreditable to those in power—incredible to all, but such as have witnessed it, is the order of things in Ireland! It would seem as if the rulers of this nation "had not flesh in their degenerate hearts," so little have they, to all appearance, felt for their fellows. Whether as Irish or as English legislators, they have had close regard to their own class; they quartered many a lazy portion of it on the industry of the Irish people; but, as to providing for the wants of that people—rescuing them from the gripe of famine and disease—they have been slow, niggardly and reluctant. There are some few asylums scattered over the country, but they are so few, and (so sparing are Irish Grand Jurors of the public purse when the poor are in question,) limited, that they are not available to the necessities of the twentieth part of our indigent population. An Irish pauper may be the most wretched object that Providence ever afflicted—cold, hunger, nakedness, disease may at one and the same moment strike him down, and yet there may not be within fifty, nay seventy miles an hospital, or an asylum wherein to place him.

The legislature has given but limited power to Grand Juries to protect the poor, and the Grand Juries have certainly, in one instance at least, not strained their authority. Perhaps—there was a calculation made on the probable extent of voluntary beneficence. Perhaps—the Senator and

the resident Grand Jurors said to themselves, "the wealthy classes of the Irish people will not abandon those from whose industry they derive every thing—they will administer to their extreme wants; they will provide them with food, with raiment, and with shelter; they will never suffer them to die of hunger." It is possible, barely possible, that some individual legislators, and Grand Jurors, might have contented themselves with such charitable calculation; but it was a calculation for which in Ireland, at least, they never received data.

It is impossible to walk this land, and not perceive that the poor are inadequately provided for by voluntary contributions. It is equally impossible to reflect for a moment, on the treatment the humbler classes of the Irish receive from those above them, and believe that the wants of those humbler classes will ever be adequately provided for by voluntary contributions. The wealthy Irish too generally look upon the agricultural or other labourer, as a being made to labour, but not to partake of the fruits of his industry.—They act as if they were created for themselves alone; and, all others, for their use and benefit. Hence, in whatever shape an unfortunate fellow-creature comes under them, whether as tenant or as workman, their principle is, to get the utmost out of him, and to yield him the least possible return. They treat him badly whilst he is with them, and when it suits their convenience they cast him off and abandon him. As landlords, the tenant of many years has no claim on them—such a one is sacrificed without hesitation, to any newcomer who may promise an increase of rent which he can never realise. As employers, the tradesman and the labourer are capriciously dismissed by them, and they will not trouble themselves with a thought, how that tradesman and that labourer are subsequently to be provided for: whether they live or whether they die.

Such characteristically, are the more opulent of our countrymen, both absentee and resident. They do not then contribute to the support of the poor,—they make the poor, but they do not protect them. Proofs without number could be adduced, of the startling instances in which the men of property in Ireland, have been deaf to the wants of those, to whose sweat and labour their affluence and luxuries are owing. They have been found wanting when dispensaries were to be maintained on their estates,—when contributions were being raised to check the progress of pestilence and famine,—when feasible plans for the employment of the poor were to be realised. It is an invidious thing to be mentioning particular names, when entire classes are condemned. We shall not fall into that error; but

of the several classes of the wealthy Irish we can never speak too severely. Arthur Young, Bishop Woodward, and various others described them justly; in latter times, Lord Liverpool exhibited them in their true colours—as obdurate and unfeeling—reckless of the duties which they owed to society and to humanity.

We do not intend to convey here, that there are not in Ireland, men possessed of great wealth, and of greater benevolence. Such an imputation would be unjust. They are few; but we know some, and have heard of others. They form creditable exceptions, it is true—yet they are still but exceptions. Full often have the hearts of these good men yearned, when they saw that the greatest efforts which they could make, consistently with a rational regard to their own families, fell short—immensurably short of relieving the misery on every side of them. They feel that, if those who were circumstanced like themselves had, instead of squandering their wealth abroad, or accumulating it by every vile means at home, considered themselves as but trustees for the poor, Ireland could not be one vast lazar house, the special abode of the worst ills that await humanity.

Mr. Parker informs us, in his "Plea for the Poor and Industrious," that in order to ascertain from ocular proofs, the general state of the poor of the South of Ireland, he made a tour through several parts of the counties of Cork and Limerick. On arriving at Kanturk he fell in with a Doctor O'Leary, who upon learning the object of his journey, resolved to promote it. The Doctor exhibited many cases of direful distress; among them one which will show in what manner the poor are allowed by the rich, to perish and rot in Ireland.

We shall give Mr. Parker's own account of the Doctor's representation. "There," pointing to one particular hut, Doctor O'Leary said," "a woman with two children lay unknown, unpitied, and unrelieved for several days; pigs or dogs entered the hovel, and horrid to relate, they seized on one of the children whom the fever had not yet deprived of life, and devoured its head and arms. The unhappy parent, weakened by want and sickness, saw her child thus mangled before her eyes, and was unable to afford it the smallest assistance. The child died; the bodies of the two children remained by her side in the month of July, putrid and unburied for several days!" It may be observed here, that the scene of this abomination to humanity, is on the banks of the Blackwater, and that Mr. Griffith has reported to the House of Commons, that there are 900 square miles between the Shannon and the Blackwater,

on the surface of which, neither landlord nor Protestant clergyman was resident:—both, extracted from the industry of the wretches by whom all that extent of country was cultivated, and both left them to perish.

Not to go farther back than the year 1816, the history of Ireland from that date up to the present moment, is nearly one unchequered record of the most aggravated sufferings on the part of our neglected population. In the year 1817, about sixty thousand persons were consigned to early graves by a typhus fever, the result not so much of a want of food, as of a want of a sensitive humanity on the part of those who ought to have provided, and who could have provided for the people. In 1821 and 1822, we know full well how the Irish pauper was circumstanced; and that if he had been left to the voluntary contributions of his natural protectors, he would not have existed to suffer still more in subsequent years—in 1826—or in the present very calamitous season. Heaven bless John Smith and all else who co-operated with him in that severe day of our visitation,—may they be happy—they and their children, and their children's children. They maintained their own poor: they evinced towards the poor of this country also, a feeling of tenderness and sympathy which was not experienced from those, whom it would have become better. The conduct of the English people in 1822, has had its reward,—it has tended to unite the inhabitants of both islands more effectually than any national compact which has been yet formed between them,—it taught the Irish people to discriminate between the Englishman and his government. This is an episode, but it will be pardoned. We are on the subject of voluntary benevolence in Ireland. Alderman West stated a fact at the meeting held in Dublin during the past month, which demonstrates, that the man who throws the poor of Ireland on gratuitous support, is either regardless of their interests, or knows not the weakness of the reed wherewith he would prop them. The Alderman informed the meeting, that the Mendicity Institution of Dublin had calculated, that there were in that city, 18,000 houses which ought to contribute to the support of the poor; but out of that number, not more than a tenth afforded aid to its funds. No wonder that there should be sickness at all times in Dublin,—no wonder that an unfavourable season should over-stock its hospitals with the living, and its charnel houses with the dead. In the course of two years, ten thousand fever patients were received at the Fever Hospital of Cork—in other words, one out of every twelve of the population of that city, was infected

with disease during that period. Let the Cork Medical men, and the Dublin Medical men, be asked, why we have had those periodical returns of pestilence? They have already answered, "*poverty*." The poverty which begets that disease, is not the curse of the country, but of the men who sway it. The land of Ireland produces more than is necessary for the wants of her people, but those who have the property in the land, know not those wants, or more correctly speaking, are reckless of relieving them.

It is melancholy to think, how the poor of Ireland have been treated, even in some of the Asylums which are supported by Grand Jury presentment. Within the last three years, the House of Industry in Cork has undergone a complete revolution, owing to the active and humane exertions of two or three citizens, who became Governors in that establishment by paying the annual subscription of three pounds. Previously to their time, the Board was almost exclusively composed of the aristocracy, the established clergy, the magistrates both of city and county. The citizens of whom we speak, went to work in right good style—they encreased and improved the quality of the food for the inmates of this establishment, they improved their clothing, and they saw that there were no longer twelve in one bed. The consequence of all this, is, that now the deaths in the Institution are but as one to every fifty-six of the inmates; whereas formerly, before those good men took the business into their hands, the deaths were annually one in in every twelve of the paupers. Healthy men were known to enter this Institution the evening of this day, and to be dead on the morning of the morrow. It is supposed that the atmosphere which they breathed killed them. The circumstance is gratifying, that with all this improvement in the condition of the Cork Asylum, the expenditure on each individual inmate has not been materially increased. We could wish to see many such institutions over the country. The principal objection to the Cork one now is that it can accommodate but a very trifling portion of the paupers of the city and county of Cork. When Mr. Cropper was in the south of Ireland (we believe it was in the summer of 1824) he visited the Cork Asylum in company with Lord Carbery; on being told by his Lordship that the Asylum in which they were was the only one for the poor of the city and county of Cork, Mr. Cropper observed, that an asylum which could accommodate but 800 paupers was no provision for a population of 700,000 people. "In Liverpool," said Mr. Cropper, "we have refuge for one in a hundred," you in Cork, for "but one in a thousand."

Having, as we trust, satisfactorily demonstrated the justice and the expediency of making public provision for the poor, and having shewn also, that the poor of Ireland are not provided for, it will be expected, that we insist upon the propriety of having the poor of Ireland, provided for by law. We do insist upon that. We do think, that adequate legal provision ought to have been made long since, for our destitute fellow-countrymen, and, that the compelling of the rich to maintain the poor in this land, is not only just and fitting, but under the peculiar circumstances of the country, eminently desirable. It is our deep conviction, that, with the establishment of a compulsory provision for the poor of Ireland, are closely connected the peace and prosperity of our island, and the high improvement of every class of our industrious fellow-citizens.—Such compulsory provision, no doubt, supposes the laying on of a new rate or tax; and we are aware, how unattractive any thing in the shape of rate or tax is: let not any man, however, be deluded by appearance, or frightened by sounds. *Rent*, is no very amiable name in Ireland, and yet with the Catholic *Rent* many of the most spirit-stirring associations in our history will be identified. The men who now fatten on the industry of our people; who through the agency of many an oppressive system, strip the shirt from the back, and the flesh from the bone, of the unfortunate peasant, may describe the Catholic rent, as an odious tyrannical impost: the good sense of the world, however, and the impartial historian will speak of it, as a great financial measure, happily projected and wisely realised.

It ought not to have escaped observation, that in whatever part of Ireland the question of a poor's rate was discussed, there the tax-eaters of every description were sure to be the most active opponents of compulsory provision. They were not always seen to take the most prominent part in the argument; but they worked their point steadily, though silently. They exaggerated the amount of pauper taxation in England,—they magnified the number of actual paupers in this country,—they spread the notion that a poor rate in Ireland would be raised almost exclusively on the shopkeeper and the little farmer,—they, aye, even they, the drones, talked of the "idleness" which would be induced by a legal provision, and of the "improvidence" and indeed of the "degradation" which the Irish beggar would be reduced to, if the law should tell him, that it recognized and asserted his right to food, to raiment and to shelter. The artifices of the taxeaters exercised under the mask of the press, and impressed in whispers on the soft ears of honest, but credulous people, produced

their effect, and hence, we had the mortification to see friends of the people occasionally doing the work of the enemies of the people. A very vexatious exhibition of this kind was witnessed in the City of Cork, in the autumn of the year 1826. A public meeting of the citizens convened by the Mayor, had, after a protracted discussion of two days, resolved to petition the legislature for a modified system of Poor Laws. Parochial meetings of house-holders paying taxes were subsequently called, and counter petitions got up at them. The requisitionists for the parochial meetings were principally shopkeepers, and it was lamentable to see, how their fears were played upon. They gave a feature of popularity to an opposition foolish on their part but unjust, hypocritical and unfeeling on the part of these who really raised it. As we are on the subject, we may say here, that Mr. Sadler, the member for Newark, was not altogether justified in taunting in his maiden speech, the liberals for not having pressed for a national provision for the poor of Ireland in preference to devoting their exclusive attention to Catholic emancipation.

The Liberals of Ireland are certainly as a class, favourable to a legal assessment for the poor, and the principal opposition they have met, in the forwarding of this their wish, they have encountered from politicians of Mr. Sadler's own side of the House. To illustrate this we may observe that of forty-two gentlemen appointed on the Cork parochial committees to draw up petitions against enacting poor laws for Ireland, thirty-nine were not Catholic, and thirty-six, we should suppose, were not liberal. But why are those who are enamoured with taxes in every other shape, unfriendly to a tax when it comes in the shape of a provision for the poor?—the reason should be obvious. Taxation in general benefits them—they live on it—they quarter their offspring and all their connexions on it. Taxation for the poor would not benefit them—they should contribute in their own purses largely to it. They tell the shopkeeper and the little farmer, that a poor rate would fall entirely upon them; but they know, that it would fall more on themselves. They are not strangers to the fact, that it is the shop-keeper, and the little farmer, and the day labourer who now maintain the poor altogether; but it is a fact which, if possible, they would keep out of view.—They have a thorough conviction that there could be no system of Poor Laws enacted for Ireland, which would not make them contribute infinitely more than they do now towards the relief of their distressed fellow-countrymen, at the same moment, that the industrious classes whom they delude, would be lightened, and hence the mention of any

system of Poor Laws is wormwood to them. It may be in their power to vote a relation or a dependant into an overseership: but the salary of the overseer would be a poor return for their contingent to the poor fund.

We shall now proceed to the principal assertions, or arguments which are in vogue to prevent the establishing of a legal provision for the poor of this country. "If," say the dealers in these matters, "you exact compulsory support for the poor of Ireland, you will give a bounty to idleness—you will encourage improvidence. See the example of England, observe the discontent created by the Poor Laws there. In the year 1780, taking an average of three years for England and Wales, the poor rates amounted to but £689,971—in the year 1815, taking an average of England and Wales for a similar space of time they amounted to £6,129,844. Pauper taxation encreases and must encrease for ever." Before we notice the theory of the preceding, it will be our business to observe on the experience on which it would feign base itself. It is most true that, in England and Wales, pauper taxation did encrease in the proportions stated; but it was equally true, *other* taxation encreased in a still greater ratio. In the year in which the poor rate of England and Wales did not exceed £689,971, the taxes of Great Britain *did not exceed* £9,250,501. In the year in which the poor rate of the same countries reached £6,129,844, the taxes of Great Britain *amounted to* £71,153,142! The total revenue of the empire, including loans and remittances from Ireland, in the year 1815, was £131,799,772!!! Now keeping this enormous encrease of national taxation before our eyes—and those who have declaimed against poor rates ought not to be, as they too often have been blind to it—what impression must be paramount in our minds? What other than this—that the nation thus heavily taxed must be impoverished, and that the industrious classes thereof (for from the industrous classes taxation in general is raised) must be ground to the dust. We should consider it a most providential circumstance for the people, from whom such excessive revenue was drawn, that they had a poor law to come between them and destruction. Others argue as if they deemed the affair of the revenue the merest trifle, whilst they labour to prove that the Poor Law is a curse. Away with the leaden folly or brazen impudence of such men!

During the years that the English poor rate was swelling to its largest dimensions, the operative classes of England were suffering from two most ruinous causes—one was the enormous increase of taxation,—the state of

the currency was the other. The number of paupers produced by these two causes, in combination, must have been immense, and the only wonder is, that it was not infinitely greater than the official documents show it to have been. Paper money raised the price of every thing, without raising at the same time the wages of labour in proportion. The taxes were encreased tenfold, and they were levied out of those articles in which the poor generally dealt. The consequence was, in the years when the poor rate was highest, the labourer should work *nineteen days* to procure as much bread, meat and other necessaries as he could have got with the wages of *nine days'* labour, when the poor rate was comparatively a trifle. The truth is, the tax-eater and the paper-money men contrived to plunder the operative classes of the product of their industry —and when *they* had driven them on the parish, and the parish groaned, they then gave out, that the weight was brought upon the parish by the bounty, which its provision held out to improvidence and idleness ! ! !

It is not true, that an establishment for the relief of pauperism is considered an evil in England. Complaints have been made against certain of the details of the English system of Poor Laws; but Englishmen of property have been repeatedly heard to say, that if there were not poor laws in that country, they would not live in it.

Having thus disposed of what is called the experience of England, we invite a moment's attention to the consideration of the theory or rather the surmise, in the support of which that experience was appealed to. It is said, that a provision for the poor when known to exist and to be available, is an encouragement to idleness and improvidence. If it be meant by this, that were a poor rate to be leviable in Ireland, the weaver who now earns but four shillings a week, by working sixteen or eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, would be tempted to betake himself to the workhouse, and not to labour and starve at the same moment, if such be the import of the proposition, we agree to it, and moreover we say, that the weaver would do right. If again, it be meant, that some rogues would be induced by the certainty that they would not be allowed to starve, to shew that they deserved starvation, neither are we disposed to find fault with this interpretation of the proposition. But, if it is intended to be conveyed, that a great number of persons who could procure competent subsistence by their own industry, would be influenced by the principle of a poor rate, to abandon their industry and become paupers, then we say, that experience, common-sense, and human nature contradict such a notion. Man loves independence and comfort: the pursuits of industry

are pleasing to him, when he has a fair chance of enjoying their fruits. For the one who would seek necessaries from an overseer, ninety-nine would be found to search for comforts in themselves.

It is possible indeed, that if the parish table be loaded with viands, and if the parish officer be regardless who sits at it, that we may be all tempted to partake of them. For profusion and neglect in the parochial management, can alone make a provision for the poor a temptation to idleness. Heretofore, Holland and England though cursed with poor laws, were deemed the most industrious and the wealthiest communities—we believe they merited, and still merit that character; but how they could have been the wealthiest and most industrous communities of the world, and the theory we are combatting be just, it is not ours to determine. The truth is, that a well regulated system of povision for the poor, so far from creating idleness, adds considerably to the quantity of national industry. It suppresses mendicancy—it supplies food to the pauper, but it takes good care, that, if able, he shall have earned it—more than all, and above all, it affords the best motive to the man of property, to study the best mode by which pauperism itself may be prevented, and this brings us to the concluding part of our disquision.

We do confess, that, though we advocate the enacting of a legal provision for the poor under all circumstances, still our advocacy of such provision, as applicable to our own country, would not be half as zealous as it is, were it not for our conscientious belief, that the day, on which a system of poor laws for Ireland, shall have received the royal assent, will be one, bright with the best promises for the general improvement of our countrymen. It is not merely with a view to the relief of the distressed poor that we could wish to see a poor-rate levied in Ireland. That object is just and noble; but there is another, equal or even paramount to it, namely, *the promotion of industry and employment generally.*—Now this would be the inevitable consequence of the establishing a provision for pauperism in our island. When you make the man of property support those whom his neglect has consigned to misery, you compel him, in his own defence, to trace the cause of the misery,—he finds it to be the want of employment, and he immediately finds that employment—and why?—you have touched his pocket, the seat of his sensibility. *It is then we should have Irish capital doing for Ireland, what English capital never will do for her*—it is then we should have that money which is now expended abroad by absentees, or at home on foreign luxuries, employed for the good of

Ireland. Our bogs would be drained—our mines would be worked,—our inland navigation would be extended,—factories of every kind would spring up in every part of our land, and the shopkeeper,—instead of having the Irish labourer as at present, begging at his door, would hail him as his welcome and profitable customer. We do earnestly entreat the shopkeepers and dealers throughout Ireland, to let this view of the subject sink into their most serious consideration. If they do, they will to a man be the advocates of a system that is pregnant with their own incalculable advantage.

It will, no doubt, be asked, what particular mode of providing for the Irish poor would we recommend. The question is frequently put by men who have been defeated on the principle of a legal provision, and who seek to shelter their disregard of human suffering beneath the pretended impossibility of legislating for it. We meet the enquiry with a full front, and we do not hesitate to say, we would prefer the English system of Poor Laws, with every thing most objectionable in it, to the continuance of the present order of things in Ireland. It is not, however, necessary that we should import into this country, any system now in use, without having previously modified it. The English Legislature is competent to enact, parochial, or district, or national provision for the poor of Ireland. It may determine, that the poor shall be supported by a parochial cess; or by a baronial cess, or by a county cess; or that a certain sum should be raised throughout the island generally, to meet the estimated wants of the poor of the island generally. It may assess every description of property.—It may also engraft on any system, a plan of foreign and domestic colonization. But let the legislative provision for Ireland be modified as it may, this feature it must always carry with it, and we wish that the great body of hypocrites, who pretend that they can discover no mode of relieving the poor, may be satisfied of the fact—*the rich of Ireland must contribute largely to that provision*:—from this decree there is no appeal.

It is gratifying to think, that should the legislature at length, think proper to do justice to the poor of Ireland, we have valuable information before us, to second and promote its views. The Benevolent Societies of Holland, have furnished us with it in abundance.

In order to lighten the poor rate in Holland, those societies have gone to work to procure employment—permanent and productive employment—for their poor. These efforts have proved, that a wise provision for pauperism independently of its justice and humanity, may be made

productive of national wealth. The first of those Societies was formed in 1815. A sum of £5000 was raised by subscription, and with it a tract of waste land of 1000 acres was purchased,—implements of husbandry were procured, and 52 farm houses were built. The Society located, upon 300 of the thousand acres, 52 families, including about 600 individuals, and to each family they gave a farm house and six acres. In two or three years the paupers had completely reclaimed the 300 acres, and were able to support themselves out of their produce. The society then turned their attention to the other 700 acres; they employed the spare labour of the paupers in reclaiming them, remunerating the labourer for his trouble. In the course of a few years, the stock of the society was encreased; the colonists of the three hundred acres, were able to become proprietors in fee of their respective lots and farm-houses; and those who had been unproductive paupers, depending on the public bounty, became productive and independent citizens. This system has been pursued in various parts of Holland. Twenty thousand poor people at least, have been provided for by it. We have the testimony of Mr. Seaver, who has been for several years British consul to the King of the Netherlands, to its admirable results. There are some benevolent individuals in Dublin, who are creditably endeavouring to carry it into execution in this country. We entirely agree with Mr. Howell, an English gentleman, who is reported to have taken a part in the proceedings of their last meeting. Their efforts are praiseworthy in the highest degree. There must, however, be compulsory legislation to force the rich to promote that, and similar endeavours, to reduce the enormous mass of Irish destitution. It was well observed by Mr. Howell, that it was a system of Poor Laws which had produced the necessity of resorting to Benevolent Societies in Holland, for *the gentry were compelled* to do their duty, in contributing to the amelioration of the poor.

We now come to a close, expressing our anxious hope, that the Home Secretary will realize our interpretation of his words, on the occasion of the presenting of the Birmingham petition,—earnestly recommending to our countrymen, that, if our interpretation of them prove not correct, they will discharge a duty which they owe to religion, to their country, and themselves, by *calling* for "a legal provision for the poor of Ireland." If such provision be not made, and immediately, we want but little more of the working of "the subletting," or rather "the Ejecting" Acts, to have in Ireland, scenes of horror, enough to fright the very dead from their graves!

"THE DONERAILE CONSPIRACY."

[Pending the settlement of the Catholic question, an attack was made by night in the neighbourhood of Doneraile on the carriage of a Dr. Norcott, who resided in that quarter. Some shots were fired,—the coachman was wounded,—but no fatality occurred. A great deal of noise was made about this occurrence;—it was connected by the Brunswick Journalists with an attempt which had been made on the life of a Mr. George Bond Lowe, an active Magistrate;—and *Mr.* O'Connell and Mr. Shiel were abused for *the effects* of their speeches on the misguided peasantry! The rumour of a detected "conspiracy" went abroad, and, it was known that some persons had been committed and others held to bail for being connected with it; but the whisperings and inuendoes of the Brunswickers did not give much trouble to the public mind—it was generally supposed that there was no conspiracy at all; or, if any, that it was confined to a few miscreants, such as are to be found even in countries more favourably circumstanced than Ireland. The charge and conduct of the Chief Baron O'Grady, at the Summer Assizes, tended to confirm this supposition. In his charge to the Grand Jury of the County on that occasion, he said that "he perceived that seventeen persons were charged with having participated in the conspiracy;—*if Bills in the case should go before the Grand Jury, and he was not certain that they would*, he besought that they should not be found, without their having received the weightiest consideration." The Bills were sent up and found—but the Chief Baron would not prolong the Assizes a day or two, to give the Crown an opportunity to bring the "awful case" to trial.* Indeed, it was currently believed that the Chief

* Some of the prisoners were anxious to be tried—but upon calling over the panel (of 160 jurors) but 31 answered to their names. The Crown prayed that the case should remain over from Wednesday to Thursday—as, in the interim, it would be ble to secure the attendance of jurors. The Court would onsent to a postponement to the following Assizes only.

Baron looked upon the matter as "a bottle of smoke." Shortly after the Assizes, the public were given to understand that the Doneraile Magistrates and the County Cork Grand Jury were greatly annoyed that the Conspiracy Case had not been submitted to the Petty Jury ordeal, and that the Irish Government had been memorialled to send down "a Special Commission" to try the conspirators, and secure the peace of the country.—A Special Commission did come down, and Mr. Dogherty, the Solicitor-General, with it—and a very pretty affair it turned out.—The "*Despatches*" were written a few days after the Commission had concluded. I intended that they should serve the men who had been found guilty on the second day of the Commission, (before the merits of the case were known,) and whose fate was in the balance;—they afforded me, moreover, an opportunity of giving to the public certain incidents of the Commission with which they had not been acquainted.]

DESPATCHES FROM THE SPECIAL COMMISSION.

THURSDAY, OCT. 21.

I promised to send you some account of our Special Commission—and as it has now commenced I shall immediately enter upon the fulfilment of my engagement. You may expect to hear from me regularly every day till the affair is over; but if I should break concord, or be guilty of any other grammatical crime, you must ascribe all to the hurry and confusion of the occasion.

Pennefather and Torrens opened the Commission this day. The Court was crowded with country gentlemen.—I never saw any thing equal to it. It is curious there was no shew of "the people"—I did not see a frize coat or a poor man even in the Court yard. It looked as if the people generally paid no attention to the subject of the Commission, and considered it a mere bottle of smoke. There is, however, as great a gathering of Aristocrats, as if the country were in a state of actual rebellion.

Pennefather charged the Grand Jury, and was fair enough, but—he repeats himself too often, and deals too much in verbiage.

New and additional bills were sent up to the Grand Jury. The Solicitor-General appears to me to be a very theatrica

sort of gentleman. When he announced to-day his intention of sending up "new and additional" bills, he did it in a manner overwhelmingly pompous. By the bye, I like Doherty's figure and countenance—the former is tall and not ill-proportioned—the latter has a pleasing melancholy inscribed on it. Some do not like the eye of the man—they think it cold, and that it betokens no heart; 'tis a fine eye, however.

Bills were found against all the prisoners, 21 in number, for conspiring to murder Admiral Evans, Bond Lowe, and Michael Creagh, Esqrs.

Some of the prisoners were very decent looking men.—It is a puzzle to me, what they could have expected by the murder of the Admiral, the Baronial Constable, or the Ex-Sheriff. Whilst we were waiting for the fate of the bills to-day, I fell into conversation with several of the country gentlemen. They all appeared to me to be believers in the "Conspiracy," and to the extent—the veriest enemy of Ireland could wish. I should not like to be depending on the wisdom or the mercy of some of them.

O'Connell is greatly wished for, but—does not come.

The Solicitor-General very handsomely to-day, when Mr. Fitzgerald, one of the Agents for the prisoners, complained that his clients had not Counsel, called upon Mr. Fitzgerald to name any two Barristers he pleased, for the defence of the prisoners, undertaking at the same time, on the part of the Government, to remunerate them. Messrs. F. M'Carthy and Pigott are the gentlemen who have been named; but, I understand, they have declined all compensation—they have, if not a difficult, a troublesome job before them.

The trials do not come on till to-morrow.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

'Tis now eleven o'clock, and I have but just returned from the Court-house, where I heard sentence of death pronounced upon four of the men charged with the conspiracy. I do not know whether they are *all* guilty—but the prosecution certainly assumed an appearance on which I had not calculated. I must admit this much; though I cannot, at the same time, say that I was satisfied with the manner in which every thing went on to-day. I did not like the constitution of the Jury—I did not like the conduct of the Solicitor-General; and it occurs to me that the testimony of some of the witnesses for the Crown could have been discredited more than it was.

I shall give you a sketch—a summary of the proceedings.

The persons put upon their trial were four in number—*Leary*, *Shine*, *Roche*, and *Magrath*. They were all charged with having conspired to murder the three, or some one of

the three Gentlemen I named in my last. Leary stood particularly charged with having solicited one David Sheehan to perpetrate the murder. Leary, let me tell you, is an elderly man, being about 70 years old; he is tenant to the father of one of the gentlemen against whom he was charged with having conspired, and has been paying him £220 a-year very regularly for the last 20 years. Magrath's brother was hanged last Spring Assizes for being engaged in the attack on Mr. Bond Low. Shine is brother to a tenant of Captain Creagh, and lived on Captain Creagh's land. Of Roche I know nothing certain; his character, I believe, was not the very best. He has been a servant or day labourer.

Several persons who knew these four men well, complained bitterly that they should be grouped together for trial. They said that it was doing great injustice to some of them—that it was wrong to put a man of respectability and of good character to the bar in company with those not similarly circumstanced.

If there was an error in the grouping of the prisoners, there was a still greater one in the impannelling of *the Jury*. —What think you of "twelve Protestants?"† I enquired why the Agents for the prisoners did not see and get a few Catholics on—and I received for answer—"How could they—there was not a Catholic among the first 160 names on the Panel?" This affair was very badly managed.—The Crown should have seen the necessity of having a mixed Jury. By the bye, I noticed one of the Agents for the defence looking, during the impannelling of the Jury, with an air of surprise on the Sub-Sheriff, and apparently remonstrating with him. It was communicated to me that the Jurors were not called over by the Clerk of the Crown in the same order in which they read on the list furnished by the Sub Sheriff for the use of the prisoners, and that the prisoners' Agent complained of the injury or the inconvenience which arose from the alteration.

The Solicitor-General stated the case for the prosecution. He was speaking nearly four hours, and you may judge that he spoke with effect when I tell you that some persons were heard to say, that they would convict the pri-

† The following are the names of this Jury :—

Hon. W. S Bernard,	Michael Allen Becher,
Sir J. L. Cotter, Bart.	Jaspar Lucas,
Denis O'Callaghan,	Herbert Gillman,
Simon Davis Crooke,	John Popham,
Robert Warren,	Joseph Haines,
Bernard R. Shaw,	Henry O Callaghan, Esqrs.

soners on the very statement of the Right Hon. Gentleman. The truth is, his speech was a very fine and a very clever thing, but it was by no means of that cool, unimpassioned, matter-of-fact character which it ought to be. The Solicitor-General should have recollected that he was addressing a jury not of congenial sentiments, having scarcely any one thing in common with those whom they were about to try—the peers of the prisoners in name, but not in reality. His statement was in fact a lordly harangue, the tendency of which was to confirm the Irish Magistrate Landlord and Gentleman in *the ultraism* of his pretensions, and to render him still more hostile to the serf, that should have disputed his assumptions. The Hon. and Learned Gentleman, in giving an account of the Conspiracy with which the prisoners were charged, indulged his imagination very freely at the expense of the country; you would imagine, in fact, from his speech, that the district of Doneraile was half the South of Ireland, and that we were on the brink if not actually in the centre of another rebellion. Old Leary was described by the Solicitor as a Captain and a Committeeman in the great confederacy of which we heard to-day for the first time. The conspiracy against Messrs. Low, Evans and Creagh was spoken of, as but one object in the wide field of iniquity, which the conspirators had cultivated. Mr. Creagh, the Jury was told, was marked out, because he had exercised the rights of a Landlord—Admiral Evans, because he was opposed to Catholic Emancipation—and Mr. Bond Low was doomed to die, because he was an active Magistrate. The meetings—swearings—and plottings for the destruction of these three gentlemen commenced so early as last November, and the scene was laid in Doneraile—Rathclare fair—Mallow—Kildorrery fair and elsewhere. The overt acts were the shooting at Bond Lowe, and the attack on Dr. Norcott's carriage. The attack on the Doctor's carriage, was said to have been intended for Mr. Creagh.—The Solicitor General informed the Jury, that among the various witnesses he should produce, to make good the case against the prisoners, would be a man named Patrick Daly; he admitted that this Daly was employed by Colonel Hill as a spy, but he said that he would corroborate his testimony by that of another witness, above all suspicion. I have been listening to the testimony of this witness, and I must declare it, that to me it was any thing—but above all suspicion. Lord Kingston and Lord Carbery were listening to the Solicitor General, and, I have no doubt, will speak highly of the Hon. and Learned Gentleman in the proper quarter.

The witnesses for the prosecution were—first David Sheehan, an accomplice; next, Patrick Nowlan, an approver; third, Patrick Daly, the spy; fourth, Thomas Murphy, another approver—and fifth, Owen Daly, a "clenching one," as the SolicitorGeneral called him—Then followed a Mr. Garvan, Mr. Bond Lowe, a Mr. Roberts, and a Mrs. Glover, with two or three Policemen. The examination and cross-examination of all these witnesses took up, I should suppose, about five hours. It is my duty to say that the Gentlemen engaged on the defence conducted themselves with great zeal and ability; they had strong swearing to contend with, but they met it with no inconsiderable acuteness. It is, however, a hard task for Counsel to defend prisoners in this country; and most particularly, prisoners circumstanced like those from Doneraile. You are aware that copies of the informations are not furnished, and an accused person may not know who his prosecutor is—who the witnesses that are to sustain the charge against him, till he actually sees them on the table. Patrick Daly was, in my mind, the most important of all the witnesses for the prosecution. He swore that he saw Leary, and the three other Committee-men, in one Duane's tent, at the Fair of Rathclare, on the 29th of April, and that there and then, in his presence, the four Committee men signed *a paper*, which was to be forwarded to the Committee that was to meet on the 2d of May, at Kildorrery Fair, and the purport of which was, that the Kildorrery men should compass the death of the obnoxious gentlemen. Owen Daly was called up to corroborate his namesake's statement, as to the signing of the paper in the tent: there was something very suspicious about the manner of this chap, notwithstanding all that the Solicitor-General had said about him. Baron Pennefather got from him that he was the cousin of Patrick Daly—that he had been taken by Patrick into Duane's tent, and that he had observed, "the Paper" being directed, or as he said himself being *knudged* by Patrick to take notice of it. I understand that there was a gentleman in Court, who was prepared to discredit this Owen Daly's testimony. Why he was not called up I cannot say. It may have arisen, however, from the system of which I have been just complaining, which frequently does not afford the accused party or his counsel time either to think or to act.

The witnesses for the defence were Mr. Harold Barry, Lieutenant Coote, Doctor O'Brien, Parish Priest of Doneraile, Garrett Nagle, Esq. Jonas Stawell, Esq. Arthur Creagh, Esq. Charles Daly, the brother of Patrick, and one Roche, alias "Cold Morning;" they were produced

principally to discredit the testimony for the prosecution. Harold Barry, who swore that he did not consider that David Sheehan and Patrick Daly were entitled to credit upon their oaths, was very rudely handled by Mr. Solicitor General. Harold Barry is a gentleman of property—has taken a wife from, I believe, a high Brunswick family—is a sufferer from Whiteboyism; has handed over to the authorities fire arms which had been concealed in his haggard—and yet, he was hunted down this evening as though he had been "ipsissimus Rock." It seems that he refused to entrap a Whiteboy "by promising him protection," and for this he was whispered against by some creature in the neighbourhood of the Solicitor-General, and the Solicitor General gratified the whisperer by dragooning a man whom he ought to have venerated. "*I feel*, my Lord," said Mr. Barry, in reply to a question from the Court, "that I could not have acted as the police would have me act." The feeling was most creditable to the man. *He should have uttered a falsehood*—to please the Police. Good men may utter no falsehood.—I am sorry that Barry did not repel the attack of the Solicitor-General with becoming indignation. 'Tis the slave makes the tyrant—and the craven the bully. 'Twas characteristic—the grateful bursts of laughter—with which the Court rung, on the embarassment of this witness—the lives of four men in the scale—a man came forward to discharge his duty by his fellow-men in distress—the considerations involved in these circumstances, could not suppress the emotions of the bad spirit—it looked as if the well-dressed savages, who filled the Court, believed that they had caught "a higher committee man" than Leary, and anticipated still more gratifying captures.—I have been told, as Mr. Barry had just ascended the table, one of the panel, who was seated at the end of the Jury Box, asked the twelfth Juror if Barry had yet *crossed* himself. This proves two things, and, indeed, I have been told that there was a good deal of remark obtruded on the Jury, by some persons in their neighbourhood—so much so that the cry of "*shame*" was more than once raised, and the police were ultimately obliged to interfere. It is but just to say, that the Sub-Sheriff more than once rebuked the ill-timed merriment of the "proud Aristocracy," and "the highly respectable gentry," who had come to admire the Solicitor-General, and laugh at Harold Barry.

The evidence of the accomplice, the spy, and the approver, was discredited on the most respectable testimony. *Patrick Daly's* own brother (and he had all the appearance of an honest man,) swore that Patrick had been tempting him to join him in plotting against the prisoners.

But the most remarkable circumstance of all was, perhaps, the coming forward of old Mr. Creagh, the Ex-High-Sheriff's father. This respectable Gentleman gave the prisoner Leary, the best possible character for integrity and peaceable habits. He expressed his utter disbelief in the truth of the charges brought against him. Mind, Mr. Creagh is the father of one of the gentlemen whom Leary, according to the evidence, was to have murdered.

The case having closed on both sides, Baron Pennefather charged the Jury.—You may now see the prisoners clustering towards the bar—all of them attentive, evidently sensible of the importance of the moment—but as far as I could discern, very few of them anxious. The old man, Leary, stood in the centre—his arms folded; he manifested the same firmness now as at an early and much less agitating period of the proceeding. The Judge's charge was very long, but there was nothing particularly characteristic in it. Its leaning was against the prisoners. Towards the close of it, expressions of disapprobation came from the dock—the old man said, "John Leary's witnesses have not been examined," and repeated the saying, and Shine, I think it was, exclaimed, "our Counsel have been bribed."

The Jury retired, and in five minutes returned with a verdict against all the prisoners.

Judge Torrens pronounced the awful sentence of the law. Let me tell you that I did not altogether admire his manner of doing it. His Lordship appeared to me to look beyond the unfortunate convicts, and to address himself, as it were, to the Harold Barrys. He very properly spoke of the power of the law—of its full capabilities to break up illegal confederacies, and to chastise disorder. I could have wished, however, that he had not used the word "*agitation*;" he brought it in, as I conceived, very mal-apropos, though I have no doubt many of the Gentlemen in the gallery would differ with me in opinion. His Lordship lifted his arm at one part of his address, and enunciated strongly something about justice. The word was good, but the action, I think, might have been spared.—One of the convicts seized upon the word "justice," and returned it, "Oh, my Lord," said he, in a low tone, "there is no justice for us, we know nothing but vengeance." No day was fixed for execution. Some of the Country Gentlemen were anxious that the convicts should be taken to Doneraile. It is ruled, however, I believe, that they shall suffer in Cork. The unfortunate men betrayed no strong feeling when their doom was sealed; their friends, however, in the neighbourhood of the Court, raised a loud wailing, the noise of which still rings in my ears.

This letter is very long, but I know you are anxious to hear every thing about those trials. I may now retire to rest, the clock has struck one.

P. S.—I had nearly forgot mentioning to you, that Shine on his removal from the Court-House, made repeated declarations of his innocence. Some one, whose voice I heard, but whose person I couldn't see, replied to the protestations by saying, "*don't be telling lies.*" Declarations made by people in Shine's circumstances, are not always found to be true, but they sometimes are discovered to be painfully so. The three Cremens, brothers, were, we all remember, sacrificed to the too easy credit given to an approver—and that witness of very questionable accuracy, Mary Meyers. They protested their innocence in the dock, and did the same on the scaffold.

SATURDAY, ONE O'CLOCK.

The Judges did not come into Court till a late hour today. An adjournment took place to Monday—the Solicitor-General being of opinion that the investigation of the next case to be brought forward would encroach on the Sabbath. The Crown has expressed a determination, growing out of the proceedings of yesterday, to put *every one* of the prisoners on their trial. Mr. M'Carthy wished to know which of the prisoners would be put on their defence on Monday. The Solicitor-General, however, could give him no information to satisfy his enquiries. This, I think, is very hard, under existing circumstances.

The verdict of the Jury in the case of Leary, Shine, and the two others, is canvassed very freely. The Aristocrats, particularly those of the Brunswick school, say that it was a most judicious one, and required not half five minutes to be arrived at—others question its propriety in reference to Shine, and more especially to Leary, and think that more than five, or even ten times five minutes, may have been given to its consideration. The evidence was certainly not of the same character against Leary, and Shine, as against Magrath in particular. I cannot conceive that there was anything entitled to the character of important corroborative testimony against the former. It has been said, however, that if the tainted witnesses should be discredited in Leary's case, for instance, why not discredit it in that of Magrath also—Magrath who was seen by two persons at John's Grove, under the most suspicious circumstances, when Mr. Bond Low was attacked there. To this question the answer given is, that Magrath and Leary should never have been harnessed together, and that the consciences of Jurors should not have been tried by a blending of their cases.

There are various rumours abroad about disclosures being made by some of the prisoners—additional arrests in Doneraile and its vicinity. The Country Gentlemen are, in fact, all shaking their heads at each other—looking serious and determined. Since Mr. Doherty's statement yesterday, they think they have made most fortunate discoveries, and escaped a gulf which was just opening its jaws to devour and swallow every one of them.

I must tell you that there is a popular feeling being created in reference to these trials. There was no appearance of its existence on Thursday or even during the earlier part of yesterday. Many, however, have taken offence at the latitude assumed by the Solicitor Gen. in his address to the Jury—at his overbearing conduct to Mr. H. Barry—and at some other circumstances for which the Solicitor is not accountable. It is greatly wished that Mr. O'Connell was here.

FIVE O'CLOCK.

I have to inform you that an express has been just forwarded to Derrinane for Mr. O'Connell. That honest Irishman and great Criminal Lawyer has been most earnestly solicited to be in Cork, if at all possible, by Monday morning. The messenger is a man named Burke, a brother to one of the prisoners—he has pledged his existence to be in Derrinane at nine to-morrow morning. 'Tis almost a forlorn hope—Mr. O'Connell, had, I understand, engaged to attend a Meeting of the inhabitants of Kerry, to be held in Tralee on Tuesday, touching the Subletting Act.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Nothing can be heard here but discussions respecting the Special Commission. The Chamber of Commerce is, as usual, the busiest and most animated scene. The part which Patrick Daly, the Spy, has enacted, is freely canvassed. Some are of opinion that we have still a good deal to learn respecting *Patrick*. I declare I was one of those who heard, with pleasure, the Solicitor General say, yesterday, that the Crown would proceed against all the Prisoners. I saw in the performance of that promise—every thing I could desire—the full and entire exposure of guilt wherever it lay—it enables us to see whether the prisoners be what they are described—if they be conspirators and the only conspirators. I heard a Gentleman saying, to-day, that on the very showing of the evidence on Friday, he would conclude that the system of espionage had created, at least, as much guilt in Doneraile as it had detected; and that some of the overt acts, sworn against certain of the prisoners, could have been prevented. Owen Daly's credibility will be strongly impeached to morrow. If Owen tumble—his cousin Pat goes down with him.

Opinion is greatly divided as to whether or not Mr. O'Connell will be with us. Some say, that as he did not come before, he will not come now—others think that he would come even at this moment—but they fear that he may have left Derrinane, for some other place; and time now is every thing. The more virulent of the Brunswickers taunt Mr. O'Connell with his absence—they say, that he it was who placed the prisoners in the dock, and now he deserts them. What base, or what infatuated creatures those are! Admitting all the prisoners to be as guilty as their prosecutors could make them—surely they are as much or even more Mr. O'Connell's enemies, than the enemies of that Gentleman's political opponents. What has been Mr. O'Connell's invariable word to the peasantry? "The greatest enemy that Ireland can have, is that man who violates the peace." Mr. O'Connell well knows that the popular mind cannot be successfully applied to the great constitutional reforms which he projects, whilst it is diverted by Donerailе Conspiracies, real or pretended.

I heard to-day, and the report came from Mr. Bond Low, that one of the reasons for not going on with the trials yesterday, was an expectation that some of the prisoners yet untried, may withdraw their plea of not guilty. Hopes were entertained that *ten* would submit to transportation for life; but I understand that the reply was—"we are innocent, and we will not confess ourselves guilty."

By the bye, there is a report in town that a Clergyman of the name of Going, was inhumanly murdered yesterday, near Templemore, in Tipperary. I trust, for more considerations than one, that the report may prove to be a fabrication. It is already producing its effects on *those of the long panel*. I have been just after hearing one of them significantly observe, that the murder of Mr. Going would be no service to "*the gentlemen*" before the Commission. I most devoutly wish that O'Connell may be with us. I fear, lest in the reign of passion and prejudice—the innocent may be sacrificed with the guilty.

MONDAY NIGHT, 12 O'CLOCK.

O'Connell has arrived. The witnesses for the Crown have been shaken.—I have just left the Jury closeted, and I scarcely think they'll agree to a verdict. You perceive I am a piece of an epic poet—I rush "*in medias res.*"

It would be absolutely impossible for me to describe to you the interest of this day—it was beyond any thing I ever experienced—such hope!—such fear!—'tis happy for you to be where you are—yet I know you are not easy—you must feel what a terrible thing it is, if all these men be guilty of the dreadful charge brought against them, and,

like me, you must be anxious for their just clearance, and the discomfiture of their enemies; they have enemies—the caste to which they belong have enemies, who evince too fatal a facility to believe every thing bad of them

This was a melancholy morning—I entered the Court with a desponding heart, not expecting that I should leave it with my present spirits. There was a considerable attendance of the long panel before their Lordships entered. It is too true, that Mr. Going was murdered. His murder was the topic of conversation with several in Court, and some spoke of gibbets and decimation—expressions of this kind are not, perhaps, to be construed very strictly—but those who can deal in them are not the very fittest for discharging the duties of Jurors. A Juror ought to judge coolly, and interpret mercifully. I said with myself, that if the prisoners to be put upon their trial this day, were to have any chance of justice, great care should be paid to the empannelling of the Jury—no decimators or gibbetters should be allowed to sit in judgment upon them. The Agents for the defence appeared, from their conduct, to have thought with me.

Baron Pennefather and Mr. Justice Torrens having taken their seats on the bench, *Edmund Conners*, a respectable, well-dressed farmer, a man of herculean figure, was put to the bar; with him were put three others, named *Barrett*, *Wallis*, *Lynch*—"Is Mr. O'Connell come, or is he expected," was now the enquiry of the few in Court who had any sympathy with the prisoners. The answer was, that the express had returned—had just returned from Derrinane—after a journey of 180 miles, and that the great Liberator was momentarily expected. Imagine, what joy this announcement afforded us! Proceedings went on—every thing was done by the Gentlemen engaged on the defence, that they should not go on too *rapidly*. Mr. Francis M'Carthy frankly admitted that he was most anxious to give to the prisoners the benefit of Mr. O'Connell's advocacy, and that therefore, to effect delay, he interposed artifice. Mr. Justice Torrens replied in the epigrammatic, observing that it was the business of the Court to prevent delay, and defeat artifice. The Counsel for the defence, however, succeeded. Mr. O'Connell arrived, just about the time that a very excellent Jury was empannelled.

The Jury that tried the case to-day was, perhaps the very best that could under existing circumstances be selected—It was not a Jury of Landlords, or of Country Gentlemen, least of all was it a Jury exclusively of Protestants. It comprizes Catholics, Protestants, Merchants, Landowners, persons residing in the town as well as persons residing in

the country.‡ It has no appearance whatever of sect or caste. Whatever verdict it comes to—be it one of conviction, or one of acquittal—the public will be inclined to fall in with it—for it cannot be said that any *esprit du corps* pervades the present Jury. I have repeatedly heard persons observing in the course of this day's proceedings, that be the verdict of the Jury before us, what it may, even the most ignorant of the peasantry must admit that it was come to dispassionately. Whilst I speak to you thus of the Jury as it is, I cannot avoid regretting that the Solicitor for the Crown should have conceived it necessary to challenge several most respectable Roman Catholics. Catholics are so thinly scattered over the long panel, that it was hazardous to challenge any of them— unless it was deemed a matter of no consequence whether or not any of them were on the Jury. ‖

Just as the Jury had been completed, Mr. O'Connell made his appearance. He bore inwards, describing (as usual) no narrow circle—habilimented as a night traveller. Agitation preceded—followed and environed him. "*The people*" without and within the Court were quickened by his presence. *We* were not *many*, most particularly in "the interior;" but yet, when we saw the Great Dan amongst us, we felt as though we were a multitude, and with the strength of a multitude. Mr. O'Connell bowed to to the Bench,—the courtesy was returned by Baron Pennefather—Judge Torrens did not appear to me to have noticed it—or if he noticed it, to have returned it.—I marked the Counsel for the Crown, and most particularly the Solicitor-General as Mr. O'Connell entered. I have been told that the announcement of his coming spread dismay among them—that the colour fled the cheek of the Solicitor-General. This might have been the case; but I must say that I cannot vouch for it. I could perceive no

‡ The following are the names of the Gentlemen who served on this Jury :—

Horatio Townsend,	Robert Hartnett,
Nicholas Kirby,	Thomas Burke,
Henry Hewitt O'Brien,	Thomas Hare, jun.
John Lewis,	Edward Morrogh,
Daniel Callaghan,	John Henry Allen,
Daniel F. Leahy,	John Molony,—Esqrs.

‖ This day there were challenged by the Crown—

Roger Sheehy Burke,	Charles Connell,
James Hennessy,	Garrett Nagle,
Thomas Gollock,	Daniel Leahy,
William Crofts,	Wm. M'O'Bey.
Thomas Dennahy,	

sensation—no symptoms of the kind, on the contrary, I thought that the Counsel for the Crown looked and felt, at this moment, as if Mr. O'Connell had come—to be discomfitted and disappointed. They seemed to me to think of the evidence which had been brought against Leary, and of the five minutes verdict. Mr. O'Connell breakfasted in Court—you may judge from that circumstance how bent he was on "service."

The statement of the Solicitor-General was, as on Friday, long and objectionable. It was admitted, however, that the country had not as much cause to complain of *official eloquence* this day as on the former occasion. The Solicitor, indeed, lessened his canvas a good deal; and allowed that the association which a few days ago was nearly co-extensive with Munster, may be limited by the historian to the region of Doneraile. This was descending from the stilts; and whether it proceeded from the presence of Mr. O'Connell, or that security in a verdict rendered the usual rhetorical flourishes unnecessary, it was no less observed that it was called for. But if the country was spared, Harold Barry came in for *his* full share of castigation. The Solicitor General could not understand how Doneraile, with all its Magistrates and Gentry and natural advantages could be disturbed unless the fault lay with the Harold Barrys—This was the *bona fide* meaning of the Hon. and Learned Gentleman's words, and he left no doubt on the subject—by reading an extract from the Whiteboy Act—stating that the Magistrates could compel any man, under pain of imprisonment, to declare the number of Whiteboys he may have in his haggard or his stable-yard, and by promising a Special Commission for the particular benefit of any one—he cared not how high or respectable in rank he may be—who should venture one step in advance of Harold Barry. In establishing a character for one of the witnesses for the prosecution also, the Solicitor-General took a fling at Harold Barry. He said that this witness had taken the Whiteboy oath, and that, moreover, he was made privy to the intended attack on Mr. Bond Low; he apologised, however, for his not proving forthwith an informer, inasmuch as he could plead the precedent furnished in the conduct of the wealthier and more enlightened Mr. Harold Barry. The repeated allusions to Mr. Harold Barry at length drew up Mr. O'Connell, who observed on the hardship imposed on him by the law in not allowing him the liberty of speech, and in substance, requested that the Solicitor-General may not travel into evidence or transactions of other trials, but confine himself to the particular case before the Court and the Jury. This interruption put an end to

oratory of the Solicitor-General, and the remainder of his statement was comparatively harmless. Whilst I write to you in this manner of this elevated Law Officer, I would not have you to understand that I wish to disparage his merits, or to call the purity of his motives into question. By no means; I think Mr. Doherty a clever man, and when I object to the spirit of his statement, or to his treatment of a witness, I do not insinuate that he is not as honest as most men.

Mr. O'Connell was supereminent in the cross-examination of the various witnesses for the prosecution. I never beheld him greater. It is possible that whilst I write, the jury may be returning a favourable verdict. If the possibility prove a fact, Mr. O'Connell may be thanked for it.—The accusation and the proof almost precisely the same as on Friday—both the Judges pledged to the adequacy of the proof in the former instance—it could not but have been a hard task to acquit the prisoners—whatever could have been done to acquit them, has been done by Mr. O'Connell. It had been endeavoured by the Crown to impress the Jury with the opinion, that the *Sheehans*, and the *Newlans*, had repented of their former misdeeds. Mr. O'Connell admirably showed off "*the repentant sinners.*" The Solicitor General negatived the notion of concert among the witnesses. Mr. O'Connell has found Sheehan and Daly repeatedly together in Dublin—there has been contradiction, and there has been prevarication among the tainted witnesses; and the untainted ones are not strongly corroborative. Patrick Daly exhibited any thing but the appearance of a candid witness. I must, however, tell you that he was true to *the tent* scene. Owen Daly was up, and justified one half of the suspicions which have been entertained of him. The Solicitor General spoke of him as of "a boy of 16 or 17—one perfectly unimpeached—one, who did not seek to be a witness—who knew nothing of their dealings, and who probably would not give any evidence at all, if he for a moment knew the great importance of his testimony." Now, this boy, Owen Daly, proves to be three or four and twenty years old, and nothing less than a regular informer under the Game Act. Owen, Patrick's cousin—whilst this simpleton youth was in Mr. O'Connell's hands, the Agitator said that he never saw "*such drilling of witnesses* in his life." This brought up the Solicitor General; and Mr. O'Connell repeated the word, enforcing it with a solemn adjuration. The Solicitor General reiterated his protest; upon which Mr. O'Connell launched at him a bolt, which, I think, he had forged since morning. He said that exceptions may be taken to his words if he had been

" after making a speech of three hours, commenting upon evidence in a manner such as he had never before witnessed at the bar in his life." The Solicitor General sat down and said nothing. Mr. George Bennett took up the gauntlet for him; but Mr. O'Connell pacified that gentleman by saying that he had not intended to convey that the King's Counsel were the drill serjeants, and that Mr. Bennett himself knew the direction of his missile. O'Connell and the Solicitor General exhibited another scene before the case on both sides was closed. A gentleman of the name of *Twiss* came on the table to discredit the testimony of Owen Daly. He swore that he would not believe Owen on his oath. The Solicitor General asked him if he had been present when Owen gave his testimony on Friday? and being replied to in the affirmative, read Mr. Twiss a lecture for not coming forward with his evidence when the lives of four fellow creatures may be saved by it. Mr. Twiss explained; but the Solicitor General was not satisfied, and he ordered Mr. Twiss off the table in a manner any thing but flattering to the feelings of that gentleman. "*You* MAY *go down off that table*," enunciated the Solicitor General, blending contempt and abhorrence with the expression of each word, and extending his arms to a full-length abandonment of the obnoxious witness. "*You* MAY NOT *go down off that table*," ejaculated Mr. O'Connell, holding back Mr. Twiss, and burlesquing the voice and the manner of the Solicitor General in style inimitable. The effect was instantaneous and entire—a burst of laughter was raised at the expense of the Solicitor General, in which even some of the well dressed savages joined. Twiss was protected, and Harold Barry avenged.

Mr. Justice Torrens charged the Jury on this occasion; all I can say of his charge is, that it was mortally long.—His Lordship was not heard very distinctly through the greater part of it, and that circumstance, I suppose, in particular, made the charge supereminently heavy. I cannot say how it was with the Jury, but most of us, non jurors, were heartily sick of it.

I have told you that I left the Jury closeted, and not likely to agree to a verdict. They were forty minutes at least in consultation, before the Court recalled them, to ascertain the state of opinion among them, and *such forty minutes* I never spent, and never shall spend again. If I may judge from the *apparent* work, which Mr. Justice Torrens had to make the case clear to the Jury—a person may not be very sceptical in order to doubt, most particularly when the lives of fellow men are in question, the

propriety of finding against the prisoners. You need not be told that I had no objection that some such doubting may be among the Jury. I felt that, independently of all considerations of justice—it would be well for the country if the decimators were disappointed.—You may imagine, then, how I felt during these forty minutes. I know not if I shall prove a prophet; but I said within myself, when the first ten of these forty minutes had passed, that the prisoners were safe—a little time will tell. I need not tell you, that many of those who would have hanged Leary and the twenty others, on the bare statement of the Solicitor General, begin to be uneasy. I have heard some of them saying, that they knew not what could have engaged the Jury. It is at once horrifying and ludicrous to observe—how cleverly and quickly some of these blockheads, who cannot combine two ideas, arrive at the most awful conclusions.—They seem to consider the trial of men for their lives as a species of steeple chase in which he who gallops speediest to a verdict, is the best fellow.

Connor's appearance during the day was (I cannot well describe it) heavy, stupid, insensible, or indifferent; he leant his ponderous arm against the bar, and resting his head on his hand, held no communication with those whose fate was in the scale with him. *If their Captain*, he was the most haughty officer that ever commanded, or he and they are very excellent actors.

The Court adjourned for some time after the answer of the Jury, and I must hie now, though much past midnight, to report progress.

TUESDAY MORNING, 8 o'CLOCK.

You are no doubt anxious to learn the sequel of last night's business.§ The Jury had not agreed at two o'clock respectiug more than one of the prisoners, *Barrett*. I forgot to tell you there was little or no evidence affecting him. He was acquitted. The Jury had not agreed with respect

§ When the Jury retired their opinions were as follows:—

For acquitting Connor, Lynch, and Barrett...	9
Against the acquittal of them.....	3
For acquitting *all* the prisoners.....	1
Against acquitting *all*.....	11

The three Jurors who were against the nine, agreed to forego their opinions if the ONE who was against the eleven gave up his, which he declined to do; and if this were agreed to, Connors, Lynch and Barrett would have been acquitted, and Wallis found guilty, with as strong a recommendation to mercy as was ever sent from a jury-box. How creditable all this to Mr. MONROE!! How discreditable to some others!

to the others, and the foreman said that there was not the smallest likelihood of their agreeing. One of the Jurors stated that some of his Fellows were not disposed to believe a single word that fell from the Sheehans, the Nowlans, and the Dalys. Their Lordships endeavoured to assist the judgments of the twelve Gentlemen, but it was all in vain. *They* had to adjourn to their lodgings, and the Jurors to their Jury-room. I need not tell you that the Court was crowded even to the last moment, and that the interest which all the combined circumstances of the occasion had excited, was of the very highest description.—I saw persons in Court last midnight whom I never saw before there at midday. It was music in my ears to hear some of the well dressed savages last night, as we were leaving the Court, complaining of "the stupidity" and "doggedness" of some Jurors. I now go to the scene of action.

THREE O'CLOCK, P. M.

No Verdict yet—no expectation of a verdict. The decimators are actually becoming wild—some of them have been heard to say, that the peasantry wanted a terrible example, and that they now should have one. You may imagine therefore, *their desolation*—several of them, it is well known, are but scantily supplied with brains—their stock, of that article, is ample enough, however, to enable them to see that the Special Commission is an integral matter—that it will not be taken in by the public eye in piecemeal merely—that all the proceedings of it will be canvassed together, and that it must be *consistent*. They see that convictions and acquittals on the same evidence, and on the same charge, will not do—that there must be either all acquittals or all convictions. The very words of the Solicitor General may be quoted in support of this view of the case. On Saturday he informed the Court that he should *group* the Prisoners for trial, and in giving this information, he indirectly put forward his motive—it was not that the seventeen, or I may say the twenty-one Prisoners were not charged with the same crime, or that the same evidence was not to be brought against all of them. No—it was that if all the Prisoners were placed upon their trials together, such a complication of circumstances would be exhibited, as would undoubtedly perplex both Judge and Jury.—If then there was a little more of comprehensiveness on the part of the Bench and the Panel—all the Prisoners would have been tried at the same moment with Leary, and all of them would have been with him found guilty—or perhaps in the complication, or it may be in the *explication of circumstances*, acquitted. So that *virtually* at this present moment, *Leary*, and the other three men who have been

legally convicted, may be considered as *under trial*—and *as being under trial*, until the very last man, charged with this conspiracy, has been disposed of. The accusation being the same, and the accusers being the same—the public will look upon all the trials as one continuous trial, and all the Juries as one enlarged Jury,—and if twelve men on their oaths discredit the Sheehans and the Dalys to-day, that circumstance will be put into the scale, with the credit given by twelve other men on their oaths, to the same Sheehans and the same Dalys on a former day,—and mercy will incline in favour of the former. The disagreement too of any one of the Juries among themselves will be turned to the benefit of the accused. The idea of the *continuous* Jury will fasten on the public mind, and people will talk not of the division of opinion which existed in *a Jury* which tried this or that accused one, but in *the tribunal* which tried all. *These* are the notions which are now rushing upon and bewildering the heads of the decimators—they fear that a check has been put to the gallop of what they may consider retributive justice, but what really is—blind passion,—hate of those to whose sweat they owe whatever importance they enjoy—and a reckless regard of frieze-clad and *mere Irish* humanity.

I cannot tell you (as it has not come out yet) the precise state of opinion among the closetted Jurors. I must suppose, however, that there are several dissentients from a verdict that would convict all the prisoners. I infer this from what fell from one of the Jurors last night, after himself and his fellows had been three or four hours closetted, that some of the Gentlemen were not disposed to believe any of the evidence.—A Mr. Morrogh, however, avowed himself in the Court today, as a Juror who could not give credence to a single word that fell from the leading witnesses—He was lectured by the Bench for three long hours last night—he has been, it appears, argued at by his fellow Jurors up to six o'clock this morning, when all twelve deliberately fell asleep—he got the benefit of a half charge from Mr. Justice Torrens, before he declared his infidelity to the world, and his judgment has been helped even since that declaration—Mr. Morrogh, however, remains still incredulous—he will believe neither Owen Daly, *the clenching witness*, as the Solicitor General called that youth—nor Patrick Daly, the spy, reformed White Boy—nor any of the other "repentant sinners"—It seems that he will believe nothing but this, that, with the lives of three fellow creatures entrusted to him, he is bound to see his way well before he launch them into eternity. I need scarcely tell you that the decimators, without waiting to inquire if Morrogh

share his incredulity with any others on the Jury, have commenced whispering at the fair fame of that gentleman—they have caught at his religion: and, not considering but some of his co-jurors of the same religious persuasion, may be for the conviction of the prisoners, they find in it the motive of his dissent. Mr. Morrogh is a Catholic—(and as if "*thou shalt not kill*," and "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," were not in a Catholic's *Decalogue*)—they intimate as much as that Mr. Morrogh would violate his oath and sanction murder to save men, Catholics in name, but if fairly chargeable with the crime imputed to them, monsters in reality. The decimators forget, in the hurricane of their passions, that the brother of the Catholic Bishop Marum, was as little spared as the Rev. Mr. Going; that Mr. Morrogh himself would be as soon sacrificed as any other man, and that lawlessness and ruffianism are of no religion. Various stories are afloat—the decimators are active in circulating them, touching Mr. Morrogh's connexion with the Prisoners—he is said to be the cousin of one of them, and the landlord of another of them; and I should not be surprised if it were soon discovered that he is "the Commander-in-Chief" of the entire of them. The truth is, I believe, that Mr. Morrogh has two or three thousand a-year some miles from the Doneraile district, and it may so happen that his contiguity to that district may enable him more clearly to judge of "men and manners" than other folk. This is a mere speculation of my own. As to Mr. Morrogh having any popular tendencies, he was never suspected of such weakness. The Crown, no doubt, complimented his non-agitatory habits by declining to challenge him among other Catholics whom it challenged yesterday. The decimators, however, must calumniate; and they now say that there ought not to have been a single Catholic on any of the Juries. In the course of this morning, Mr. W. Parker of Passage, who is, I suppose, upon the long panel, addressed a note from the gallery to the Solicitor General. The latter having read the note, looked up towards the gallery; whereupon Mr. Parker said aloud, that the note was from him; he requested at the same time that the Solicitor-General should proceed with no more of the trials till he had a conference with a Mr. Battwell, a County Magistrate, and with the Governor of the County Gaol also. I have been given to understand that the result of this conference is to be a conviction on the mind of the Crown Prosecution that labourers and farmers are not the only persons concerned in the Conspiracy—that Catholic Priests and Catholic Gentlemen are implicated neck and ears in it! Murder will out.

There was some sparring in Court to-day, between O'Connell and the Solicitor-General. Neither of the Gentlemen appears to think very highly of the other. The Jury, I think, must soon be discharged. Some of them are complaining sadly of illness. I pitied the foreman very much indeed—he complained of the state of his health—but he had one greater distress to complain of—He had left his daughter dangerously ill, and she might be now dying, and he not able to attend her last moments. If the Jury be discharged to-night, you shall hear from me again. The Court stands adjourned to Six.

TUESDAY NIGHT, 11 O'CLOCK.

The Jury is discharged. I have just seen the twelve Gentlemen who composed it, emancipated from their very painful durance. They will, I ween, remember the Special Commission of 1829. I told you that the Court stood adjourned to SIX.—When their Lordships returned, it was, as before—no verdict—no expectation of a verdict: all the Jurors, too, were complaining, and one of them, in particular, of the gout. Physicians were in requisition; but there was yet no *probable* danger of death. The Jury was ordered back, and the Physicians were to report progress at ten o'clock. Ten o'clock came, and their Lordships with it, and the Jury still disagreed, and the Physicians swore that they had again examined the gouty man's leg, and that the gouty man would be in *probable danger of death* if he were to spend the night as a Juror ought to spend it. Under those circumstances the Court did not see how it could otherwise act than to discharge the Jury. Mr. Francis M'Carthy, alone of the Counsel for the prisoners, was present when this important step was taken by the Court, and he argued zealously and ingeniously why it should not be taken.—He contended that there was no law whereon a Judge could discharge a Jury that had not returned a verdict. To meet the necessity of the present case, he tendered the consent of the prisoners, that the Juror, whose health was complained of, should get whatever refreshment he stood in need of; and he submitted that there would be less violation of the law in such relaxation of Jury discipline than was involved in a discharging of the Jury altogether. Mr. M'Carthy's arguments were put forcibly and clearly. The Court, however, felt that it could not enter into that Gentleman's notions; it was of opinion that the *non-refreshment* system should be maintained in its utmost rigidity, and that when Jurors could not be kept together without fire and food—*incolumi vita*—they should be sent about their business. Before the Court actually discharged the Jury, it elicited the opinion of the Solicitor-General regarding the course which it was about to pursue; intimating, at the same time, that in discharging the Jury it was but exercising a right—a right, however, which, if exercised to the detriment of the prisoners, might render null and void any further

proceedings against them. The Solicitor General expressed his own and his Colleagues' approbation of the course which the Court was about to follow, and substantively said, that the lives of Jurors should not be risked even though Conspirators may escape.

Just as the emancipated Jurors were crawling out of Court, Mr. O'Connell entered. The Solicitor General then informed their Lordships that it was his intention to put *Connors, Wallis* and *Lynch* a second time on their trial in the morning.—Whereupon Mr. O'Connell said that Connors, Wallis, and Lynch could not be put upon their trial a second time *at all*—or if at all, *this Commission*; or, if this Commission, that they would not be ready for trial *to-morrow*. Here were three broadsides in as many seconds from "the Agitator." The Solicitor General returned the fire by saying that he was ready to argue the points of law, and to entertain the point of convenience. To-morrow, accordingly, we shall have a law argument, and an affidavit for postponement of trial. *O'Connell and the Court* suggested to the Counsel for the Crown to bring on some one of the other cases in the morning. That, however, could not be done.—The Solicitor-General says, that Connors, Wallis, and Lynch must be tried twice before others are tried once.

Allow me to inform you for your consolation, that I was not wrong when I suspected that Mr. Morrogh was not singular as the decimators imagined. He informed the Court, this evening, in reply to an observation of a brother Juror which bore rather hard upon his incredulity, that he was not the only gentleman of the twelve that opposed a verdict of conviction—he claimed to be considered as *in a majority of nine* on one of the contested points in the Jury Room. The claim grated in the ears of the decimators—it was "confusion worse confounded."

We can scarcely expect *a trial* to-morrow—for reasons you may collect above. The next one that comes, however, will be more than ordinarily interesting. Additional evidence is expected on the defence—and there will be no lack of vigour on the part of the prosecution. Party spirit will run high. I declare I have not much confidence in the discretion of those who challenge for the Crown—I judge from the past. I trust, however, that we shall have no such blockheadism as to give us, under existing circumstances, another exclusively Protestant Jury. The Brunswickers are evidently disposed to turn the Doneraile Conspiracy, of whatever kind it may be, to account—they would turn it to account against the present Government—those who have employments under that Government ought to be cautious, and not play into the hands of those Brunswickers: and play into their hands they do if by any act of theirs, they treat the Catholic, as though he were not as trustworthy as any other citizen.

WEDNESDAY, THREE O'CLOCK.

The proceedings of the Court commenced this day with rather a curious exhibition. A man of the name of Keeffe was put to the bar, and arraigned as a newly captured conspirator. The prisoner made the most solemn protestations of his innocence; said that he had come in from the country, to give evidence in favour of some of the prisoners—that he had been several months ago before Magistrates and Chief Constables on the subject of the alleged Conspiracy, and that he had been then sent about his business. The Crown endeavoured to neutralize the effect which Keeffe's statement was producing—by saying, that Bills for the Conspiracy had been found by the Grand Jury, last Assizes, against the prisoner, and that Keeffe was taken up,—in virtue of that finding; but Keeffe's attack was followed up, or, rather immediately succeeded by an application on the part of Connors, and the other two men, on whose case the Jury could not agree, that put the Crown again, and, indeed, eventually the Court, on the defensive.—The application was for a temporary postponement of the trial of the prisoners. The affidavit stated, among other matters, that one Denis Heireen was a material witness to the defence—that Heireen had been willing to come forward—that he had repeatedly attended at the office of one of the deponents, indicating such willingness; but that he had been taken "from and out of" the office of such deponent, by Mr. Keily, of the Police, which Mr. Keily promised that Heireen should be forthcoming on the trial of Leary—a promise which was not performed. This manner of alluding to the trial of Leary was not without its effect, as you may imagine. The Counsel for the Crown promised to file replications.—But Baron Pennefather looked entirely *to the past*. His Lordship said, that the Court could not avoid surmizing that the affidavit which had been sworn was intended to produce a retrospective effect, and he reminded the Gentlemen engaged on the defence, that before Leary's trial came on, they had spoken of Heireen, and he told them that they had misconducted Leary's case, if they allowed it to be brought forward, knowing Heireen to be a material witness, and not formally applying for delay or postponement. The observations of the Bench raised up the Agents and the Counsel in whose hands Leary's defence had been. The former said, that they had submitted the necessary affidavit to Counsel, and the latter said that Leary would consent to no postponement of his trial, and they could not well hold out a hope to the Court that Heireen could be got; most particularly when they considered the mode in which he had been abstracted. After a little war on those matters, in which the Court, Crown Counsel, and prisoners' Counsel, expended munition of words, all three seemed satisfied that they had properly discharged their respective duties, and it was understood, that the second trial of the prisoners should not, at any rate, be brought on before to-morrow. Now, however, it is ruled,

that it shall not come on before the next Assizes—that second trial, it occurs to me, will come on, *never*.

I mentioned to you last night that this would be a day for legal argumentation, and it turned out to be such. Mr. O'Connell entered the Court just about the time that the discussion respecting Heireen had terminated; and the Solicitor-General shortly afterwards said that it may be as well if the Counsel for the defence would now proceed to sustain the positions which they had advanced, viz., that Connors, Lynch, and Wallis could not be tried again, or if triable a second time, that they could not be tried again during the present Commission. Mr. O'Connell immediately accepted the challenge of the Crown, and adjusting his wig—a ceremony which he generally performs when about to enter upon any argument of serious import—he commenced to show cause why and wherefore his positions should be respected. It was really ludicrous to observe the "*flurry*" into which the Agitator threw the entire Bar opposed to him the very first moment he opened his lips—They all forthwith seized pen and paper, and with breasts inclined, heads raised, and eyes expressive at once of deep attention and a little fear, they *apprehended* the arguments of the Learned Gentleman. It was "every line a moral" with them—"every page a history." The Court, too, was not on a bed of roses. Indeed Mr. O'Connell's arguments were, on the whole, matters in which the Court was considerably more personally concerned than were the Counsel for the Crown. Mr. O'Connell, no doubt, argued against putting the three prisoners on their trial a second time during the Commission; he appeared, however, to me to dwell more particularly on the point—that they could not be put upon their trial a second time at all, and that because the Judges had not exercised due caution before they discharged the Jury. The Counsel for the Crown, no doubt acquiesced in the act of the Court; but still *it was the act of the Court*, and the Court is somewhat more prominently before the world in the transaction than the Crown Prosecutors. Mr. O'Connell appeared to me to insist that the Court had committed two fatal errors in its progress to the discharging of the Jury. First, it had violated the *non access* principle by allowing the Physicians to go into the Room where the Jurors were closetted; and next, it had conversed with the Physicians respecting the state of the sick Jurors, without taking care that the conversation should be heard by the prisoners who had a deep interest in it. On the former point the Learned Counsel laid particular stress, and I should not be surprised if, should it so happen (and I think it very improbable) that the three men be again put on their trial, it were to be formally entered as *a plea* against the validity of further proceedings. Baron Pennefather, who is a very acute and a very dispassionate man, argued every point in the best temper, and with great ability, with the stuff-gown Barrister. The Solicitor-General spoke a few words in reply to Mr. O'Connell, but the labouring

our was evidently left to Sergeant Goold. The Sergeant acquitted himself most respectably—he delivered himself with clearness, and with a great portion of his wonted fire, "*non nunquam antiquos noscimus ignes.*" A line ball was finally made of the matter. The Solicitor-General said, that he would not press the second trial of the three men this Commission. The Counsel for the defence expressed themselves content, and the Court ruled that Conners, Lynch, and Wallis, be held over to the next Assizes. It would be wrong in me not to mention to you, that Mr. O'Connell, in the course of his argument, paid the highest compliment to the legal research of Messrs. M'Carthy and Pigott, and confesed himself deeply indebted to it on the present occasion. Baron Pennefather made flattering reference to the acuteness displayed by Mr. M'Carthy on the preceding evening. Some other of the prisoners will be put upon their trial to-morrow.

You will probably be anxious to learn some particulars of "*the forty-hours Jury.*" Various stories are afloat, but, of the following, I think, you may entertain no doubt. I have it on what ought to be good authority; and, indeed, it ought to be contradicted if not true. It is stated positively that a proposition was made in the Jury-room which involved in it as strange a disregard of truth, justice, and duty as can well be imagined. Mr. Morrogh, you are aware, was against the conviction of any of the prisoners; he had sworn on oath to decide according to evidence, and the evidence determined him to decide in favour of the prisoners. He had, it seems, *nine of his co-jurors* agreeing with him on the innocence of two of the accused—*three of them* utterly dissenting from him. What, think of a proposal to Mr. Morrogh! to declare one man guilty in order to induce the other dissentients to pronounce two men innocent—It amounted to this—"Mr. Morrogh! swear that a man is guilty and expose him to death, tho' you do not believe him to be guilty, and three Gentlemen will make a return to you by swearing that two men whom they believe to be guilty of a Conspiracy to murder are innocent of the trifle." Mr. M. it is said, at one moment, raised his right arm to his fellows, and declared that he would eat the cloth that covered it, and its flesh to the bone before he would return a verdict against any one of the prisoners. If he did the act and said the word, when the proposal of which I have spoken was made—well would the word and the act become him. I am told that the character of the County Gentlemen, was more than once lightly treated during "the forty hours." Any of the twelve jurors who may furnish the world with a full and true account of "the Room scene," would command many readers. You may expect to hear from me to-morrow, the moment any result of importance developes itself.

THURSDAY NIGHT, 9 O'CLOCK.

You, probably, have not forgotten what I said to you the other day—that it was with pleasure I heard the Solicitor-

General announcing that he would put upon trial every individual who had been charged with the Conspiracy. Well! *he* has been fulfilling his engagement—and gratifying me most abundantly. *This*, my dear Friend, *has been a great day for Ireland.* We have had another trial—and an exclusively Protestant Jury—and the same charge, and the same witnesses, and—an acquittal of the prisoners in five minutes!—The well dressed savages do not actually know whether they are upon their heads or their heels. I never saw such bewilderment, as I read in the face of each and every one of them—right happy would they be could they with safety to their purses, betake themselves homewards, but Pennefather denies them that satisfaction, and they must drink of the cup of bitterness to the dregs. Were this *November* I would be seriously alarmed for the safety of some of the gentle folks—for, assuredly, in their present spirits they would be strongly tempted to deprive the world prematurely, of much wisdom, justice and humanity—excuse this exordium—you would, if you had been in the County Cork Court House for the last dozen hours.

I shall give you an outline of the proceedings of the day—but first let me tell you—indeed I cannot contain myself—Patrick Daly is *hors de combat!*—he is demolished!—and the best of all is—that as far as appearances go, he is indebted for his utter demolition—to his own employers—abettors and eulogists!!!—others may have cast the first stone at him—*they* hit him.

The Prisoners put upon their trial this day, were—*John Burke* and *John Shine*—respectable looking farmers—and men in whose countenances Lavater would with difficulty find the lineaments of murder. I will not undertake to say what the Craniologists would make of them. Shine, you must know, is brother to the man of the same name who was tried with Leary on Friday, and sentenced to die, and who, by the bye, continues to protest his innocence as lustily as any of the three Cremens—Burke was a reputed committee-man, of the same order of dignity with Leary—*Connors*, and one *Charles Murphy*, of whom I may have to speak to you before I close this letter.

It was really astonishing—the infatuation of the Crown on the impannelling of the Jury to-day. It only shows how wisdom is not always allied with power—and that if the people do not keep an ever watchful eye upon the latter, to check it when it is aggressive, and to rebuke it when it is silly or partial—it will be a curse instead of a blessing, and if, at any time, not very mischievous—only accidentally so. The privilege of challenging Jurors was exercised this day *again* in a manner which evinced the grossest ignorance of public necessity, in the individual to whom its exercise was entrusted. The good sense of the people will, I trust, not identify the shortsightedness of this *employee* with the policy of the Government—but if mischief has not been done—if a verdict has been returned which must

command universal respect—it is not owing in the remotest degree to *the judgment* of the gentleman to whom I allude — The Brunswickers may commend *its* wisdom—but neither the prisoners who were on their trial—nor the people whose interests were at stake—nor the crown who prosecuted on behalf of that people, are indebted to *it*. I trust *the Press* will not suffer the circumstance of every Catholic on the long Panel having been challenged by the Crown on an occasion like that of this day, to pass without marked, severe, and repeated animadversion. I hope the Cork papers in particular will take up the affair manfully and honestly, and that nothing will deter them or seduce them from the performance of their duty—*if* they do not—they will prove traitors to the principles and the cause which they profess to advocate; and when they boast of honesty and independence, they will deserve to be reminded of the Special Commission of 1629, and of their conduct on that occasion. Catholics of the first respectability in the Co., for property, station, intelligence and integrity, were this day *set aside* by the Crown—not one of them was allowed to be sworn on the Jury, and *because* they were Catholics. I have it that the challenger had not the prudence to keep his own counsel, and that the words "*he is a Catholic*" and "*challenged,*" were heard to proceed from him—the wiseacre, wishing to exhibit the philosophical causes whence his very creditable effects proceeded. What was the language of this man? Nothing more nor less than this—that the Judge who tried the Doneraile Conspirators may be a Catholic—a Juror should not. Mr. O'Connell muttered, looked, and acted deep indignation at the conduct which I have thus brought before you. The well dressed savages were overjoyed—they could not, to be sure, shake off altogether the fear that the *Morrogh* Jury had impressed on them; but then, another Jury of twelve good Protestants was an exhilirating sight, and they revelled in it. They were *no prophets.*

* The following are the names of the second exclusively Protestant Jury:—

William M'O'Boy,	John Smith,
John W. Anderson,	John Deane Freeman,
Thomas J. Bigge,	Thomas Knowles,
William Busteed,	Philip Somerville,
Thomas Gollock,	Henry Baldwin,
Hewitt Poole Baldwin,	Henry Wigmore.

Challenged by the Crown this day:—

John Wrixon,	Matthew Hendley,
James Hennessy,	Charles Crofts,
Laurence Corban,	Thomas Spratt,
Isaac Bigge,	William Power,
John Coghlan,	William O'Sullivan,
Rickard Deasy,	James Morrogh,
John Purcell,	Richard Sealy.

The Solicitor General was considerably more tolerable this day than on former occasions. Comparatively speaking, the country had little cause to complain of him; and individuals—I mean the Harold Barrys—less. If he had spoken on Friday or Monday even as on this day, I might have treated him with some lenity; but, really, whatever disposition the Gentleman might have had, his conduct was so *ultra* that it could not be borne with. It was quite sufficient for him to have commented on evidence, when he knew his commentaries could not be criticised or replied to; it was quite sufficient for him to have introduced the Owen Dalys as witnesses above suspicion;—where the prisoners must have been inspired, to be able, forthwith, to discredit such testimony; all this was enough, and bad enough, without indulging in a strain of observations which made almost every Brunswicker, Magistrate and Landlord, he addressed, *imagine*, that the great body of our peasantry were in fearful confederacy against them, and *believe* that the accused were of the bloodiest of the combinators. Some change ought to be made in the criminal law in this respect. It is a horrible thing that the lives of men may be speeched away before a single fact has been proved in evidence against them, and that neither themselves nor their Counsel will be suffered to reply.

I must bring you at once to *the great circumstance* of this trial. Nowlan was after being examined, and *Patrick Daly was on the table, having just deposed* to the tent meeting at Rathclare Fair—to Burke the prisoner having been there as a Committee-man—to the writing, signing, and sending the assassination paper—in a word, to every thing he had sworn on the preceding days—and every word of which Judges and Jurors must have imagined on these preceding days, Patrick Daly to have communicated to Colonel Hill, and substantiated on oath, immediately after Rathclare Fair. Attend now—*At this moment* Baron Pennefather was observed to call Mr. O'Connell to him,—with which gentleman he held converse for some minutes, and evidently in reference to a document which his Lordship held in his hand. Mr. O'Connell got the document from the Bench, and having resumed his seat, proceeded to read it. Meanwhile the business of the Court was suspended—curiosity was excited to the utmost pitch. Those who observed the manner of the Judge and the Counsel felt as if the investigation had come to a crisis—they looked upon the document which Mr. O'Connell gravely perused, as something pregnant with life or death to many...the very assassination order itself ...or that which would blow up the thing for ever:...it was the latter.

Mr. O'Connell having read the document throughout, resumed the cross examination of the witness—he had previously commenced it. Having just elicited from Patrick, the *unimportant!* declaration, that his cousin Owen *was not with him in the tent while the writing was going on*—he forthwith broke *new ground* altogether. He asked Patrick *if* he had not

told every thing about the tent scene, to the Magistrates, the day after it occurred—told them of the assassination order—of the committee men that signed that order...*if* he had not been sworn by the Magistrates to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about the transaction, and if he had not made his deposition to them in the spirit of the oath he had sworn. To all these questions Patrick answered "*yes.*" Mr. O'Connell having advanced thus far, handed to the witness the document of which I have been speaking to you, and thereupon asked him, if it bore the signature of the very Patrick Daly on the table. Patrick eyed it, and eyed it, and eyed it again, but for his life, he could discover nothing but the likeness to his "*scratch*" on it—he would not undertake to swear that it was "*the fist*" of Patrick Daly. Mr. O'Connell next proceeded to ask Patrick if he had told the Jury every thing he knew about the tent scene, and following up the question, forth came from Patrick, *this very drilling like* sort of declaration, "I dare not speak only an answer." Mr. O'Connell helped the timidity of the gentleman. "Well then," said Patrick, "as you want the whole foundation, Murphy said that there were as bad men in the country as the three named...that Major Maxwell and Mr. Battwell ought to be killed, and that *Mr. Daniel Clancy*, of Charleville, would give £100 to whoever killed either Gentleman, and £200 for the two"!!! "Mr. Daniel Clancy, *the Catholic Magistrate*," muttered the people in Court. Mr. O'Connell was heard to say in an under-tone, "*by and by we shall have some one higher.*" Patrick Daly left the table, but not before he had assured Baron Pennefather that Owen Daly was not present during the writing in the tent, and had not been "*knudged*," or spoken to by him in reference to it. Let me here tell you now, that *the document* communicated by Baron Pennefather to Mr. O'Connell, perused by the latter with such overwhelming interest to the Court, and handed by him to Patrick Daly, was nothing more or less than "*the Informations*" which had been deposed to by Patrick Daly the very day following the Fair of Rathclare, Informations drawn up by Colonel Hill that day and countersigned by Michael Creagh, Esq. the day following; they spoke of Charles Murphy and of Major Maxwell, and of Mr. Battwell—of Mr. Clancy, of Charleville—and of the hundred and two hundred pounds.....*but they were as silent as the grave about the assassination order*—though Mr. Creagh, the very Gentleman by whom they were countersigned, was one of the three *for whose assassination on the First of May* that order had been signed and forwarded *on the 27th of April*.—A plot! a plot! was the exclamation of every sane man in Court, who heard of this astounding omission—*Hiatus valde deflendus*! said some wag who was standing by me. I declare it—I never experienced such gratification in my life, as I did this day when this *eclaircissement* was made. I must accuse myself, however, of having been a little malicious in

my exultation. I turned to some well-dressed savages who were near me, and though I knew how they felt, I spoke as if they were overjoyed like myself, and told them that it could not but be a source of high gratification to them, to discover that the people of the country were not entirely as bad as they had been represented—and that they could themselves go to bed at night with a well-founded hope that they would not *wake in the morning with their throats cut*...they looked unutterable things!

You will, no doubt, ask me why were not these Informations forthcoming on the trial of Leary ..a train of ideas will arise in your mind, and you will demand if these Informations had been known to the Crown Lawyers before the issuing of the Special Commission...or before this day...if they had been briefed to them....did Colonel Hill and Mr. Creagh forget them altogether, and how if they had not forgotten them, it happened that they did not give the benefit of their memories to the prisoners. All I can say is, that it is understood that these Informations had not been returned to the office of the Clerk of the Peace...that Baron Pennefather had to send for them to Doneraile, and to give my own opinion, that *they* will make more noise than the deponents, the drawers up, or the countersigners, probably imagined. What in particular induced Baron Pennefather to look for these Informations, is not well known. Some say that the inquiry originated in the effort of Mr. Parker, of Passage, to save the Peasantry at the expense of the Priests and the Catholic Gentry...others, that the Baron was struck with the contradictions of Nowlan respecting Leary, and the contrariety of Nowlan's and Daly's testimonies on the same subject. I said to you in the commencement of this communication, that I would have some observations to make respecting the prisoner *Charles Murphy*. If the Magistrates held in memory what Patrick Daly had deposed to respecting that man...and believed that Patrick Daly was not inventing a falsehood...I cannot understand why they did not urge on his trial in preference to that of several others. According to Patrick Daly's account of him, he had advised the murder, not of Messrs. Bond Lowe, Creagh and Evans only..., *but* of Major Maxwell and Mr. Battwell also. Others were for the murder of three...Murphy of *five*. How did it happen that he was not put even the second day upon his trial? I cannot account with myself for the circumstance, but in one or other of *two ways*. It must have been apprehended that, if Murphy were put early on his trial, what has taken place would take place...*or*, Mr. Clancy of Charleville must have been suspected of being too a conspirator, and an idea was entertained that Murphy may *peach* when he saw his brother committe-men going before him to the gallows, and that disclosures of a certain kind are more *conveniently* made before prisoners are actually in the halter. Mr. Clancy, I think, is bound to sift

the affair to the bottom. It is a duty which he owes to himself and to society.

Owen Daly, or "*Cloumper*," as the clenching witness is denominated by *the mere Irish*, from his simple tendencies to litigation, was shown up after his cousin Patrick. Suffice it to say, that Patrick swore that Owen was with him at the entrance to the tent, and there only, and Owen *clenched* what Patrick said by swearing that it was at the bottom of the tent they enjoyed themselves !.. that Patrick swore that cousin Owen and he had but a pint of porter each, and that Owen *clenched again*, by doubling the quantity !—that Patrick swore that Owen saw not the writing in the tent ; was not knudged by him, or told by him to take notice of the writing—and that Owen *clenched* the three points together, by swearing the very contrary ! ! "Among ye be it, blind harpers," ejaculated the same Wag who *wept* the gap in the informations.

The only other witness, whose testimony I think worth noticing, was Mr. Creagh, one of the intended victims. He identified Patrick Daly's signature to the Informations. He identified the informations as being in the hand writing of Colonel Hill—he identified them as countersigned by himself.—He deposed that Daly had been sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, respecting the tent scene at the Fair of Rathclare, and that every thing Patrick Daly said respecting that tent scene was to be found in the depositions. *This* was being quite satisfactory in one point. Mr. Creagh was admirable upon another point also.—Observe this—for I think it of great importance not merely to John Shine, in whose favour it was brought out, but *even of William Shine, his brother, who is now under sentence of death.* You will recollect what the Solicitor-General spoke about Landlords'rights, and the invasion of them by the confederacy and such persons as *William Shine.* It was given to the Jury, by whom that unfortunate man was tried, that he had enmity to Mr. Creagh as a Landlord, for dispossessing his brother.... What think you ? this very day Mr. Creagh admitted that *John Shine*, the prisoner at the bar, is his tenant—that possession was restored to him last March—consequently that neither *William Shine*, nor John Shine, could think of murdering Mr. Creagh as an ejecting landlord, *at the* date when, according to the witnesses, their thoughts were most bent on the atrocity. What could have bewildered Mr. Creagh not to have mentioned, on the trial of William Shine, that the relation of Landlord and Tenant had never been practically dissolved between him and William Shine's brother ? I trust that Mr. Creagh will make amends for this error. I believe *him* to be an honest but a credulous man.

Before I get rid of the evidence, let me inform you that *Nowlan*, whilst on the table, addressed one of the Judges, Baron Pennefather I believe, in the following manner: "*These are many in for this trial, my Lord, who are innocent.*" He

also said, "*These men* (meaning the two prisoners) *are innocent.*" We paid very little respect to the avowals of the worthy fellow. It occurred to us, that they might have been for effect, and we were almost certain of it when we heard the gentleman enuntiate, "*there would be none of this work, only for you, Mr. O'Connell.*" "Who told you to say that," rejoined the Barrister, with a look and a tone that spoke volumes.

The Informations of Patrick Daly having been read in evidence, Baron Pennefather proceeded to charge the Jury. His Lordship was nearly two hours and a half speaking. Others have discovered in the charge of the Learned Baron much in favour of the prisoners. I must confess that I listened to the Learned Baron with considerable attention, and that I failed in making any such discovery. The prisoners are, I think, deeply, incalculably indebted to his Lordship, for the sagacity which sought Patrick Daly's Informations, and, let me add, too, the wish that those Informations, may be useful in proving the innocence of the accused.—Here the obligations of the prisoners terminate. His Lordship's charge did ample justice to the case of the prosecutors, and that case failed, owing to any thing but having got into partial hands in the Bench. Better thus, however, for the character of those who had been on their trials. A verdict of acquittal, under such circumstances, is doubly gratifying. Just as the Jury were retiring, Mr. Francis M'Carthy intimated to the Court that the prisoners at the bar had been out on bail, and had voluntarily come in for trial. Baron Pennefather called back the Jury, and stated to them the circumstance, observing that it was one which ought to weigh favourably for the prisoners.

In five minutes, the Jury returned a verdict of *Not Guilty.* Nothing could have equalled the joy of the people—save and except the mortification of the savages.—There were as marked indications of triumph in Court as could be expected under the circumstances. Their Lordships themselves appeared to me not to be chagrined at the result. They seemed to be joyous, if not at the acquittal of the prisoners, certainly at something emanating from their trial. It may be that they are heartily tired, or something else, of the Commission, and that they imagine the prosecutors have now got enough of it. This much I know, that Judge Torrens, immediately after the trial, said to George Bennett, "*George, let me not see your face here again*"—words which you may interpret just as you think proper.

The decision of the Jury soon became known in the most distant extremities of our City—it reached the Chamber of Commerce with the rapidity of lightning. Mr. O'CONNELL was at the Chamber at the moment—and when the fact was communicated to him by the son of one of the best men this or

any other City can boast of†—he uncovered his head, and raised his eyes in adoration, and with a solemnity and fervidness of manner which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it—he thanked and blessed Providence for the favour which it had conferred. "*God be praised,*" said the great and good man. There was beside him a Gentleman of warm heart and fervent spirit—one who had early suspected that all that had been said about the Doneraile Conspiracy was not gospel—who urged the mission of Burke to Derrinane—and was most active in aiding the Counsel and Agents for the defence, from the first opening of the Commission—this worthy man‖ could not restrain the feelings of delight which swelled within him—he grasped the hand of the Agitator, and prayed that the God to whom that Agitator had given the glory of the event which had taken place may bless him, and give him life for "*a hundred years.*" The scene altogether was deeply interesting. It occurs to me that you will have no more trials.

SATURDAY.—10 O'CLOCK, A. M.

All is over—Judges gone—Solicitor-General gone.—Scarcely a well-dressed savage to be seen in our streets,—the untried Prisoners let out on bail—every thing nearly as you would wish it to be.

I scarcely overtook their Lordships today. As I entered the Court, the Solicitor-General was giving up the Ghost of the Commission. He said that his Learned Friends and himself had determined to proceed with no further trial, and that there was no objection that the untried Prisoners should be admitted to bail. Compliments then passed very freely between Judges, Jurors, King's Counsel, &c.— The Solicitor General spoke of the tenderness and humanity of the Gentlemen who felt it their duty to take an active part in the prosecution; and Mr. O'Connell complimented *the Bench* for its conduct yesterday. The scene in the street when the emancipated prisoners and their friends met in warm embrace was truly gratifying: They all spoke of O'Connell and "the tender people" of Cork.

The execution of Leary, Shine, Roche, and Magrath, has been ruled for the 14th of next month. Take it for granted, that Leary and Shine are safe,—Government will never suffer them to be executed. As to Roche and Magrath, they have been charged with conspiracy—they may be guilty—though I have my doubts respecting one of them in particular. I cannot see, however, how, *looking at the terms of the indictment* under which they were *tried*, sentence of execution can be carried into effect against them. It is admitted that they were tried for a *conspiracy*—the evidence on which that charge rested has broken down.

† Jeremiah Murphy. ‖ Daniel Meagher.

[It was generally supposed that with the Special Commission there was an end of the Doneraile Trials. That supposition, however, did not prove to have been well founded. In the Spring Assizes of 1830, the three men, respecting whom the mixed Jury differed, were again put upon their trial, and one of them was found guilty.—I wrote "DONERAILIANA," as a supplement to the "DESPATCHES;" moreover, I did not think that the newspaper reports of this last trial were satisfactory.]

DONERAILIANA.

CORK, APRIL 5.

You have imposed rather a troublesome task on me. I shall, however, endeavour to execute it. Besides, I now recollect that in one of my "Despatches from the Special Commission," I gave you to understand that these men would be never again brought to trial. You have a right, then, to suppose that the Crown Prosecutors broke new ground; for, indeed, it was scarcely to be imagined that they could think of returning to the charge with the old appointments. For my part, I could discern no improvement in the machinery. The evidence was, I think, weaker this time than in October.

If your memory be good you will recollect that I complained of the manner in which the prisoners had been grouped for trial at the Special Commission. Men of bad or doubtful character were given in charge to the Jury in company with persons on whom the breath of calumny had never before lighted. Wealthy and respectable farmers were joined in the same indictment with reputed high-way robbers. O'Leary in particular, had cause to complain of this species of coupling. It did not allow the Jury who tried him to determiue his case from *his* merits or demerits. It compelled them to hold his fate in a great degree dependent *on* the merits or demerits of *others*. It is not improbable that O'Leary would have been acquitted, if his acquittal and the conviction of others could have been pronounced with any degree of consistency. The Jury thought that they could not believe and disbelieve at the same moment.—They preferred believing the witnesses, and they accordingly found O'Leary and the three who were given in charge with him guilty. The twelve Gentlemen proved themselves no Solomons *by believing*, but their belief was, after all, more tolerable than the *belief—unbelief*—of twelve Gentlemen

who came after them—*Lynch*, Connors and Wallis, you are aware, were the three men respecting whom the Morrogh Jury differed. They were put upon their trial a second time on Tuesday. Connors and Wallis, both farmers—the former of the better class—*Lynch*, a labouring boy, who if not found guilty of having conspired to murder Messrs. Lowe, Creagh and Evans, was to have been prosecuted on a charge of highway robbery. The alternative that awaited *Lynch*, whether truly or falsely, was known in the Jury box and out of the Jury box. The rumour of it could not have served him. It paved the way to a ready credence in any charge which may be brought against him, and helped to effect, that witnesses, whose testimony, when directed against others, would be received with great caution, should be listened to with an ear of credulity, when inculpating him.—It is, however, in some degree, mere chance, that Juries do not entertain, to the detriment of men in Connor's infelicitous juxta-position, evidence, which they readily credit, as against men in *Lynch's* circumstances.—And, even when a distinction is made, the association of which I complain is still injurious—an acquittal on evidence which produces a conviction is but half an acquittal—such will be the language of fools and knaves—so mischievous is it not to pay a due regard to character, even in the very dock. An indiscriminate grouping of persons for trial on the same charge can never make the punishment of guilt more certain—though it may sometimes oppress innocence, and shield the oppressors. I do not impute to the Gentlemen who conducted the Doneraile trials any disposition to injure a single hair of the head of any human being, when I make these remarks on the manner in which they brought up for trial the reputed conspirators—the truth of them, however, is so obvious, that I am astonished how they did not save me and others the trouble of making them.—The interest excited by the rumour that this trial was to be repeated was, comparatively speaking, inconsiderable. That was caused in some degree by the circumstances of our City Election, which were still agitating the public mind. It proceeded much more, from the impression made abroad by the Special Commission, an impression that the Member for Clare, Edward Morrogh, and the Jury of twelve Protestants by whom Burke and Shine were acquitted, had struck the life out of the Conspiracy charge, and that its remains were not worth notice:—those remains could not boast of incorruptibility. The Jury that tried the case consisted of *eleven Protestants and one Catholic*. This was rather an ill-proportioned assortment. The Crown Solicitor, however, boasts of having

made no challenges. I give that Gentleman the credit of having read with advantage certain lessons administered in the *Cork Chronicle*, to persons holding trusts similar to his—and as far as impanelling of the Jury is concerned, I am much more inclined to find fault with the agents who conducted the defence, than with any other quarter.—I understand that these gentlemen had agreed that the three prisoners should not join in their challenges. If that agreement had been persevered in, and acted upon, a much more popular Jury than the one impannelled may have been procured. The roll of 124 Jurors that had been called over may not have contained many names that sounded well in the public ear—some half dozen perfectly unobjectionable men, however, may have been found upon it, and if even that number had been sworn to try the prisoners, persons would not have been heard in Court and out of Court, speaking of the Jury as composed of "Eleven Brunswickers, and one Papist."* It was a misrepresentation to denominate the eleven Protestant Gentlemen who were on the Jury, Brunswickers. There were too many Protestants on that Jury, but some of them who were on it are liberal men—they may err in judgment, as, in my mind, they have erred in the present instance; but it cannot be said that they were set astray by political bias. The Agents for the defence ought to have struggled hard before they gave up the fate of their clients to a Jury constituted as that on Tuesday. They had more than sufficient of experience and of admonition to guide them. Sergeant Goold stated the case for the prosecution—and to do the learned Gentleman justice, his statement was very unlike the statement made most particularly on the first and second trials during the Special Commission by Mr. Solicitor General Dogherty. Sergeant Goold evidently felt himself that there were some precedents not to be followed. I admit he complimented the Solicitor-General in the course of his address; but when that address was over, he consulted more than one friend as to its appropriateness. He was heard to say, that he trusted that he had kept himself to the strict line of his duty. He declared that when he rose to address the Court and the Jury, he had determined to avoid every thing calculated to produce excitement—to re-

* The following are the names of this Jury:—

Mathew Hendley,	Thomas Hungerford,
Robert Traverse,	John Thomas Cramer,
Michael Roberts,	Norman Uniacke,
John Isaac Heard,	Isaac Biggs,
Richard Smith,	William Sheehy,
William Lander,	William Newman.

frain from travelling into extrinsic topics, or indulging in general observations; and when he was told that he had adhered to his determination, he appeared to be not a little gratified—This comes of the working of an honest Press. I do not intend to insinuate that Sergeant Gould had not the delicacy and sense to pursue of his own free will, the course which he marked out for himself, in addressing the Court and the Jury on Tuesday, but it is clear that public opinion, pronounced through the Press, had its influence on him That public opinion, I regret to think, had a faithful expression through but *one portion of the Public Press of this City*, as far as the circumstances of the Doneraile Conspiracy are concerned—"*The Cork Chronicle*"—that Journal alone did its duty when the character of the peasantry of this County was ignorantly traduced by persons in high places—when feelings which could have been moderated into sobriety, were excited almost beyond the bounds of control. Sergeant Gould proved by his conduct on Tuesday, that the *Chronicle* was right, and that those other Journals, that praised when they ought to have censured, violated their duty—and violating it to the abandonment of the weak side—violated it basely.

It was rumoured for some days previously to the trial that new witnesses were to be brought forward. I noticed but one strange face—and that was Colonel Hill's Steward. He was produced to corroborate the spy's testimony. No doubt some of those who brought him to Cork, imagined his evidence would be of great consequence—with me and several others it was light as a feather. The evidence altogether was the most inconclusive that can well be imagined. The informers, Sheehan, Nowlan, Murphy and the two Dalys, exhibited to worse advantage than at the Special Commission, and that is saying enough for them. The other witnesses, including even Hovenden the Steward, deposed to nothing that could fairly be thrown into the scale against all, or any of the prisoners. To give you some idea of the display made by the informers on Tuesday, I shall state to you a few *novelties* connected with them—you cannot have forgotten the swearing scene at Ned Roche's room in Doneraile, where John Leary solicited *David Sheehan* to commit murder, swore David to shed innocent blood, and handed David a paper pledging to the perpetration of the deed, which paper we all thought David signed: no such thing—David Sheehan told the Court and the Jury on Tuesday, that he *had not signed* the assassination paper, and that John Leary "*the solicitor*" had not required of him to sign it. Baron Pennefather requested of David to look at a paper which he presented to him. David partly

recognised it,—this was a confession or information made to a Magistrate by David subsequently to the date of the meeting at Ned Roche's, and *not a word about* that meeting. *Nowlan* (who would not have spared Doctor Norcott's daughter) had not (*fortunately!* as I heard a certain police officer remarking) lodged any informations—there was therefore no trying him by his own rule—no convicting him *a la* Patrick Daly or David Sheehan—however, he, too, was caught tripping. At the Special Commission he swore that he met Sheehan at a meeting in Doneraile on a certain Sunday—last Tuesday he swore that he never met Sheehan at a Meeting in that place. This fellow evinced such a facility to commit crime and to forget facts—that it is only to be wondered at how his oath could have availed even against the prejudged robber.—Nowlan swore right and left against Lynch. The *Dalys*, "Par nobile Fratrum," were themselves again. I had not my eye upon Patrick when he took the book into his hand, but Mr. Gerard Fitzgibbon, a young Barrister, swore in the after part of the trial that Patrick did not kiss the book when he ought to have kissed it. "The reformed Whiteboy," upon being questioned on the point, repeatedly said that he thought he had performed the ceremony.—It is possible that Mr. Fitzgibbon might be in error. His conviction, however, was strongly sustained by a distinction made by Patrick on the first of the Commission Trials. Mr. M'Carthy, by whom Patrick was then cross-examined, asked if a certain reply which had been made to him was "on oath?" "Oh," quoth Patrick, "I am not on my oath but when swearing against the prisoners." —Such was the ingenious fellow the defence had to guard against. Owen Daly, alias "Cloumper," presented to the Court the most forbidding aspect that I ever witnessed with human being—it was that monstrous thing which whilst it preserved the lineaments of boyhood, bore on its front a hideous load of the crimes and anxieties of "many years." The enquiry concerning the Rathclare tent scene brought some new matters to light. You remember every thing connected therewith that was elicited during the Special Commission. It remained for us to learn on Tuesday from Mr. Patrick Daly, that a *written order* was communicated to the Committee-men in council assembled, from the meeting of Privates in Doneraile, who had determined on applying to higher powers—and moreover, that the far famed *assassination order* (respecting which Patrick's informations were *unfortunately* silent) *was signed by Barrett, who was not a Committee-man*—and again, that that order which all the world thought was for assassination alone, enjoined *the attacking of houses also*, if it was necessary. Owen

Daly's head was knocked against Pat's, in excellent style this time, as formerly.—*Thomas Murphy* was the last of the informers. His testimony, if good for any thing, bore against *Lynch* only. Observe, now, whether or not any importance attached to it. *Murphy* swore at the Special Commission that Lynch, Magner, Roche and one of the Magraths, communicated to him their intention to murder Mr. Lowe. He swore on Tuesday that Lynch *was not in the room* with the party by whom the communication was made. Formerly he could assign no motive for such a communication being made to him. Now he recollects a proposal being made to him to join in the assassination. On the table he swears that he had no altercation with Lynch. Informations bearing the mark of Thomas Murphy were exhibited by the Court, contradictory of that swearing. Those informations, too, sworn subsequently to the Mallow Fair, are silent respecting the tap room scene. Baron Pennefather did not hand up these informations to the Jury, and for this reason, I think, that names were introduced into them which it was better should not go to the public. They were sworn before Major Maxwell of Charleville. I would certainly like to have a peep into them. The chances are, some Catholic Gentlemen, who little dream of it, are "*Clanceyed*" in them. You will admit now, I believe, that the informers did not come more purely out of the fire on Tuesday than on a quondam occasion. If not entitled to belief then, much less now—there was nothing in their unimpeached testimony to redeem their rottenness. Mind, *this* was one of the great circumstances of corroboration. Patrick Daly meets Col. Hill's Steward at Kildorrery Fair, and tells him the boys were lying in wait for Mr. Lowe. The Steward meets Mr. Lowe, who is at the fair, and communicates to him the intelligence. Mr. Lowe swears that he saw Lynch at the fair; and Nowlan swears that Lynch was there for the purpose of murder.—Now all this may be true enough; but it must be evident to every man, that the value to be attached to it, when the life of a human being is at stake, is commensurate with the degree of credit to which Messrs. Nowlan and Daly are entitled. That Mr. Bond Lowe should see a countryman at a fair is no very extraordinary or suspicious circumstance. —A man of more morality than Nowlan could be found to fabricate a falsehood; and all the acuteness of "the reformed Whiteboy" is not necessary to propagate alarms, when money is to be made by propagating them.

Mr. Creagh was called up, to give the same testimony which he had supplied on former occasions. The cross-examination of that Gentleman by Mr. Francis M'Carthy

was, perhaps, the most spirited and interesting part of the piece. It was admitted on all hands that Patrick Daly had been once a whiteboy. Patrick himself, rather untowardly admitted in his direct examination that he had sworn with several others, to murder the three Magistrates—he qualified the admission, however, by saying that he would not commit the murder "*with his own hands*," and he evidently intended that the jury should believe that though he took the oath—it was merely *lip-work*. Mr. M'Carthy, keeping I presume, these points in his eye, sought to elicit from Mr. Creagh, the acknowledgment that Patrick Daly was a spy, and such a spy as would not be very unlikely to devote innocent men to punishment, in case he failed in discovering self-made victims. Mr. Creagh evinced great delicacy towards Patrick Daly, in replying to the questions of Counsel, and no doubt he was right—proceeding as he must, on his own conscientious impression. It is a question to me, however, if Mr. Creagh may not have admitted with perfect correctness that Patrick Daly was "*a spy*," and when the following question was substantially proposed to him, "Do you suppose that a man who had sworn to commit murder would, when employed as a spy, feel any remorse in devoting an innocent man to punishment, in case he failed in discovering the really guilty,"—it occurs to me that when that question was proposed to Mr. Creagh, his reply ought not to have been, "I can't presume to give you an answer."

It is currently reported in Cork, and, indeed, I had it from a Gentleman who heard the statement from the lips of Shine himself, in the presence of Mr. Murphy, the Governor of the County Gaol, that Mr. Creagh did make to that Shine a few days after his conviction, an admission of his altered faith in the witnesses for the prosecution—in other words, that when Shine told him he could never forgive him for having suspected him capable of conspiring against his life, Captain Creagh wept, and, in the fulness of his heart, declared to the convict that now he believed in his innocence. This story has received such wide spread credit in Cork, that, if untrue, it now becomes a matter of prudence for Mr. Creagh to contradict it. It is probable though, that since last October circumstances may have sprung up to justify Mr. Creagh in resuming his good opinion of some of the witnesses by whom Lynch was accused. According to appearances, however, assuming the story I have told you to be true, Mr. Creagh's respect for Patrick Daly in March, 1830, is inconsistent with Mr. Creagh's admission to William Shine in October, 1829; for you

must hold in recollection that Patrick Daly was the most efficient swearer against Shine's life and character.

You have the evidence for the defence on the public Journals, and if I allude to any portion of it, it is merely to illustrate the motives why certain evidence which could have been brought forward was withheld. *Burke*, the man who was acquitted in five minutes by the 12 Protestant Jurors, was in Court on Tuesday; he was ready and willing to come forward, and the prisoners were most anxious that he should be produced; a portion of their legal friends shared in that anxiety—it was determined, however, at a meeting of the Counsel and Agents, that the more prudent course would be to allow the case to go to the jury, without the intervention of any of the accused as witnesses. I have particularly enquired as to the motive of this determination, and the more so, as I had observed that the Brunswicker Paper, "*the Evening Mail*," inferred the guilt of all the prisoners untried as well as tried, acquitted as well as convicted, from the fact that Burke was not produced on the witness table. The reply to my enquiry was—a reference to the history of the Special Commission—the ready credulity which certain persons lent to every thing inculpating the peasantry, and the danger there was that a *lapsus linguæ*, made by a man in Burke's circumstances, would not be interpreted as charitably as if made by some others. I will express no opinion on the policy or impolicy of the resolution which was thus accounted for. I cannot, however, but admit that the experience of the Special Commission, went great lengths to justify it—recollect how Mr. H. Barry was treated—recollect how Mr. Twiss was solicited to go off the table: see, too, how that same Mr. Twiss was treated on last Tuesday. He came forward to depose to his disbelief in *Cloumper's* veracity. How was his own veracity sought to be impeached? It was discovered that Mr. Twiss had borrowed a guinea from this man, and a guinea from that man, and had not yet made payment. This was thrown in his face, with a view to invalidate his testimony, as if the like heinousness could not be objected to four-fifths of the long panel. How light the oath of the late Duke of York would have weighed, if tried in this balance!

The Charge of the Judge was in a great degree a repetition of what had fallen from that learned personage on former occasions. His Lordship appeared to me to be particularly solicitous to fix the attention of the Jury to the consideration whether or not the Prosecutors might not have been able to produce stronger evidence to sustain their charge of guilt—the Prisoners stronger evidence to

prove their plea of innocence. Let me remark to you that the prisoners, almost up to the last moment, were under the impression that they would not be again put to trial, and that their defence was got up in a very hurried, and (I believe, to some of the Gentlemen who conducted it) in a very unsatisfactory manner. His Lordship repeatedly insisted on the difficult questions that were involved in the matter before the jury—and although he did not expressly say, that the Jury would pursue the safer course in acquitting all the prisoners—I would, had I been on the Jury, have considered that the spirit of his observations. The Jury were closetted for nearly three quarters of an hour—and, during that time, Baron Pennefather twice directed the Sub-Sheriff to enquire, if they were soon likely to agree to a verdict. It was late, no doubt, but I do confess, that from the expectation which I read in the Baron's countenance, of a speedy verdict, I was confirmed in my opinion, that his Lordship looked forward to the acquittal of all the prisoners. The argument which may be raised on a proposition to find all, or any of the prisoners, guilty, would require more than half an hour, or three quarters of an hour to dispose of it. It was interesting to hear some of the colloquies which were held in Court pending the absence of the Jury. I was in a group which included Major Vokes, C. Constable Kiely, Mr. Crown Solicitor Barrington, &c. &c. I could not resist saying, in the midst of them, that I would not hang three cats on the testimony for the prosecution—that I considered the evidence of the unimpeached witnesses as nothing, and the evidence of the informers as next to nothing. I was asked if I believed in the existence of any conspiracy. I admitted my belief in a conspiracy, but not *such a conspiracy* as the Solicitor-General had talked of; and I said, before I could bring myself to convict the humblest man of having been connected with it, I should have proof of the connexion as clear and as conclusive as would be sought for, were Peers and not Peasants in jeopardy. The Foreman of the Jury pronounced first the verdict in reference to Lynch: the word—*guilty*, produced a very perceptible sensation of amazement in several persons who heard it. When Connors and Wallis were declared to be *not guilty*, a partial cheer followed. The newspapers tell you the remainder.

I have myself conversed with one of the Jury on the subject of the verdict, and I have spoken also with persons who conversed with others of that Jury, and I can assure you, that it appears to me, from every thing I can hear, that the Jury were not a little encouraged in rushing to the verdict at which they arrived, by the consideration, that

Lynch, if not afforded *a chance* by their verdict, and its accompaniment, would be certainly hanged, as a highway robber. The Government must be of opinion that THE CONSPIRACY was all a fabrication, from its admitting the CHARLES MURPHYS and others, to stand out on *their own* recognizances.

NOTES.

1. The verdict having been obtained against *Lynch*, it was intimated that the Crown was not disposed to go on with the other trials; but would admit to bail on their own recognizances the sixteen individuals inculpated but not tried. On the part of these sixteen persons, Mr. Freeman, the Barrister, applied that they should be discharged unconditionally. On this application, Mr. Bennett, K.C., was reported to have addressed the Court in the following terms:—

"My Lord—On the part of the Crown I will consent to no such thing. As I stated before, an act of great clemency has been extended to those persons, and they should deem it as such; for, if they were tried, from the evidence we could produce, there is no doubt but a conviction would follow against some of them at least. If, therefore, Counsel will not agree to their entering into their own recognizances, the Crown must be under the necessity of proceeding at once with the trials."

In the CHRONICLE of Friday the ...th of April, I commented on this display of Mr. George Bennett. I said, that on the preceding Tuesday, Sheehan had sworn to a meeting in Doneraile, at which Leary solicited him and some others to murder the Messrs. Lowe, Creagh, and Evans. I asserted that Sheehan, upon being cross-examined by the Counsel for the prisoners and the Court, touching this meeting, broke down. I added..." What was the language of one of the Counsel for the Crown (a Gentleman who had been here during the Special Commission), upon Sheehan's leaving the table ..." *I doubt very much if Sheehan was at that meeting at all.*" I then asked, was it by the Sheehans that "the conviction of some at least" of those who sought to be enlarged was to be achieved; and I asked, moreover, if those who doubted the evidence of the Sheehans "very much" were the persons who would use them as witnesses. I concluded my comment on Mr. Bennett's display by reminding the public, that John O'Leary had, on the first of the Doneraile Trials, been found guilty of having solicited Sheehan to commit murder, on the evidence of that Sheehan whose veracity a King's Counsel was known, at the last of the Doneraile Trials, "to doubt very much"...in other words, "not to credit."

2. The Irish Government respited John O'Leary, Magrath, Shine, and Roche, until it took the opinion of the twelve Judges on their case...that opinion taken, another respite followed, which stayed execution till after the Spring Assizes. The Assizes came, and the half and half verdict with it...the four

prisoners, named, and Lynch with them, were removed from the County Gaol to the Convict Hulk at Cove...thence they were sent to New South Wales. Several attempts have been made to induce the Government to reconsider John O'Leary's case, and thereby restore him to his kindred and country. The present Irish Secretary has, I understand, promised to give his attention to the matter.

3. Mr. O'Connell, in his place in Parliament, on the 12th of May, 1830, moved for Copies of the Informations or Depositions of Patrick Daly, one of the witnesses at the Special Commission held in Cork, in the month of October, 1829 ; also, of the Notes of the Judges who presided at the Commission.

The motion was negatived by a majority of 70 to 12. Mr. Dogherty, in the course of his speech on the occasion, made three admissions....first, that the Informations of Patrick Daly had been forwarded in due time by the Doneraile Magistrates to Cork....next, that he had seen them previously to the trials... thirdly, that he had noticed the famous *omission*. He accounted, however, for his silence respecting that omission by saying, that he thought it made more against the prisoners than in favour of them....a strange conclusion. Mr. Dogherty endeavoured to shift a portion of the responsibility which attached to the non-production of Daly's deposition, by saying that it was early in the possession of Judge Pennefather, and that he had approved of the conviction which had taken place.

The following are the names of the Minority who voted on Mr. O'Connell's motion :—

Blandford, Marquis	Harvey, D. W.	Warburton, H.
Cave, R. O.	Heathcote, E.	Wood, John
Cholmley, M.	Hobhouse, J. C.	TELLERS:
French, Arthur	Jephson, C. D.	Hume, Joseph
Grattan, James	Tomes, J.	O'Connell, D.

Mr. Dan Callaghan, the Member for Cork, took a part in the discussion on Mr. O'Connell's motion. He said, that "having acted as one of the Jurors on the second day of the trials referred to, he felt bound to bear his testimony to the propriety of the course pursued on the occasion by the Learned Gentleman, Mr. Dogherty. The Jury, of which he formed one, could not agree, but they did not differ as to the guilt of the prisoners, but merely as to the degree of credit due to some of the witnesses....and the gentleman who held out (Mr. Morrogh), he was well aware, acted from the purest and most conscientious motives. He (Mr. C.) conceived that it was absolutely necessary to institute those proceedings at the time, and in the conducting of them the Learned Gentleman, Mr. Dogherty, did not travel out of the line of his public duty, but on the contrary pursued a perfectly correct and humane course of proceeding, and, which did not in any degree justify the charges which had been made against him."

Mr. O'Connell, in his reply to Mr. Dogherty, took occasion to allude to the observations of Mr. D. Callaghan.

"Allow me (said Mr. O'C.) one word as to the testimony borne by the Hon. Member for Cork (Mr. Callaghan.) He was on the second Jury, and he has, it seems, made this sapient disclosure, that the Jury were agreed as to the guilt of the prisoners, and differed only with respect to the evidence *(much laughter.)* Precious and sagacious Jurymen! they were ready to declare the prisoners guilty, but then they had not sufficient evidence to convict them. Admirable distinction! Why, how could they ascertain the guilt except by the evidence? It was the very thing they had to try, the credibility of the evidence to establish the guilt. It seems, however, that the Hon. Member reversed the process, and having first decided that the prisoners were guilty, he, then, began to discuss the question of whether or not there was evidence to warrant that decision.... I did, indeed, feel for my clients.....persecuted clients,.....at the trial; but how much more would I have felt if I could imagine their lives depended on the deliberations of such a sagacious set of Jurymen.....of men who could continue for thirty-six hours under such an absurd delusion, with the Hon. Member assisting them to go astray. Was not I right, then, to laud the one man of common sense who happened to be amongst them?..... I have heard of a Juryman, who refused to acquit for no other reason than this, that the charges contained in the indictment were atrocious though not proved; the Hon. Member for Cork was not that Juryman, I assure the House *(laughing)*... But it was a person of equal sagacity. I cannot, however, avoid congratulating the House on the accession of wisdom which the Hon. Gentleman has brought amongst us...*(laughter)*.....I also congratulate the Solicitor General on the support of so discriminating an advocate." *(laughter.)*

4. Whilst on board the Convict Ship at Cove, John Leary was perpetually proposing the following questions :....."Would all the witnesses for the prosecution have been silent about my six sons, and sons-in law, if they had been connected with the conspiracy?.....and is it likely that I would be the head of that conspiracy, and not one of my six sons and sons-in-law have any thing to do with it?"

.....

THE NEWENHAM CONTEST.

[Mr. Gerard Callaghan's rejection led to one of the most severely contested Elections ever known in Ireland. One of the principals in the conflict did not enter the lists early. The intelligence of the Ex-Member's defeat was scarcely known in Cork when a notice, purporting

to come from his "friends," appeared in the Journals, intimating their strongest confidence that he would be on the Hustings the day appointed for the new election, to receive the suffrages of the electors. The Liberals were disposed to give Mr. Callaghan credit for a spirit that would attempt any thing; they, however, looked upon this notice as a piece of gasconade, and read it merely to laugh at it. On the 8th of March, an Address appeared from "John Longfield," of Longueville, offering himself as a candidate for the vacant seat. Mr. Longfield's family had been long in the enjoyment of the representation of Cork, and, it was not therefore an extraordinary thing that a member of it should on this occasion seek to be the Representative of Cork; the present candidate had, however, acquired distinction as a high-going Brunswicker—he had seconded the nomination of Mr. Gerard Callaghan at the recent election—members of the Brunswick Club, too, were saying, that if Gerard Callaghan were not returned, his "*locum tenens*" would—these circumstances, in combination, rendered Colonel Longfield more or less suspected by the popular party; and they, accordingly, looked out for some other candidate. Mr. Leader, that intelligent and warm-hearted Irishman, was spoken of, but—no more. On the 9th of March, William Henry Worth Newenham, of Coolmore, addressed the Electors. The popular party almost embraced him—there was much in his Address which* they liked; though not a decided Liberal, he was no Brunswicker—and they felt confident that he would not be the "*locum*

* "My claims (said Mr. Newenham in his Address) are to be found in a family connexion with your City of long standing—constant residence in its immediate neighbourhood—and, an anxious and uniform attention to its local interests." He proceeds—"Conscientiously attached to the principles of the Established Church, I shall be prepared to support its interests on all occasions—uninfluenced, however, by any illiberal or unkind feelings towards those who may dissent from it."—In the concluding part of his Address, he says—"to promote the prosperity of my country, and to inculcate reciprocal good feeling among all classes of my countrymen, has been the leading object of my exertions in private life."

tenens" of Gerard Callaghan. From the 6th of March, the day on which the news of Mr. Callaghan's defeat reached Cork, to the 11th, the personal friends of Mr. Callaghan and the Brunswickers persevered in saying that Mr. Gerard Callaghan would be released from his responsibility as a contractor, and in the words of their notice, "again on the hustings." On the morning of the 11th, Mr. Daniel Callaghan commenced a canvass for *himself*, and the *Reporter* of that day gave to the world his Address, with an editorial article† eulogistic of him, concluding it by saying—"We understand that at a full meeting of the Brunswick Club, held this day, it was unanimously resolved to give their undivided support to Mr. Dan Callaghan." On the same 11th day of March, Colonel Longfield disappeared, assigning a variety of curious reasons for his evanescence. The field was now in the possession of the two Gentlemen who alone were to contest it. Mr. Dan Callaghan's starting formed, in my mind, the commencement of a new era in Cork politics. Many influential Liberals, and among them, some of those who had opposed his brother Gerard to the last, gathered round his standard, and said it was hoisted for liberty and Ireland—they made the welkin ring with his praise, and they even appealed to the religious feelings of the multitude in his favour, by saying that he was a Catholic—the first Catholic Candidate that had stood for their City for more than a century. All would not do; the democracy said, that Mr. Dan Callaghan had not taken his part in the struggle for Catholic Emancipation; that he was unworthy to reap honours which he had not sown—that he was but the "*locum tenens*" of his Brunswicker Brother, "to do in Parliament what he would have done there, and to make way for him whenever he

† The *Reporter* stated, that it was on the receipt that morning of the intelligence from London, that the Government refused to release Gerard from his liability, Daniel announced his intention of standing.

may chuse to go thither.‡ The democracy had not then as many votes in their power as they have recently become possessed of—neither had they, properly speaking, their man in Mr. Newenham; moreover, the schooling in political morality which has recently produced such noble fruit, could scarcely be said to have at that time commenced.—Amidst desertion of chiefs, perplexity of appearances, appeals to the hate of bigotry and to the pride of religion, the great mass of the popular party took an independent and straightforward view of matters, and treated Daniel as they had treated his brother Gerard.—The contest was, however, to be decided in a great degree by money, and—though Mr. Newenham is reported to have lost the larger sum (twelve thousand pounds and upwards)—the Callaghan treasure, distributed by practised bribers, and aided by Brunswick influence and Liberal recreancy, and an unfortunate decision of the Assessor, prevailed.§—After a contest which lasted for 13 days,

‡ I have been told by the President of the Brunswick Club, that he met Mr. Daniel Callaghan, the morning the latter started for the vacant seat,—and that he was accosted by him, saying, "Mr. Deane, my brother cannot be released from his liability, and I stand before you now in a new capacity. I am a candidate for the vacant seat." "What will you do," said Mr. Deane, "if you go to Parliament?" "Precisely," replied Mr. C., "what my brother Gerard would have done had he continued there; and, moreover, I am ready to make way for him whenever he will call upon me so to do." "I can require no more," said Mr. Deane.

§ A summary of the proceedings of the first day of this Election will not be unnecessary or uninteresting. The election commenced on Saturday the 13th of March. At the hustings there appeared by the side of Mr. Callaghan, the adopted of the Brunswick Club, John O'Connell, of Grena, the brother of the Liberator; and, by the side of Mr. Newenham, Mr. James Cummins, of Brunswick notoriety, who was such a devotee of Brunswickism as to attend, when City Sheriff, one of the meetings of the Cork Brunswick Club in the Corporate paraphernalia. Mr. Newenham was proposed by John Swete, and seconded by Thomas Cuthbert,—Mr. Callaghan was proposed by Lionel W. Westropp, and seconded by Colonel Longfield, the runaway candidate. Mr. Westropp, in bringing up his man, said—"Perhaps it may seem inconsistent on my part, that I, who at the last election represented the father of your city (and

Mr. Callaghan was declared duly elected by a majority of 16 votes—there having polled for him 1176 electors, and

his own father, Alderman Westropp,) would come forward to propose a man who had differed from me so far in political principles as Mr. Callaghan. But times are changed...the great obstacle to our union is removed, and now, thank God, our joint interest and our common object should be to seek a fit and efficient Representative of your City, not the agent of any party or the slave of any sect." John O'Connell cheered Mr. Westropp, and some of the popular party were disposed to think that Mr. Dan Callaghan was not "the Brunswick" Candidate. Colonel Longfield said—"I know there is a difference of religion between him (meaning Dan) and his brother Gerard—but I know equally well that, as to their opinions on the fundamental principles of the Constitution, they are agreed." Gerard Callaghan said "*hear*"—which sounded very much like "he is my *locum tenens*," and almost destroyed the effect of Mr. Westropp's oratory. A Protest was entered on the part of Mr. Newenham against Mr. Callaghan's eligibility on the score of his being a Government Contractor. Mr. Newenham then addressed the Electors.—He was followed by Mr. Callaghan, who alluded to his brother's return in terms which made even some of the liberal renegades by whom he was now supported, stare. "My brother," said he, "deserved the votes of the constituency—he proved himself to have merited its support by his having obtained it; the current of public feeling carried him on to the honourable post at which he arrived." Mr. Gerard Callaghan rose to state that when he last appeared on the hustings, as a Candidate, he did not consider himself disqualified; and also to recommend his brother Dan to the Electors. In laying down his objections to Mr. Newenham, he proved himself a very tight-laced opponent of Absenteeism. "I object," said he, "to him as not being a resident among you...he is a non-resident"!! Now came the tug of war—Mr. O'Leary, an Elector, one of those who had opposed Gerard, and who did not understand Dan, rose and said—"Is Mr. Callaghan prepared to support those principles commonly known by the term liberal? Does Mr. Callaghan distinctly and decidedly disown the principles by which the Brunswick Club is held together? Is Mr. Callaghan prepared to oppose every corporate monopoly and abuse, from the highest corporation in the realm down to that which exists in our own City?" Searching questions these! Mr. Callaghan said, "that he did not clearly understand what meaning the respectable Elector who put the question, attached to the word *liberal*. He had always expressed himself anxious to do all in his power for the general advantage. In reply to the second question, he was no Brunswicker; and as for the third, he had not considered the subject of corporations, but would be very

for his competitor but 1160. Never was corruption more barefaced than during this election—Magistrates

unwilling to interfere with vested rights."—Mr. O'Leary was not satisfied with any of the replies given by Mr. Callaghan—not so, another Elector, Mr. James Daly. This Gentleman said that, in his opinion, Mr. Dan. Callaghan had replied to the first and second questions proposed by Mr. O'Leary as satisfactorily as could, perhaps, have been well expected under the circumstances in which he was placed. Mr. Daly, however, took exception to the manner in which Mr. Callaghan had dealt with Mr. O'Leary's third question—and began to inveigh against the partial distribution of corporate favour.—He asked was it right that the Cashmans, by not being freemen, should be subjected to taxation from which the Beamishes, the Crawfords, and the Lanes were exempt?—"I must declare," said Mr. Daly in conclusion, "that I can never give my vote for any gentleman who has spoken like Mr. Callaghan—and I do now put the respective Candidates to the test. He who promises me that if deputed to Parliament, he will remedy the evil which I state, and of which I complain, he shall command my suffrage." Mr. Newenham said, that in the event of his being sent to Parliament, he would legislate for all his fellow citizens, from the humblest to the most exalted, on the principles of the strictest impartiality. Mr. Dan Callaghan met the challenge by saying—"I declare I do not see my way in taking from freemen those immunities with which they have been favoured; Corporations have properties, too, and I will not deprive any persons of their property"—and he then made a general declaration of his resolution to legislate justly. Mr. Daly said—"Mr. Callaghan was not required by me to deprive any persons of their immunities, but to place all his fellow citizens on those terms of equality which justice demands; and I cannot but express my astonishment—indeed it was impossible that a man of acuteness could have mistaken the sense in which my question was proposed."—Mr. Daly then spoke in praise of Mr. Callaghan. Mr. Farrell now presented himself and said—"Does Mr. Callaghan come forward as the *locum tenens* of his brother Gerard?" "I am," replied Mr C., "the *locum tenens* of no man. I stand forward upon that general interest which returned my brother in triumph." Mr. Farrell expressed his obligations to Mr. Callaghan, for "the candour and manliness" with which he had answered his question—Mr. Francis M'Carthy, Barrister, was not content with Mr. Farrell's question or Mr. Callaghan's answer. That Elector said, addressing himself to Mr. Callaghan—"Is what an agent of yours has said true, that you would sit out this Parliament, but that it is your determination not to come forward at the next general election, should your brother Gerard be disposed to submit his pretensions once more to the Cork Elec-

and Clergymen were spoken of as having bartered their suffrages. It was computed that a majority of the electors polled took the bribe. Most revolting are the stories told of the perjuries perpetrated by poor men, and (I fear) suggested by rich men on this occasion. Before the contest had commenced, pending its progress and after its termination, I raised my voice against the iniquities which I apprehended and almost witnessed. I denounced in unmeasured terms the *Gentlemen*-bribers (liberal and illiberal)—some of them will never forgive me—and I claim to myself much of the merit of bribery having been rendered disreputable in Cork, by my having designated as ruffians and miscreants even the gentry in broadcloth who practised it. Men of Cork! the snake is still in the grass—be not quiet till you have killed it.‖

tors?"—Mr. Callaghan replied—"I do not think it fair to ask me what I may do at any future time—I conceive my brother fitter than I am for Parliament, and I hope when he does again come forward, he will meet not only with support but kindness and attention from all classes of his fellow citizens." Mr. Francis A. Walsh now claimed the attention of the Electors, and in a speech of transcendant power impressed on the minds of the Electors, that Dan Callaghan was the representative of Gerard, and that in supporting him they would be supporting the Brunswick Club and the principles by which it was held together. Mr. John O'Connell took a part in the proceedings of the day.—He said that he came forward to promote unanimity. He complimented the Brunswickers on the proof of a conciliatory spirit which they had given in putting forward as a candidate a Gentleman so opposite to them in religious opinions—which evinced great liberality on their part.—To a question from Mr. Callaghan, Mr. Newenham said that he was not, and that he had never admitted that he was, the *locum tenens* of the son of a Nobleman. The show of hands was great in favour of Mr. Newenham.

‖ Ninety-seven voters on the poll-book, in favour of Mr. Newenham, were refused by the Assessor (Odell), the name of the street not being inserted in the certificate of their Registry. Mr. Callaghan had but fifty-seven voters similarly circumstanced.

THE IRISH VESTRY ACT.

On Thursday the 27th of April, 1830, Mr. O'Connell moved for leave to bring in a bill, to alter and amend the law relating to Vestries in Ireland. His object was to relieve the Catholic and the Dissenter, from the Established Church-rate tribute. On the House dividing there appeared, for Mr. O'Connell's motion, 47 votes—against it 177 votes—majority against it 130. In the minority there were but 10 Irish Members; and among the ten not *one* from Cork City, County, or Borough. We missed the *Callaghans*, for whose return the brother of the Liberator had voted, and the *Kings*, and even the *Hutchinsons*. The people of Cork were greatly mortified at this result of Mr. O'Connell's motion; and I, who had been always assailing the system of compulsory Church taxation, now inveighed against it more furiously than ever; and I spared our Cork Members, neither Whig, Tory, nor Trimmer. The smallness of the minority on Mr. O'Connell's motion, did not arise altogether from its unpopularity in the House. The administration was disposed to crush him, and, hence, its tools and expectants in the House of Commons entertained with disfavor every measure he brought forward—on the calculation, that by exhibiting him uninfluential within the walls of St. Stephen's, they would render him powerless without them. Mr. O'Connell was no common-place man, to be thus disposed of. He saw what the Wellingtons, the Peels, and the Dogherties, and other lesser names had designed, and he resolved not to be put down by them. He gave notice, that he would on the 16th of June, bring the Irish Vestry Law again under the consideration of the House.* In the interval be-

* The following were the words of his motion—"That leave be given to bring in a Bill to repeal so much of the Statutes in force in Ireland, as enable Parish Vestries to assess rates for building, rebuilding, and enlarging Churches and Chapels, and also for the repair of the Chancels of Churches, and also for providing things necessary for divine service therein."

tween the day of notice and the day of motion, I endeavoured to fulfil my part, in regard to the Vestry Law and Mr. O'Connell; post after post, I called upon the people of Cork, and of Ireland, to pour their petitions into the House of Commons, and to prove by the multiplicity of them, that the Vestry Law was tyrannous, and by entrusting them to Mr. O'Connell, that Ireland was resolved to stand by him. I did not content myself with mere paragraph writing—the influence of which, owing to the dearness of Newspapers, I knew to be very limited. I got petition and signature sheets for every Parish in the City and County of Cork,—I drew up and had printed a Circular and a form of petition, which, with petition and signature sheets, I sent in all directions, and before the 16th of June, petitions from 60 parishes or unions of the City and County of Cork—the great majority of them presented by Mr. O'Connell—were submitted to the House of Commons. The following are the names of the parishes or unions, from which I was instrumental in educing petitions at this time, and in the order in which they arrived at the *Chronicle Office*, to be forwarded thence to London:—

Midleton	Whitechurch	Garrycloyne
St. Peter's	St. Mary Shandon	Inniscarra and
Passage West	Ballygarvan and	Cloghroe
Lower Glanmire	Douglas	Bandon
Carrigrohan and	Innishanon	Skibbereen
Inskine	St. Paul's	St. Anne Shandon
Aghada	Lisgoold	Aghadown
Kilbolane and	Ballymartle	Kildorrery
Freemount	Charleville	Glanworth
Killeens	Macroom	Ahina
Kilnemartra	Ballivourney	Clondrohid
Holy Trinity	Donoughmore	Rathbarry
Ardfield	Clontead	Ballingarry
Inchigeela	Carrigaline	Templebridget
St. Finnbar	Kilmacabea	St. Nicholas
Castlehaven	Dunmanway	East Skull
	Ovens	Templemichael
	Downderrow	Ballyclough
	Kilpatrick	Kilbrin
	Timoleague	Kilmalooda
	Rathcormac	Castlelyons

I feel great pleasure in here saying, that in the getting up of those petitions, I had the countenance and valuable co-operation of my worthy friend, *Francis A. Walsh*,—of *Jeremiah O'Sullivan*, Merchant, who opened a list at the Chamber of Commerce, that I should not be subject to the expenses attending them,—and to *John Pearce*, the Proprietor of the *Chronicle*, who has had much more trouble in the transmitting of petitions to Parliament than the world knows, or has given him credit for. We did what we could in the County and City of Cork, to express our hostility to the Church-rate tribute—and to sustain Mr. O'Connell—our conduct was held up as an example in other quarters,† but, far as I could perceive from the reports of the presentation of petitions in the House, not imitated to any considerable extent. Mr. O'Connell, according to notice, brought forward his motion :—and was left in a minority of nineteen !—I subjoin the names of that minority—

Bennett, John	Killeen, Lord
Butler, C.	Monck, J. B.
Cave, R. O.	Martin, John
French, A.	Protheroe, J.
Hobhouse, J. C.	Sykes, D.
Jephson, C. D.	Talbot, R.
Wood, Alderman	Warburton, H.
Western, C. C.	Wood, John
TELLERS.	
O'Connell, Daniel	Hume, Joseph

Mr. O'Connell was again defeated; but the Irish Secretary was obliged to let fall "a crumb of comfort" to the aggrieved ;‡ it was no doubt a miserable crumb, but even such as it was, it was extorted, like much more valuable things, by agitation.

† "The County of Cork," said the *Carlow Post*, "is giving a noble example, having already met in the principal parishes, and drawn up petitions at once spirited and respectful. Let us, then, co-operate in seeking redress against this pernicious Act. Petitions serve as so many briefs, in the hands of Mr. O'Connell."

‡ On the occasion of Mr. O'Connell's second motion, Lord Levison Gower said, "The objections, which present themselves to the provisions of this law have not been forgotten—but are now under the consideration of the Government, to the end that a measure for their amendment may be (I will not say) carried next session ; but at all events, in such a state as to be submitted for the opinion of the House."

MR. GOULBURN'S FINANCIAL MEASURES.

Mr. Goulburn, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, thinking that Ireland was not sufficiently taxed, intimated his intention of raising the Stamp Duty in Ireland to what it was in England; and of imposing a heavy tax on Irish-grown Tobacco; and of laying a duty of one shilling additional on every gallon of Spirits, distilled from grain, imported into England. The Irish distiller said that to raise the import duty on Whiskey would be to destroy his market in England, and benefit the West. India Rum producer. The Irish agriculturist said, that the injury of the Irish distiller, who consumed his inferior barley, was his injury also; and he moreover said, that to tax Tobacco, as intended, was to crush industry in Ireland. Irishmen of all descriptions considered the raising of the Stamp Duty as most especially injurious to the Irish Press, and many of them more than suspected that the object was...to reduce the number of Journals in Ireland, and thereby render them more manageable or subservient. Mark, too, Mr. Goulburn threatened Ireland with additional taxation at a time when England had been relieved to the extent of three millions annually, and Ireland continued to labour under,—in reference to the Act of Union and her means, the most disproportioned taxation. Add to this the flimsy pretences under which a portion of the infliction was sought to be defended: "As his (Mr. Goulburn's) object," says Mr. Walpole (the Chancellor's Secretary,) in reply to a letter from the Cork Committee of Merchants, remonstrating against the menaced increase of duty on stamps, "is merely *to equalize* the duties paid in the United Kingdom, he cannot discover on what ground such a course can justly be made matter of complaint." The Irish Members (the majority of them at least) associated at the Thatched-house Tavern, and entered into resolutions condemnatory of the projected burdens, and declaratory of their intentions to oppose them in every constitutional manner. Ireland notified its hostility to them in a hundred

assemblies. Cork was not backward;—the City met under the Presidency of the Mayor, and in the first of its resolutions charged the British Government with "not treating Ireland, in the reduction of taxes, with equal favor as England."* The County also met at the call of the High Sheriff, and entered its protest against the proposed burdens. The lamented Jas. Ludlow Stawell was at this meeting, and, whilst he proved himself worth many artificial nobles, he taunted the *Cork Peers* with being, to a man, absent from a meeting, called for the protection of the dearest interests of Irishmen, and at which all classes of Irishmen, save their's, were represented. The Members of the Chamber of Commerce had their meeting also.—Doctor Baldwin was present at it, and was the orator on the occasion. His speech was replete with argument and information. In the course of it, he alluded more than once to the advantages of a *Domestic Legislature*, and, I perceived from the effect he produced that he touched on a chord quite in unison with his own feelings. This speech proved to me that the learned Gentleman had great power, with an Irish heart. The representations of the Irish Members, and the declarations of the Irish people, appeared to have no influence on Mr. Goulburn, or his principal—the Duke of Wellington. They said they would proceed.—Events, not their justice or good feeling—determined the matter in favor of Ireland.

* Certain of the incidents of this City Meeting are curious, as showing the spirit of some of the people of the day. Mr. Reynolds, who took a part in the proceedings, said, that "the proposed taxes bore on the Act of Union, and were opposed to it in letter and in spirit." The Mayor forthwith called him to order! Mr. Francis Walsh subsequently proposed the following resolution:—"That every Irish Member who shall vote in favor of the projected prohibition of Irish Industry, and suppression of public spirit in Ireland, will contribute clearly his proportion, to crush the energies of his country—to render her resources unavailing, and to perpetuate her deplorable and proverbial wretchedness, and will, therefore, prove himself unworthy the support of any party in Ireland."—*James Ludlow Stawell* seconded this resolution. *Mr. Morgan* opposed it, as dictating to the Irish Members, and said he, in al-

lusion to what had dropped from Mr. Reynolds—"the bond of Union between England and Ireland has been this day touched on—a most monstrous proposition." *The Mayor* here took courage and said, that the Meeting was called against taxation, and that it was a "monstrous" thing to introduce such a resolution as that proposed by Mr. Walsh. *Doctor Baldwin* now presented himself, and spoke of the convention at Duncannon, and of the resolution adopted thereat, respecting the constituent and the representative, and he contended that there was no remote analogy in the circumstances which produced the Duncannon Meeting, and those which brought the Citizens of Cork together. *Mr. James Daly* followed the learned Doctor, and refused to give his sanction to such a resolution as that which had been proposed by Mr. Walsh...it was with him a school-boy threat—an impotent threat—an improper threat. "We have not," said he, "and we should not assume power over the members of other places—when we are only *locally* met"—"But this is an *Irish* question," exclaimed a Mr. Grant. The Meeting would have carried Mr. Walsh's resolution by a large majority; but as the Mayor said, that the introduction of such "a monstrous" thing, was contrary to the understanding on which he had called the Meeting, that gentleman forbore to press it.

DR. BALDWIN AND REFORM.

The world was rid of George the Fourth, at a quarter past three o'clock of the morning of the 26th of June, 1830. A dissolution of Parliament was, as a matter of course, soon to follow. Mr. Gerard Callaghan forthwith commenced to canvass the Electors. It is said that his brother Daniel, who continued in London, was not in possession of that circumstance, till Monday the Fifth of July—on Thursday the 9th, it was rumoured abroad that there was "a split" between the brothers, and that the majority of the Callaghan family were for supporting the man then in possession. James Cummins, and Mr. Boyle—the son of Lord Cork (the Absentee,) and Mr. Leader, were now spoken of as Candidates. A meeting of Brunswickers was held, and Gerard Callaghan was invited to stand—he was thankful for the invitation, but he did not positively say that he would respond to it. On the 21st of July, Mr. Boyle, and Mr. John Hely Hutch-

inson addressed the Electors, soliciting their suffrages. There was no address yet from either Daniel, or Gerard Callaghan. Between the 21st and 24th it was in every man's mouth that the two brothers had submitted their difference to the arbitration of six friends, and that the decision was, that Daniel should be *the Candidate.**—On the 24th an address from Daniel appeared, offering himself to the Electors, and about the same time, a report of the proceedings of a Brunswick meeting, at which Gerard Callaghan appeared to account for his not being at his post—and from the reading of which it was evident that the Brunswickers felt that they had been *humbugged* by some quarter or other. The proof of this feeling was in the fact, that on the 27th, James Cummins, who, a few days before, had most solemnly pledged himself never to cross the Channel as a Member of Parliament, added a fourth to the three Candidates already before the public. There was the prospect now of a rich harvest, for many a venal voter, and perhaps, for some of the gentlemen bribers also. The Boyle family was to expend tens of thousands to secure the return of its little boy. The Donoughmore family was to sell, if necessary, the last stick at Knocklofty, to retain its wonted share of the Cork representation. The Callaghans were not to be outdone in spirit, and it was said for them, that they would "bleed" as generously as their betters—something, too, was expected from James Cummins. This state of things was the subject of bitter regret with those whom I shall now designate, the men of the movement—but though they had the democracy with them, still the leaders were, too many of them, more Hutchinson men, or Boyle men, or even Callaghan men,

* The six friends were—John Cotter, Joseph Leycester, Lionel Westropp, A. Perry, (as representative of Samuel Perry,) William Preston White, and Henry Bagnell. The decision of these Gentlemen was given, it has been said, in the following words.—"Mr. Gerard Callaghan, as your brother is an unmarried man, and has no family—for these and many other reasons, it is our opinion, that he is the fitter Candidate."

them reformers; and it was impossible to make even a respectable demonstration in favor of purity of Election, and real representation—a successful fight was out of the question. On the 30th of July, to the great disappointment of many an expectant briber and bribee, and to the bitter mortification of some, who, from low motives, such as family pride, more than from love of virtue, would employ the Hutchinson against the Callaghan,—Mr. John Hely Hutchinson withdrew his name from the lists—"as no rational man," said he, in his farewell address, "would expose himself to an unlimited expenditure of money"—such as a perseverance in the contest then hazarded. The advice upon which Mr. Hutchinson acted was, it is said, given by Samuel Lane, brewer,—it was a wise counsel, in my opinion, though some have found fault with it, in the belief that D. Callaghan would have never come to the Hustings if he saw that he had to contend with the Boyle and Hutchinson purses. Be this as it may, the movement party felt emancipated, when Mr. Hutchinson gave up his pretensions to the representation of the City—there was then no candidate before them with "family claims"—none whose semi-demi measures of reform, and electioneering bribery were to be put up with in compliment to services of old, and on the principle that bad is better than worse. There was nothing to attach the Irish radical to Brunswicker Cummins, to the absentee Boyle, or to Daniel Callaghan. In truth, the more active spirits of the radical party in Cork felt themselves on new ground, and they determined that the democracy should take a step in advance of the position it had held in the Newenham contest. We resolved, if possible, to set up a candidate of our own—who that Candidate would be, was the only question. On the first of August I had separate interviews in the Coffee-room of the Chamber of Commerce, with Daniel Murphy, Thomas Lyons, Daniel Meagher, John O'Connell (Watercourse,) and several other gentlemen, whose names I cannot now call to memory—they concurred with me in opinion, that it would be useful to make a serious commencement of reform in the habits of the constituency—to keep the popular party together by the public assertion of some recognized principles—to prevent or render harmless that con-

federacy of the loose ones of all parties, who were gathering round the Callaghan standard, and sneering at the honest and the consistent—they agreed, moreover, with me in opinion that it would be discreditable to Cork if Mr. Daniel Callaghan, whose votes and conduct in reference to the Irish Vestry Bill, the Doneraile trials, the Dissenter and Jew question, and the Corporation, (independently of every thing else),† were generally condemned—was not markedly opposed in his attempt to become the representative of the City of Cork. I asked them what they thought of Doctor Baldwin's being invited to take the Hustings—they approved.—Shortly after these interviews, I met my friend Mr. Walsh, who almost exceeded me in the wish, that a popular candidate should be started, and had actually been working to the same end with myself, and who heard with joy what had taken place—With the concurrence of all those with whom I had the interviews, it was agreed that there should be a meeting at the Chamber at eight in the evening, of as many friends as they could bring together, in order to make some final arrangement. This meeting

† The Citizens of Cork held a Meeting at the Chamber of Commerce in May 1830, on the subject of Corporate abuses, Mr. Sugrue was in the Chair—an excellent petition (drawn up by Edmond M'Carthy) was adopted, and entrusted for presentation to Mr. O'Connell. A circular, condensing the principal points of the petition, was sent by the Chairman to Sir Robert Peel, and others—letters were also sent by him to various representatives, requesting, that when Mr. O'Connell would present, they would support the prayer of the petition. Mr. Callaghan acknowledged the receipt of the letter addressed to him, but in a manner that gave any thing but satisfaction. The following are extracts from his reply:—

"Those of the Corporation whom I have known were always for maintaining their priviliges, without injuring or giving just cause of complaint to others, and I think they will best preserve them by adhering to this rule. I do not, however, see that they can be compelled to grant the freedom of their Corporation to persons not entitled to it by the terms of their Charter, and who render themselves obnoxious to them by their general demeanour."

"I am happy to perceive by the copy of your letter to Sir Robert Peel and others, which was shown to me by Mr. O'Connell, that the meeting were anxious to free the City Electors from perjury and corruption. I fear the practice of many who attended it, and who try to multiply voters of the poorest class, is much at variance with their profession in this respect."

was held—and it was determined at it, that Doctor Baldwin should be invited to stand on the democratic interest, and a deputation was forthwith appointed to wait on the Doctor. The deputation did wait on him, and the Doctor chivalrously gave his assent. Monday morning, on my arrival at the Chronicle office, I heard that Mr. Meagher had been just there, saying that William Hackett, a gentleman of influence, and, who generally went with the democracy, would not countenance any movement adverse to Mr. Daniel Callaghan's interest, and that he had sent a communication to T. Lyons requesting of him to withdraw himself from the opposition. There was also left for me a suggestion from Mr. Meagher himself, to abandon the notion of bringing the Doctor forward, as he was a very irritable man, one who would be exposed to duelling by the incidents of an election, with an appeal to my own feeling that, if any life were lost arising out of the position in which I had contributed to place the Doctor, I would never forgive myself.—Mr. Meagher touched on a point to which I had not been insensible, and I do here confess, that the duelling facility of Doctor Baldwin, was always a serious drawback on his merits, in my mind, and has been to me a source of no little uneasiness.† I made it my business soon to see Mr. Meagher. We talked over the matter;—my blood was up, and we were then receiving the accounts of "*the three glorious days*"...and I left Mr. Meagher with the wish stronger than ever that the Doctor should stand. The Doctor's Address appeared in that evening's *Chronicle*. The next day, James Cummins imitated the example of John Hely Hutchinson.—The contest that followed was the most creditable that

† So strong are my opinions on this point, that after the last Election I told Dr. Baldwin that he should never have my vote again if he either sent or accepted a message. During my editorial life, I was greatly annoyed at the bad example set by too many of our Catholic Agitators—scarcely a month passing that I had not to record a message sent or accepted by some one or other of them. It was equally annoying to perceive that there was scarcely one of the Editors with the Christianity, or the manliness, or the brains to denounce the practice. Poor things! they were afraid, I suppose, that if they did their duty they would not be considered *Gentlemen* by blockheads and madmen, and *some* cowards. I must say that I have observed with pleasure that, notwithstanding all the excitement necessarily attendant on the passing of the atrocious Coercive Bill, there was no duelling.

Cork had ever seen. The party by whom the Doctor had been brought out, paid all his expenses; they bribed none themselves,...they denounced bribery in others; they argued with the Brunswicker....they exposed the Trimmer; they promulgated the best political principles, and "*Vote by Ballot*" was inscribed on their banners. During six days the fight was maintained against bribery, treachery, the sneer of the puppy and the frown of the bully. Walsh, Dowden, O'Leary, Reynolds, M'Carthy (Francis), the Learned Candidate himself, harangued incessantly at the Hustings, at the Committee-room, at the Liberal Club, the kindling multitude...never did I witness such eloquence as was displayed on this memorable occasion. Poor STAWELL! he proposed‖ the Doctor, (Thomas Lyons seconded the nomination.) I shall never forget the heartiness with which he entered into the views of his party, and the untiring energy with which he worked them; day after day, night after night, was he to be seen at his post, encouraging all by precept and example to cultivate well the ground that had been broken—the redeeming spirit of the Protestant Aristocracy ...shaming the rich Catholic who was in the train of the Absentee or the Trimmer, or who, goingwith the people, did their work negligently. Tradesmen and Labourers of Cork! he who spent those days and nights among you, was of the best blood and fortune of your country. How I regret that Providence did not spare him for better days!...The contest terminated on the 11th of August, the Doctor counting 388 (unpurchased) votes, Mr. Callaghan 851, and, oh shame! the son of the Absentee 1152. Lord Cork was said to have lost £5000 by the transaction—Mr. Callaghan £2000.—The people gained incalculably.

‖ Mr. Callaghan was proposed by John N. Wrixon, and seconded by William Preston White. The son of "the Absentee" was proposed as a "fit and proper" person by James Morgan, and seconded by Horace Townsend.

REPEAL,

AND THE GRAND REPEAL DINNER.

On the 6th of September, 1830, Mr. O'Connell sent forth from Darrynane Abbey, the first of his memorable series of letters on the Repeal of the Union. On the 12th of October of the same year he was entertained at a Public Dinner by about one hundred and twenty of the most res-

respectable Citizens of Cork,—Francis Bernard Beamish in the Chair—and the toast, "*The Repeal of the Union*" was given from the Chair. The Chairman gave it, and he liked it—but it was said at the time that several of the company drank it as it came from the Chair, and in compliment to the Guest. On the 18th of October I inserted in the *Chronicle* an account of the Great Dinner, celebrated a few days before by the Members of the Birmingham Union. On that day there came to me, *John Creedon* and *Morgan O'Donovan*, (now Secretaries of the Cork Trades' Association,) and *Edward Lane*, Tailor, to consult with me on the propriety of getting up meetings for Repeal in the City of Cork. I said that I feared the rich could not be induced to bestir themselves; and that it would be desirable, should the working classes move in the matter, that their proceedings were striking and well ordered. I threw out that there was that evening in the *Chronicle*, an account of a Great Popular Dinner at Birmingham, and that it may answer well to get up a similar one at Cork, at which, under the most impressive circumstances, to pledge "the Repeal" toast, and after which all the Trades could hold their meetings for petition. My plan was approved of by those to whom it was first suggested—it was approved of, moreover, by a considerable number of friends to whom they had in all due form submitted it, and it was resolved that a deputation should wait on the Chamber of Commerce to request its co-operation in the getting up of the Great Feast. The deputies were John Creedon, Morgan O'Donovan, George Paddington, Edward Lane, and Michael Murphy. The Chamber declined to co-operate as a body. Nothing daunted, the original projectors went to work—determined to carry their plan into execution. First a meeting, principally composed of the working classes, was held at the County and City of Cork News Room, at which the price of the ticket and the quantity of the liquid were determined. Next, the committee appointed at this meeting issued a circular to the leading men of every trade, and engaged their services in the distribution of tickets. There was great difficulty in procuring "a fit and proper" place; but we at long run eminently succeeded in arranging with Mr. M'Donnell for the Patrick-street Theatre. All we wanted now was—a Chairman. *Charles Sugrue* spiritedly supplied that want—I say, spiritedly, because such Feast was a bold experiment, and he had to fear from the possible intemperance of some of the friends of Repeal, as well as from the fright or malice of its enemies. Where was Dr. Baldwin? it will be said. He was at this time prosecuting in London a petition (which failed) against Mr. Callaghan, as a

Contractor. The Dinner transcended all our most sanguine anticipations. There were at least *one thousand* persons at it.—Stage, pit, boxes, lettices, gallery, all tabled, and presenting line after line and tier above tier of heads almost to, actually to sublimity—many a man there was heard to say, that he had never seen any thing like it,—neither will any thing like it be again seen till we meet to celebrate the Repeal of the Union. *Richard Ronayne* spoke well at this memorable Feast,—indeed he made a noble speech, as did my dear friends, *Walsh & O'Leary*. *John Boyle* too, spoke here, but he sneered at (though he professed to wish for) Repeal, and I could not relish his oratory; yet he spoke well the praises of the Liberator. All passed off quietly, notwithstanding that the garrison was all night under arms, and the provident Mayor of Cork had written to the Castle to know whether or not he should prevent the meeting of the knives and forks. The Dinner Committee was pleased to vote *silver* Medals to *William Fergusson*, Treasurer of the Dinner Fund; to *George Paddington*, Secretary; to *Patrick Joseph O'Brien*, whose services were herculean;—to me, also, they were kind enough to give a medal, which I prize highly. The subjoined letters I manufactured in the *Chronicle* while the affair was yet young.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE CORK CHRONICLE.

SIR—Understanding that there is to be a Dinner in this City for the Repeal of the Union, and that my brother Tradesmen intend that it should be as numerously attended as possible, I beg leave to address you. Unfortunately, the best conducted and cleverest Tradesmen in this country cannot procure any thing like regular or remunerating employment—so, then, they have very little money—it would be right, therefore, that the price of the ticket should be very low—I think it ought not, on any account to exceed *two and six pence*. That sum would procure an abundance of good meat and drink for any man, and would leave a surplus for other necessary purposes. I should hope, too, that some of our wealthy fellow-citizens would throw a few pounds into the common stock, in order to decorate the room in which the Dinner would be, and to make the thing go off well.

It would be right, in my judgment, that three o'clock should be fixed for the dinner hour. The working people would be thus enabled to prepare themselves, after leaving their employments at two—and we could break up at 7 or 8, for I would like to have the affair a business-like concern, and not as if go up for the purpose of eating and drinking.

I think that some or all the Amateur bands would be with us. In fact, Sir, I imagine the Dinner would be a great

treat even in a musical way—only imagine a thousand voices chorussing—

"The gallant man
That led the van
Of Irish Volunteers."

Irishmen of all religious denominations will attend this Dinner at least. Thank God, that we are all opening our eyes, and, that the veil of religious prejudice removed, we begin to see the rags and the wretchedness with which ignorant or bad men have covered us, and the causes of them.

I may, perhaps, trouble you with another Letter on Wednesday.

I remain, Sir, your obedient humble servant,
Oct. 18. A TRADESMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRONICLE.

SIR—As "A Tradesman" seldom troubles the columns of a Newspaper in Ireland, I trust you will have no objection to insert another short letter from me. I am greatly rejoiced to see the course which things are taking. It occurs to me that the Cork Repeal of the Union Dinner will mark the commencement of a better æra for Ireland. What does the project of such an entertainment say? Simply this—that the working classes of the country are turning their backs upon all the wild and hopeless plans, by which they have hitherto sought to amend their condition—that they see the real causes and real remedies of their sufferings—and have resolved to profit by their knowledge. In arguing with Members of "The Union of Trades" in this city, I often insisted on the folly of their proceedings—I told them they were fighting with necessity—I said that there was not employment enough in this country for half the hands that were in want of it—that if all the working classes were true to their regulations, they could scarcely get *six months' work* in the year at remunerating prices, and that the business of the working classes in Ireland was to strike at the root of the evil—*at that*—which took business out of our country. The Operatives now begin to see that those who reasoned with me were right, and that those who argued with them were wrong. It is *Absenteeism*, Sir, that especial curse of Ireland, which makes our land poor, which leaves the Operative without employment, and his wife and children without bread—and Absenteeism will never, can never be remedied without "a Repeal of the Union"—The infatuated "Union of Trades" men brought, I regret to say, much discredit upon themselves, by a vain endeavour to keep up their wages 6d., or some such trifle, a day, and this, though they must have seen that regular employment was with every one of them a lottery. If we had "a

Repeal of the Union" there would be no union of Trades, but every man who would be willing to work would be sure of procuring employment, and on satisfactory terms. Think only, Sir, of *one hundred and thirty millions* spent out of Ireland by Absentees, since the year of the Union. If all that money were expended at home, and if we had an Irish Parliament, to study and convert to account the resources of the country, what a different nation Ireland would be from what it is. It is a fact, I believe, which cannot be disputed, that there has been but one great mansion (Lord Kingston's) built in the County of Cork for the last thirty years. The working people employed in the erection of it can tell what it is to have Irish property spent in Ireland. I am not, Sir, for restrictions in trade, and hence, I would not be for an Irish Parliament enacting prohibiting, or protecting duties. When, however, I read of—

The Blankets,	Hats,
Carpetting,	Leather,
Cotton Goods,	Hosiery,
Drapery, (old and new)	Ironmongery,
Earthenware,	Watches,
Haberdashery,	Books, &c. &c. &c.

which come over to us from England, I cannot avoid wishing that we could manufacture those matters at home, and if Irish Capital were spent at home, I think we could do so, unaided by any bounties or protecting duties—and, then, the Irish Workman would eat Irish bread and beef, what he does not now.

I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,
Cork, Oct. 19. A TRADESMAN.

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SCHOOLING.

The Repeal Dinner was only "means to an end." About twenty Trades met after it, and agreed, each one of them, to petition for Repeal. In the getting up of most of these, I was, I think, useful, and I endeavoured to show off their proceedings to advantage on the Press. At all the meetings my uniform theme was, that resolutions declaratory of the necessity of Repeal were vain, unless those who made them were resolved to give their own votes, without purchase, and to exhort others to give their votes, too, without purchase to Repeal Candidates for parliamentary trust.—The following Speech was spoken at the Masons' meeting. It is in keeping with the doctrine which I taught when Sir Augustus Warren was supposed to be a candidate...when the money of Newenham and Callaghan was debauching the Electors...and more recently when Dr. Baldwin gave himself to the democracy, through him to battle with corrup-

tion. It exhibits a portion of the machinery whereby the return of "two Repealers" was in latter days secured.

Mr. SHEAHAN, Editor of the *Chronicle*, rose and said—Gentlemen, I beg to claim your attention for a few moments. (*hear, hear.*) Your Chairman has said, and you have all concurred in his statement, that an apprentice in your business could earn more thirty years ago than a man can earn now; and I have, moreover, heard one of you assert, that before the Union a man could make more by after-hours' work than he can at present by his day's labour ('*tis true*, '*tis true.*) The Tailors, at their meeting, have declared, that one with the other they cannot command three days' work in the week. The Nailers say, that before the Union they could earn thirty shillings a week, and that they had, besides, regular employment; whereas now they cannot get more than seven or eight shillings for a week's labour, and very frequently they have not the labour at all. A female Glover tells us that before the Union her earnings were twenty-one shillings a week—now she can with difficulty get seven shillings a week, and this, though she gives better value for the seven than she gave formerly for the 21 shillings. The Wheelwrights, too, whose resolutions appeared in last evening's *Chronicle*, speak of their trade in the most lamentable terms. Before the Union they could earn thirty shillings a week, now they are not earning a fifth of that amount. —I am quite certain that the accounts given of themselves by the other trades of this City, will be found to be of the like character; and, gentlemen, to what are these sad reverses in trade and business attributed? and what do we say is the remedy? The distresses of our working classes are attributed to three great causes. First, our kind Absentees abstract four millions a year from us.—Next, we pay, directly or indirectly, between seven and eight millions in taxes, and nearly half the taxes we pay are expended in England. Thirdly, we attribute much of our wretchedness to the want of a resident Parliament, which would have very little more than our own country's immediate concerns to attend to, and which, it is to be supposed, would attend to them well. My friends, you cannot be too often reminded of the words of Sir R. Peel. They are an acknowledgment of the incompetency of a British Parliament to legislate for or protect Ireland. He said that he could not get even the Irish Members to attend to Irish subjects—The English Members would not attend to them, and the Irish Members, far from their constituents, not subject to the instant and vigilant control of Irish public opinion, as they would be, did they sit in Dublin, disregarded or forgot them—(*hear*)

Such are the causes to which you and the labouring classes of Ireland attribute your sufferings—and your remedy, the measure which you think will heal your wounds, and bring back comfort to your wives and children, is—the Repeal of the Union.—(*hear, hear, hear.*)—Gentlemen, you are right—the Repeal of the Union will give you back a Parliament—and that Parliament would take good care that those who have property in Ireland should spend it in Ireland, and that if we pay taxes, the taxes we pay be laid out amongst us—(*cheers.*)—Repeal, then, is our end and aim, and we must strive for it, like men who are alive to its importance. Allow me to read one of the Resolutions which you have adopted this evening. Mr. S. here read the following Resolution,—"That we earnestly call upon the Freemen and Freeholders of this City, not to support any Candidate who will not pledge himself, if sent into Parliament, to vote for the Repeal of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland"—and then proceeded—"This Resolution I like—and it is upon the manner in which you carry it into execution, that the fate of the question of Repeal will depend. If you be true to it, the remedy for the evils of Ireland will be speedily administered—if false, the evils will remain, and you will deserve to suffer under them. Is there a Freeman or a Freeholder here present?—(*several voices, "yes, yes—John Falvey is a Freeholder"*)—John Falvey, speak for yourself,—Are you a Freeholder?" *John Falvey,*—"I am." "Well, then, John Falvey, there is good reason to think that a dissolution of Parliament is not far remote; but, come when it may, do you pledge yourself here, to prove true to the Resolution I have read, and to vote for such Candidates only as will promise, if sent into Parliament, to support the Repeal?" *John Falvey*—"I do so pledge myself." (*cheers.*)

Mr. S.—"John Falvey! I congratulate you on the honesty, the decision, and the good sense with which you have replied to me: your answer is worthy of a sincere Christian, and of a good Irishman: you believe that the Union is mischievous to your country, and the means which the Constitution gives you to protect and promote the interests of that country, you determine to employ properly. But, there are some Electors who may not be disposed to imitate you, John Falvey—some men who will petition for Repeal, as the only salvation of Ireland, and who, when the hour comes for sending into Parliament, Repealers, will hesitate to do their duty. I confess, that my great object is to bring public opinion to bear on such individuals ...to teach them, first, their duty, and, next, to give them to understand, that if they violate that duty, they must

expect to suffer for it.—(*cheers.*)—John Falvey! do you imagine that your vote is your own?—(*Mr. O'Leary*—"*It is his own.*")—Yes! as his soul is his own—not for evil but for good—not for destruction, but for salvation—(*hear, from Mr. O'L.*)—The object of a vote is the good of all.—(*cheers.*)—Think you of, John Falvey, and, Gentlemen, the number of persons whose lives, and properties, and liberties, whose existence and bread may be said to centre in the vote of every Freeman and Freeholder of this City? The population of the City and Liberties of Cork may be rated at *one hundred and forty thousand* souls;—say that the Electors who come to the Hustings are *two thousand*—that is the average number of actual voters. Now, 2,000 to 140,000 are as 1 to 70—and you, John Falvey, when you go to the polling booth, bear with you the interests of *seventy persons*—of seventy, men, women, and children—of helpless men, of widows, and of orphans.—(*hear, hear, hear.*)—The worthy Elector before me, has said, that whenever an Election comes, he will prove true to his country, and I rely upon him.—(*John Falvey*—"*You may depend upon me*)—It is your's, however, Gentlemen, to see that every other ether Elector who comes within the range of your influence, shall act, like John Falvey, conscientiously.—How are you to proceed? Thus I take it for granted, that there is not an operative in Cork, who is not of opinion that the Union has been the great cause of Irish wretchedness....(*Several voices*..."*they all think so.*")...Well, then, commence forthwith to argue thus with the Operative Elector...You admit and complain that the Union has ruined your country...that it has reduced the condition of the man of 1830 to that of the apprentice of 1800....that it has sunk all of us to three days'work in the week, and in addition to that, has brought down the wages of some of us...Why! Tradesmen, one with the other, were, before the Union, *thirty pounds a year better off than they are now....(hear, hear, hear.)*... Will you, then, not vote for the man who will bring back to us our Parliament, and constant work, and adequate wages?....Will you be true to yourself, and true to seventy others who have not votes, but whose interests, before God and man, it is your business to study." (*cheers*)... Gentlemen! argue so with the Elector...exhort him earnestly and perseveringly to do his duty. I trust he shall be found to do it. But if, for a miserable mess of pottage ...if, for £3, or £5, or £10, with the sins of treason and corruption, and the hazard of perjury, any elector shall be known to vote against that Repeal, which, in his conscience he feels to be essential to his country's good...how, how

ought you to treat him.....(*cries of "treat him as a reprobate"*) ...Aye, as a reprobate treat him....Know him not at home ...know him not abroad...loathe him as the plunderer of his own family, and of *thirteen other families* besides...Only, gentlemen, offer not personal injury to him...work not with him...for the wretch who sells his country, deserves to be banished by public opinion from that country: but, beyond your abomination of the venal Elector, proceed not...no Elector has a right to sell his vote...you have no right to maim or maltreat him for having sold it; your unfavourable opinion of his conduct which you can so express to him, that it shall sound in his ears by day and by night, at his fire-side (if he have any) and on the highway, that opinion will be quite sufficient, on your part, for punishment and example...the rest you must leave to the laws and to God ...(*loud cries of hear, hear.*)...Mr. Sheahan here proceeded to comment on the conduct of those persons, who, whether as Candidates, or as Agents of Candidates, practice on the poverty of the poor at Elections....He said he cared not whether they were Lords, or the Sons of Lords, or Esquires, or Gentlemen...they were miscreants in the sight of Heaven & Earth...of a deeper dye than even the wretches on whom they practice; and it was the business of every man, be he lay or ecclesiastic, to unkennel them to the world, if they shall ever again dare to pollute and contaminate our society. [These observations were well received by the meeting.....as were the concluding ones of the speech, in which he dwelt on the folly and madness and crimes of what has been designated..." *The Union of Trades*," and contended that another Union of Trades should be...not against poor men who are coerced by the cries of starving wives and children to work for any thing...but against the Electors who took bribes...Agents who promise bribes... and Candidates who pay bribes, and repay themselves after by selling the people, as the Irish Parliament was sold.]

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CHANGE OF MINISTRY.

"The Three Glorious Days" of Paris, and the Belgian Revolution, were not without their effect in England. The Military Premier renders himself particularly obnoxious by a declaration against Parliamentary Reform, and William the Fourth is advised, owing to the excited state of popular feeling in London, not to proceed to a Dinner to which he had been invited by the Lord Mayor. On the 15th of November, Ministers are beaten in the Lower House on a motion of Sir Henry Parnell's "for a Select Committee, to

take into consideration the Estimates, Accounts and Statements presented by command of His Majesty, with respect to the Civil List"—There are 233 in favour of the motion and against Ministers—204 for them. The Duke of Wellington resigns—Lord Grey succeeds to him. The Duke of Northumberland leaves Ireland, and the Marquis of Anglesea returns.

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ARREST OF MR. O'CONNELL.

The Marquis of Anglesea did not return to Ireland to promote his fame. In a letter to a Mr. Kirkland, of Dublin, he had condemned the Duke of Northumberland for issuing a proclamation for the suppression of Public Meetings in Ireland, but scarcely had he resumed the Viceregal sway when forth went from him proclamation on proclamation, similar to that promulgated by his Ducal predecessor.—Mr. O'Connell continued to agitate, all those proclamations notwithstanding—Repeal was his subject, and full well did he work it. At long run, Mr. O'Connell and several of his co-patriots were arrested, charged with a conspiracy to evade the law for the suppression of illegal meetings. The arrests created a great sensation. The law under which they had been made having expired before trial could be had, the charge fell to the ground.

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THE RICH CHURCH—THE POOR PEOPLE.

Doctor St. Lawrence, Lord Bishop of Cork and Ross, having died on the 10th of January, 1831—it occurred to me that a good opportunity was thereby afforded of "making an impression." I accordingly sent forth an "Article" headed "The Church—the Poor," in the *Chronicle* of Jan. the 14th. in which I asserted the anomaly of the Irish Church establishment, in reference to either the population or the poverty of Ireland,—calling on the Citizens of Cork to address the King and the Parliament, that the revenues of the vacant See might be applied to the purposes of the people. *Richard Dowden*, a Dissenter, a man of the most captivating eloquence, and who often employed it against the Law Church—met me the morning after this "article" was published, and asked me if I did not think that there ought to be a meeting respecting the revenues of the vacant See—I said "yes," and referred Mr. Dowden to "*the Chronicle*." He expressed his gratification that I concurred with him in opinion, and told me that he had sent a communication to "*the Reporter*," urging our views. We went forthwith to the Chamber of Commerce, and placed

on the table a requisition to the Mayor, calling upon him to convene a meeting of his fellow citizens, to consider the propriety of requesting his Majesty to suspend the issue of his "power to elect" a successor to the see of Cork, and also of petitioning Parliament for a more useful appropriation of the revenues of that See. The political cowards of the Chamber looked awful at our act—the scoffers sneered at it—and the snarlers growled at it. We, however, persevered,—and, in the course of five or six days, abou 40 members of the Chamber had signed our requisition.† The Mayor (Joseph Garde) having gone to Dublin on some mission or other, the requisitionists deputed, Thomas Lyons, Richard Dowden, and myself, to wait on the Sheriffs, and ask them to call the Meeting—the Sheriffs would not call the Meeting, but the "why" or the "wherefore" they would not call it, they did not condescend to inform us, —they little dreamed of the events which two years were to realize.‡ The requisitionists were determined on having their

† We subjoin the names of the Requisitionists:—

Richard Dowden (Richard)	John M'Carthy	John Hackett
Thomas Jennings	John Stack	W. P. Lyons
Thomas Sheahan	James Connolly	Thomas Lyons
John Morrogh	George Osborne	Robert Moore
Joseph O'Leary	J. Packen	Denis Sexton
Wm. M'Carthy	P. H. O'Leary	William Ahern
Thomas Windle	I. Varian	A. F. M'Carthy
Robert Morrogh	John Osborne	W. Fergusson
Bryan Galway	Francis A. Walsh	T. M'Elligott
Edward Hackett	Charles Sugrue	P. J. O'Brien
Stephen Hayes	Wm. O'Donoghue	Jerh. O'Sullivan
Edward Burke	John Maguire	William Galwey
Michael Collins	Francis Lyons	William O'Keeffe.
	Nicholas Scollard	

‡ On Saturday the 31st of January, a Court of D'Oyer Hundred was held, and, there was at it, what the admirers of such matters considered "great fun," on the subject of the requisition. The Ball was opened by Mr. Gregg, who moved the thanks of the Freemen of the Corporation of the City of Cork, to the Sheriffs, for their having refused to comply with the requisition which had been presented to them in the absence of his Worship the Mayor. The motion was seconded by Mr. Bass (a loyal Hatter,) and spoken to by Mr. J. J. Cummins, the Merchant, who charged such of the requisitionists as were Freemen, with having violated a corporate oath.—The horror of having oath-breakers enrolled among the members of the antient Corporation of Cork, seized on William Gregg, who forthwith cried out "*read the requisition*"—"*Damn the requi-*

Meeting, they, accordingly, resolved that the subscribers of the Chamber should be duly requested to grant the use of it to the Citizens for the occasion. The subscribers met on the 26th of January, I was called to the Chair, and stated the object of the Meeting. We had to encounter opposition at almost every point—one of the subscribers (Mr. J. E. Finn) argued against the giving the use of the room. He said that the requisition, though lying some days on the table, had received but eight subscribers' signatures, and he inferred thence, that the object of the requisitionists was not popular with the subscribers—Mr. Edmond M'Carthy, an ingenious solicitor, and whose opposition, by the bye, to our municipal system, has been constant and effective—he, too, took the field against us. We were warmly supported by Mr. David Henessy, Mr. Francis Walsh, and the late John Boyle. The Meeting came to no conclusion that day—the subscribers met again on the 31st of June, for the reconsideration of the matter.

sition," exclaimed Mr. Conservator Wherland, "*it is only fit for the Water Closet.*" Mr. Gregg's motion of thanks having been carried, out stepped Mr. Burgess Vincent (Ex-Secretary of the Brunswick Club.) with a motion, that the requisition and names should be *copied* into the Journals of the Corporation. "There might be," said he, "allusion made hereafter to the circumstance, and by thus preserving the *original* document, there could be no possibility of mistake as to the object or the persons."—Mr. J. J. Cummins thought that this motion would be better and better, if it included the residence as well as the names of the requisitionists, "the more particularly" said he, "as a James Cummins, has signed the Repeal requisition, and a John Morrogh, that to the Mayor—now I have not signed the former, and I undertook to say, that Mr. Morrogh of Patrick's-hill, has not signed the latter." Here Mr. Robert Morrogh proclaimed, that it was his relative John Morrogh the Grocer, of Patrick-street, that had signed the latter, and Mr. Dan. Casey stood up for James Cummins, the honest farmer, who had signed the former. Mr. James Morgan, Merchant, (observing that his Brother Freemen were employed in the manufacture of a "*brutum fulmen*") now mounted the high horse, and assumed the merciful with the strong. He made a few observations on the abortive attempt (as he termed it) of the requisitionists. He said, that it was beneath the notice of the Freemen of Cork, for it had died in its birth, "You err greatly," said I, "Mr. Morgan."—He proceeded to praise the loyalty of the Citizens of Cork, and their opposition to the end of the requisitionists.—But then he would recommend moderation, "and to spare those who had goaded them on to such a proceeding."—They were spared and the motion was withdrawn.

Mr. James Daly said, that he was for granting the use of the Chamber for the Meeting, though he had not signed the requisition to the Mayor as he thought the object of it useless—Mr. M'Elligott would not give the room—it was his opinion that "as the Committee of the Chamber of Commerce had decided on not identifying itself with the Repeal of the Union Dinner, by a great majority, they should also decide upon not granting the room now by as great a majority." Mr. Michael Joseph Barry took the same side with Messrs. Finn, M'Carthy, and Elligott,—Mr. Dowden, who had not been at the former Meeting, attended this one, and supported the object of the requisitionists to the Mayor, and also the application then made to the Chamber, with his wonted ability.—Mr. Edmond M'Carthy followed up his opposition. He said, that out of one hundred and eighty subscribers to the Chamber, but thirty had signed the requisition to the Mayor. He cautioned the Catholic who had taken the qualification oath as a voter against having anything to do with that requisition, as it might involve him in the guilt of perjury. He lastly told the reformers, that they should take care not to injure reform by frightening the Bishops.—After Mr. Paul M'Sweeny had intimated his intention to vote against the granting of the room, I put the question, when the room was granted by "a great majority." The following notice was forthwith inserted in the Journals, and placarded throughout the City:—

"THE RICH CHURCH.—THE POOR PEOPLE."

"A Meeting of such as think that every Church ought to support itself, will be held at the Chamber of Commerce, on Wednesday the 22d of February, at 12 o'Clock, to petition the King, and the Parliament."

At this Meeting I acted as Secretary, and spoke the speech which follows:—Richard Dowden presided. The Citizens who took a part in the meeting, in addition to the Chairman and myself—were Thomas Jennings, (a Dissenter,) Joseph O'Leary, Richard Bagley, (a Dissenter.) John Osborne, (a Dissenter,) Daniel M'Carthy, Francis Walsh, George Paddington, Richard Mulcahy, Jeremiah O'Flynn, Edward Donegan, William Browne, (a Dissenter,) and John Boyle. Francis Walsh, was called to the second Chair. The Meeting agreed to Address the King, praying his Majesty "to withhold the issue of his permission to elect a Bishop, for the Diocese of Cork and Ross, until petitioners had an opportunity to petition Parliament for a law directing that every form of religion should be allowed to sustain itself"—it also agreed to petition Parliament.

THE RICH CHURCH AND POOR PEOPLE MEETING.

Mr. SHEAHAN spoke as follows:—

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—I have been unexpectedly called upon to propose the first of a series of resolutions which have been prepared to be submitted to you. I cheerfully undertake the office which has been conferred upon me. I have not been idle in the getting up of this important meeting—and I cannot hesitate in taking any part in it, to which the partiality of my friends calls me. Allow me to read for you the resolution which it is my province now to call upon you to adopt. You will find that it contains nothing to which any man can in fairness object. It speaks truths known to you and to the world. It is as follows:—

Resolved...That the Revenues required to afford the various forms of religion, full and adequate means for building and supporting Edifices, paying Ministers, &c. &c., ought and could be voluntarily subscribed; as it is well known that Roman Catholic and Protestant non-conformists, and also a large portion of the members of the Established Church, would prefer providing for their own religious wants; and object, conscientiously, to being compelled, either to uphold, or derive support, from other religious denominations.

Gentlemen, the resolution which I have read for you asserts that religious communities can support themselves. We need not travel far for the proof of the assertion. The very City in which we live proves its truth abundantly. Do not the Catholics of Cork support their own Clergy, and their own Places of Worship, without compelling others to contribute to the maintenance of their peculiar creed? Do not various classes of Dissenters in our City do the same? do not the Catholics, and the Dissenters of Ireland and of Great Britain act in this respect in like manner as the Catholics and Dissenters of our City? Again, if we go to the United States of America—that land which presents to us so many examples to admire and imitate—(*hear, hear*)—do we not find a nation abounding in Clergy and in Churches—abounding in every earthly blessing that we in our most fervent moments could wish for our native isle—and yet no system of compulsory Church taxation! And why should we have one here? (*hear, hear.*) Assuredly, America is not the worst land, because its system is not prolific of homicides and conflagrations—because the lives of its religious teachers are never attempted—because its ———s are not sent on Special Commissions to hang a wretched peasantry for revolting against a tax, the equity of which they cannot comprehend, but which is quite obvious to some young gentlemen whom I could name, who

while the children of the unfortunate peasant are made orphans, feed and fatten on it. (*loud cheers.*) There is no necessity then, gentlemen, for sucha Church Establishment as ours, unless scenes discreditable to human nature be creditable to Christianity. I, for one, will labour that those scenes may not much longer continue to disgrace Ireland and all but the victims connected with them. Allow me to indulge in an episode. As I entered this meeting, our excellent Chairman was commenting on the lecture read to Roman Catholics by Mr. James Cummins on Saturday.—Our Chairman has disposed of the Burgess in such admirable style, that it is in a manner "bringing coals to Newcastle," for me to add another word on the subject. I cannot, however, decline paying my compliments to Mr. Burgess Cummins as a well informed and conscientious gentleman. And first, in the latter capacity, I would strongly recommend to Mr. Cummins to confine himself for some time to the *cure* of those Protestant Gentlemen, for the integrity of whose temporalities he is so creditably anxious. Does he know that Lord Chancellor Brougham, the present keeper of the King's conscience, charged the Clergy of the establishment, with having but an *average* belief in the thirty-nine articles. According to that great authority the Clergy of the Establishment, *less than believe* some of the Thirty-nine Articles, *more than believe* others of them, and swear to an *entire* belief in all, and the imputation was that they so swore—because of the loaves and fishes. Now what ought such a spirited and zealous Protestant as Mr. Cummins do? Ought he not rather to call upon Lord Brougham to prove the justness of his imputation, or if Mr. Cummins himself believe that the imputation was well founded, ought he not rather employ himself in lecturing the *average belief men*, than in that work of minor obligation into which he has so chivalrously flung himself. But, Mr. Cummins was very ill informed respecting both the getters-up of this Meeting, and the oath to which he drew our attention. I have not taken that oath—neither have some eight hundred thousand Protestants and Dissenters of this City and County. We, at least, were free, and if the oath admitted of Mr.C.'s interpretation, we would continue free for ever, rather than bind ourselves to the ignominy of enduring a great wrong, and demising it to our posterity, without complaint or remonstrance. (*hear, hear.*) But Catholics are as free as air, to petition to be relieved from tithes and Church rates, and for what they may deem a more useful appropriation of what is called the Church property. The oath binds the person taking it, not to employ physical force, to subvert or weaken the Established

Church. The Relief Bill conferred certain privileges.—Among other matters, it enabled Catholics to become Generals and Admirals. It thus gave to the Catholic the command of the physical force of the country. The oath merely contemplates the exercise of the new privileges gained by the Relief Bill—it has nothing to do with the old privileges which were antecedent to that Bill, and the first and best of which was the privilege of petitioning Parliament for the redress of grievance. (*loud cheers.*) The interpretation which I give of the oath was given by the Government to the Roman Catholic Bishops—(*hear.*) This I have had from a Clergyman with whom I was conversing yesterday, and it is consistent, not perhaps with Mr. Cummins's sense, but with common sense. Mr. Sheahan having disposed of Mr. Cummins, proceeded to comment upon that part of the resolution in his hand, which asserted that many of the professors of various creeds, so far from deeming compulsory support necessary to their religious institutions, considered it as mischievous. He said that he was a Roman Catholic, sincerely believing in the tenets of the Church of Rome, and desirous of seeing them embraced by all men. If, however, it was proposed to him to-morrow, to establish Catholic for Protestant Ascendancy, and that the substitution could be effected, or again, if he were called upon to sanction the pensioning of the Catholic Clergy by the State—he would oppose the Ascendancy and the pensioning both (*loud cheers.*) He paid his religion the compliment of thinking it could support itself, and he felt it could be injured only by an adulterous connexion with the State. He, moreover, knew that the zealous, learned, and prudent ecclesiastic, would never have to complain of the voluntary bounty of his flock, and he did not wish to see muskets and bayonets, and swords, and parks of artillery in requisition to coerce a maintenance for ecclesiastics (be they Catholic or Protestant,) who are not prudent and learned and zealous. As he, then, would oppose a compulsory provision for the Clergy of his Church as not merely unnecessary but mischievous, he called upon every sincere Protestant to assist in reforming the present system, which was proved to be useless, for the purposes of religion, and was equally detrimental as it was useless (*hear.*) Mr. S. proceeded—We, of this meeting, are of opinion that the temporalities of the Church are the property of the State; and we think also, that it is the duty of every Citizen of that State to see that the national property should be equitably disposed of. Who is the Citizen or the Christian here who will tell me that the Church property in Ireland is equitably disposed of? (*hear, hear.*)

We profess to be a civilized, a christian people. Never did the world exhibit such specimens of civilization and of Christianity as ours. The poor ought to be under the special care of every wise and humane Government, and they are an especial portion of Christ's Church.—How are the poor treated in Ireland? (*loud cries of hear, hear.*) I shall tell you—the food that should be distributed among the sheep is monopolized by the shepherds. Bishop Porter of Clogher, dies worth nearly *half a million* of money, and Bishop Agar, of Dublin, dies worth nearly an entire *million* of money, and the widow and the orphan, and the aged and the infirm, are suffered to die of hunger.—(*immense cheering, with cries of "'tis true, 'tis true."*). Look to the state of your House of Industry at the present moment. There are now fifteen hundred paupers dependant on that establishment, and most melancholy is the condition of the great majority of them, and many a hundred of poor wretches in this City and County in want of even the scanty comforts which that house affords; how much money think you is on hands at the present moment, to support these 1500 paupers, and to meet the prospect of encreasing distress which is before us? how much think you? *Seven Pounds!!!*—(*Oh, oh*)—Aye—such is the fact, and the Establishment is even some hundreds of pounds in debt—and I am to be called a spoliator, and you are to be called spoliators, because we wish the Porters and the Agars to die as Bishops ought to die, empty of money, and full of good works, and that the inmates of the House of Industry should not be liable to-morrow to be thrown upon your streets to die there, of cold, nakedness and hunger—*spoliation!* indeed. Who are the real spoliators—we who would restore to the poor that which ought never to have been taken from them—or they who would exclude the poor from the Church of Christ, and give to the *Agars* and *Porters* their patrimony? (*hear, hear, and cheers.*) I have spoken of this House of Industry. Let me tell you—In 1827, the deceased prelate, Dr. St. Lawrence, issued, according to the Act of Parliament, an instruction to the Clergy of his Diocese, to preach sermons and to collect contributions from their flocks, in aid of the funds of the House of Industry—the only receptacle for the poor of the City and County. How much, think you, did the sermons and contributions of twenty-eight parishes produce? *Twenty-eight pounds, nine shillings, and fourpence half-penny!!*—(*Cries of Oh! oh!*) How did this happen? The twenty-eight clergy gave, I presume, one pound each. How did it happen that twenty-eight parishes produced but nine shillings and four-pence? The answer is at hand—the

parishes were without Protestant flocks, (*hear, hear*)—and I am to be called a spoliator, because I think that the widow and the orphan, and the aged, and the infirm, are better entitled to public provision than flockless parsons (*hear.*) Mr. Sheahan here exhibited the following returns, to contrast the receipts of some of the Clergy of the Dioceses of Cork and Cloyne, with the returns made by them to the House of Industry :—

CORK AND ROSS.

	Annual Income of the Protestant Clergymen.			*Collections for House of Industry.*			
St. Anne Shandon, ...	£260	3	9		£7	0	0
Dunbolloge, ...	500	0	0		0	0	0
Innishannon, ...	686	0	0		2	0	0
Inskinny, ...	400	0	0		1	0	7
Pallymartle, ...	460	0	0		0	9	7½
Templemichael, ...	266	0	0		1	14	0
Taxax, ...	113	15	0		0	0	6
Canavee, ...	238	0	0		1	4	0
Kilbonane, ...	225	0	0		0	6	0
Aglis Vicarage, ...	410	0	0		0	0	0
—— Rectory, ...	45	6	6		0	0	0
Castlehaven, ...	650	0	0		4	5	9
	£4,257	5	3		£18	0	11½

CLOYNE.

Castlelions, ...	£618	15	11		£1	10	0
Mallow, ...	650	0	0		5	6	6
Dungourney, ...	790	0	0		0	0	0
Britway, ...	237	5	3½		0	0	0
Abearn, ...	401	16	11½		3	10	0
Mourne Abbey, ...	600	0	0		0	0	0
Kilshannic, ...	800	0	0		7	18	6
Rostellan, ...	312	0	0		23	14	0
Carrigowenbeg, ...	183	9	4		0	0	0
Gortroe and Desert, ...	450	0	0		5	3	6
Killavullen, ...	60	0	0		0	0	0
Raheen, ...	262	10	0		2	8	0
	£5,354	8	2½		£50	13	6

Mr. Sheahan said, that the Clergymen who had compounded for the parishes that had returned such contemptible sums, had, at least, the sums ascribed to them—of this he was informed on very good authority, that the Rector of St. Ann's Shandon, to whom the Tithe composition return gave but £260 a year, was in possession of over treble that amount. Mr. S. proceeded—I am opposed to compulsory ecclesiastical taxation of every kind—I am opposed to connexion between Church and State—but if we

are to have Bishops and other Clergy paid by the State, let there be some proportion between the services conferred, and the payment. Is a Bishop a more worldly being than a General or an Admiral? are his duties more onerous, or attended with greater personal inconvenience than theirs. —If, then, a thousand a year be deemed sufficient pay for our Generals and our Admirals, why give six thousand to a Bishop of Cork, and twenty thousand a-year to a Bishop of Derry? (*cheers.*) Mr. Sheahan here exhibited the following scale of the pay of our *Regular Infantry*.

Colonel,	... £410	0	0	Lieutenant,	... 118	0	0
Lieutenant-Col.	310	0	0	Ensign,	... 96	0	0
Major,	... 292	0	0	Private,	... 18	15	0
Captain,	... 211	0	0				

Having gone through it, he asked—of how many soldiers, at £18 5s. a man, would the revenues of the See of Derry supply the pay—

Mr. O'Leary—Upwards of *Eleven Hundred*.

There is a calculation for you, (said Mr. S.) and we are called spoliators, because we strive legally and constitutionally, that the pay of 20 Generals, or of 20 Admirals, or of *eleven hundred* privates, should not be given to one Bishop (*hear, hear.*) The system could not last.—It was absurd to think that whilst tens and twenties of thousands of Pounds were thus squandered, that honest Episcopalian Protestants would not blush, or that Catholics and Dissenters would not be very properly discontented. (*hear*)—What was it, that some of his acquaintance who never entered Christ Church should be mulct in sums like the following, for the repairs of that place of worship:—

1828.

One Catholic		£31	17 8½
Another,		22	0 0
Do.		17	6 0
Do.		13	5 5
Do.		10	6 6
Do.		14	9 0
Do.		11	4 6
Do.		7	18 2
Do.		9	3 4
Do.		9	0 0
Do.		7	15 0
Do.		12	12 0
Do.		7	12 0

Mr. Sheahan concluded by expressing his opinion, that all churches would soon be placed on terms of equality, and that the long-neglected poor of the land would be speedily restored to their inheritance.

THE O'CONNELL PROCESSION.

The Citizens of Cork, anxious to express their high opinion of Mr. O'Connell's Parliamentary labours,—and to let the Minister, whether Whig or Tory, see that he had with him "the heart" of Ireland, went out in Public Procession on the 19th of March, 1831, to meet him on his approach to their City from Clonmel. The Trades and Mortality Societies of Cork did themselves immortal honour on this occasion. The numbers in which they attended—the band and the banner which they "turned out"—the order, almost military, in which they drew up, marched and manœuvred—the steady abstinence which, under the temptation of a bitter day, they practised—all these raised them immeasurably in the estimation of many who before despised them; and few Irishmen who witnessed that glorious sight did not say, that "We were made to be a Nation."—"Repeal and Reform" were inscribed on almost every one of the countless banners that floated in the air on that memorable occasion—and Mr. O'Connell did not fail in his address to the Citizens from the Chamber of Commerce, to tell them that on that day Repeal and Reform had been greatly promoted. It is but justice to JAMES HAYES to say that to him, above all other men, is the credit of this mighty display owing;—he was its great organizer. Whilst I give him this praise, he would himself, I am sure, be the first to admit that, from some of those who had been active in the getting up of the "Great Repeal Dinner," he derived cordial and efficient support. In the working up of the procession, I myself took no part.—It was out of my power to co-operate, so harassed had I been by the many days' and nights' attention to the progress of the Repeal Dinner, and of the Trades' Petition Meetings which followed it.

.....

WITHDRAWAL *of the* ADMIRAL'S FLAG *from* COVE.

The Ministers set out with a profession to cultivate "Peace,—Reform,—Retrenchment." In the prosecution of the last mentioned object they withdrew the Admiral's Flag from Cove, and the entire of the Naval establishment appended to it. The Citizens of Cork met on the 4th of July, 1831, to consider the propriety of petitioning Parliament on the subject of this abduction. The petition which they adopted is a memorable document—at least, I shall take care that it will not be forgotten. The petitioners denied that there was any economy or retrenchment in the withdrawal of the Flag from Cove—it was merely a trans-

fer of so much expenditure from Ireland to England. They stated that Naval Establishments were kept up at Woolwich, Deptford, Sheerness, Chatham, Plymouth, and even Pembroke, as well as at Jamaica, Bermuda, Malta, the Cape of Good Hope, Bombay, and other Foreign Stations; and they besought that "at a moment when one hundred and fifty thousand pounds were in the course of expenditure upon new works at Portsmouth, the perfect and magnificent magazines in the Cove of Cork should not be abandoned"—They alleged that of the grants for the Navy Service of that year, amounting to about six millions, only one thousand six hundred pounds was granted specially to be expended in Ireland; and that of the six millions not one-twentieth part was directly or indirectly spent in Ireland, —while petitioners paid the same taxes for nearly all the comforts and necessaries of life as were paid by their fellow subjects in England.—But the most important part of the petition was that wherein the petitioners said, that they could not avoid expressing their conviction that an "Absentee Landed Proprietary, and a non-resident Legislature, are evils of undoubted magnitude; that Ireland had suffered, and still continued to suffer, from them; and that unless counteracted by a just and generous course of policy towards Ireland, Irishmen would be compelled to demand a revision of the Act of Union."—This petition was submitted to the meeting by a Committee, consisting of John Moore Traverse, Gerard Callaghan, William Crawford, William Fagan, Bartholomew Verling, Horace Townsend, and Richard Dowden.—The Mayor, who presided, did not approve of the allusions to the Act of Union, and to non-resident Legislators; he, however, put the petition to the meeting, and, as there were not five dissentient voices, declared it duly carried. The Right Worshipful Gentleman declined to send forward the petition—it was sent forward without him—but, mark,—and, what an argument does it not furnish in favour of Repeal?—Mr. Callaghan, the Member for Cork, to whom it was entrusted for presentation—though he had it three months in his possession—could not get a suitable opportunity for presenting it! In a letter bearing date Oct. 30, 1831, and addressed to B. Verling, Esq. Cove, Mr. Callaghan says, that "the First Lord of the Admiralty and Mr. Stanley attended several days, when he had a prospect of being called on by the Speaker to present the petition; but unfortunately some debate on another petition, or some election ballot, consumed the time allowed for the presentation of petitions." On other days, when none of those impediments interposed, there happened to be none of his Majesty's Ministers in

the House.—"It (says Mr. C.) must now remain over until the next session after the prorogation." It did remain over, and the hope which Mr. Callaghan expressed in this letter, that by the discussion on the petition Sir James Graham would be induced to re-establish and perhaps increase the Depot," has been disappointed. Irishmen! forget not that even the Admiral's Flag was taken from Cove, and that during three months one of your Representatives could not get a suitable opportunity of laying your complaint before the *English* Parliament.

REFORM.

The House of Lords having thrown out the English Reform Bill, the King dissolved the Parliament. The Reformers deeming it right that such members of the late Parliament as had voted for Reform should be returned for the new Parliament, and Messrs. Callaghan and Boyle, having so voted—they were returned accordingly. A Major Massy threatened them with a Conservative opposition, but on the morning of the day of Election, the gallant officer disappeared. The Citizens of Cork and the Inhabitants of the County did their duty, during the Reform struggle. The former held four meetings, at the first of which Francis B. Beamish presided—at the second and fourth, William Crawford, jun.—at the third, the lamented Stawell. John Hyde, High Sheriff, presided at the County Meeting.

[I published "*Absenteeism, and the Unknown Tongue,*" on the 4th of November, 1831—the London Papers having about that time, supplied the Irish Market with some specimens of "the tongue"—and it being rumoured that a Rev. Mr. Armstrong (who, it was said, had been specially favored) was to visit "the beautiful City." This "article" ran the round of all the Papers. "*The Question Stated*" came out on the 14th of Dec.—on the very day we heard in Cork, that "the system" had at Carrickshock, consigned to untimely graves, sixteen additional victims. "*The Irish Christmas Piece*" was published on the 23d of Dec. of the same year—on the 28th "*a Hard Case*" made its appearance: it was suggested by a report, that a certain Alderman had been heard to say, he had intended his boy for the Church, but now, that being a bad speculation, he should turn him to something else. On Feb. 14th, 1832, Mr. Stanley made his memorable declaration respecting "the extinction" of Tythes—on the 22d the piece entitled

"*Measuring a Face*" appeared in the *Chronicle*.—Mr. Dan Meagher had told me, that on the passing of the Relief Bill, he carried a rule about him to measure the faces of some of his Brunswick Friends.]

ABSENTEEISM—THE UNKNOWN TONGUE.

A very singular case came before the Sitting Magistrates at our Police-Office the other day.

A man of the name of *Paddy Heffernan* was brought up, charged with having feloniously carried away a pig—which its owner was putting on board one of the steamers for the English market. Paddy, who appeared to be a singularly queer fellow, denied the charge stoutly; but the pig-jobber insisted on its truth, and said that he had witnesses to prove it.

Paddy—'Tis false, please your Worship; I never stole the pig, I only *liberated* it.

Magistrate—*Liberated* it!

Paddy—Yes, please your honour, *liberated* it. This man (pointing to the jobber) was taking the pig to England against her will. The pig screeched and roared and struggled hard against him; she, moreover, *called* upon me to assist her, and I did so, please your Reverence!

Magistrate—*Called* upon you! What do you mean, man; do you intend to insult me?

Paddy—Aye, called upon me.—As they were forcing her into the ship she turned her back upon it, and struggling hard against them, looked sorrowfully into my face and said, "Yea, then, Paddy Heffernan, won't you assist me; don't you see, Paddy, I do not wish to be *an Absentee*? I'd like to live and die among my countrymen—to leave my bones among them."

Magistrate—'Tis very strange.

Pig-Jobber—Yea, please your Worship, the devil a word of all that the pig spoke; I was listening to her.

Paddy (to the Jobber)—And what did she say, then?

Pig Jobber (surlily)—She said nothing.

Magistrate—Indeed I suppose so———

Paddy—Mr. Magistrate, don't be after supposing so; though pigs have no souls they have hearts, and this man's pig told me that she did not wish to be considered as *Lord* ——and *Sir*——(Here Paddy mentioned the names of several, *not of the swinish* multitude, who owe every thing to the Irish soil, and repay the debt *any where* but in Ireland.)—The pig said this, and much more.

(The Jobber looked amazed at Paddy Heffernan.) At this moment a miserable group of men, women, and children came into the office—they were half naked and apparently more than half starved. A policeman made them stand aside, informing

his Worship at the same time, that they were poor people who wanted to get admittance, if possible, into the Poor House.

Paddy Heffernan—(excited)—Sure there it is, please your Reverence—didn't the pig tell me that it was a crying shame to have all these poor people starving in the midst of full and plenty? On telling me the names of all the Ladies and Gentlemen who absent themselves from Ireland, she counted over the hundreds of thousands of heads of cattle—of firkins of butter—of bags of corn, which the Absentees take with them, and which she said ought to be disposed of in feeding her own poor countrymen.

Pig-Jobber (shaking his head)—I here is some truth in what he says; it often broke my heart to see the poor devils standing idle and hungry on the quays—and the wealth of the country going from it. If I could do any thing else I'd pitch the trade to the devil.

Magistrate—Why, Mr. Heffernan, this pig must have been a highly-gifted animal. How long (to the jobber) was she in this man's possession?

Pig-Jobber—Not more than a few seconds, please your Worship. We rescued the Pig from him immediately.

Magistrate—'Pon my honour, then, Mr. Heffernan, the Pig contrived to say a good many things to you in a very short time.

Paddy—"*The Unknown Tongue*"—please your Worship—it says a good deal in a very short time.

Magistrate (*vexed*)—*What Unknown Tongue*, you rascal?—I'll instantly commit you.

Paddy (*quite composed*)—Aye! *the unknown tongue.*—What law is there against a pig speaking it?

Magistrate—(*highly indignant*)—The unknown tongue, you scoundrel—to be given to pigs! and you to understand it! Assuredly, if it were *unknown*, you could not *know* it.

(The Jobber took no part in the argument—but looked now at Paddy, and now at the Magistrate, and now at the by-standers, who were quite as much astonished as himself.)

Paddy (*pulling up*)—Why there is all the difference, Mr. Magistrate—this pig spoke an unknown tongue which *some* understand; whereas Irving's *brutes* speak a language which *none* understand. Now, which of the parties is the more likely to be *gifted*?

The Magistrate (*starting from a passing reverie*) Come, Sir, state some of the words spoken by this pig.

Paddy—(*without hesitation*)—"*Horish, Horish, Horish, Pradrig Heffernan—och waughee—noostin boor os, baconos faeton favni, Arden, Corkaig, Middleton, horish, horish, horish, porkos, och waughee.*" There 'tis for you.

(Before Paddy had got over half of *his* unknown, the Jobber, and several of the by-standers, got into an immoderate fit laughter, which greatly disconcerted his Worship.)

Magistrate—Heffernan! the Rev. Mr. Armstrong is expec-

ted here from London to a Bible Meeting. I shall get him myself to examine this pig—and if—

Paddy—He may catechise her if he pleases,—his time will be as well employed that way, as if he were preaching on Mr. Talpin and Miss Whatshername.

Magistrate (to the Jobber)—Come, Sir, be serious. You swear that this man intended to rob you of your pig?

Pig Jobber—Oh no, please your Worship; I don't believe that he actually intended to rob me of her. I believe all he wanted was that the pig should remain in the country; beyond that he appeared to me not to care the toss of a rap halfpenny what became of her.

Magistrate—Quit the office, Sir. I suppose you, too, are a *Repealer*.

Paddy (departing)—I hope, Mr. Magistrate, you'll not forget Mr. Armstrong.

THE QUESTION STATED.

SCENE.—A parlour in Parson's Hall.—Tithe-eater is sitting at a table on which are decanters, glasses, &c.

Tithe-eater.—Justice! to be sure it is justice and religion. Why should they not pay us, and why should we not make them pay us—have we not the law on our side?—(*Drops dead.*)

SCENE.—A Tribunal in the other world.—Tithe-eater stands trembling at it.

A Voice.—Tithe-eater—*Reverend* Tithe-eater—what hast thou done in life?—(Tithe-eater shrinks within himself, and is silent.) Skibbereen men* appear.

Enter John Cowen (the policeman,) Pat Driscoll (the bailiff,) John Regan, and Denis M'Carthy, (all mortally wounded.)

A Voice.—Tithe-eater! *Reverend* Tithe-eater! man of justice and religion! what hast thou done in life?—(Tithe-eater's terror encreases—he is still silent.) *Kilkeens-man* † appear.—(Enter Owen Murphy, mortally wounded.)

A Voice.—Tithe-eater! *most Reverend* Tithe eater! thou, who hast had the law on thy side! what hast thou done in life? (Tythe-eater trembles like an aspen-leaf, and says nothing.) Ye! who have been slaughtered at Newtownbarry ‡ appear.

Enter... Mary Mulroney (the pregnant woman,) Thomas Waters (the child,) Andrew M'Donnell, James Neil, Stephen Whitty, Michael Doyle, Thomas Butler, Miles Dillon, James Doyle, Philip Redmond, Patrick Leary, William Rogan, (the policeman,) — Leary (all mortally wounded.)

* Slain at Castlehaven, near Skibbereen, July 4, 1822, in a tythe battle.

† Slain at Killeens, in the North-West Liberties of the City of Cork, in 1821, in a Church-rate fight.

‡ Slain at Newtownbarry, in the County of Wexford, on the 18th of June, 1831, in the tythe-cant and massacre.

A Voice....Tithe-eater! Low-church-vested right Tithe-eater! look on these. They hired you not; and yet, because they would not pay you even for teaching that which they deemed error, you slew them.

Tithe-eater (trembling.)...John Cowen, and Pat Driscoll were killed by the people of Castlehaven, and William Rogan (the yeoman,) was shot by the Newtownbarry rioters.

A Voice-...John Cowen, Patrick Driscoll, William Rogan, come forward.

John Cowen...My blood is upon the system which caused it to flow.

Patrick Driscoll...And mine too. We should not have been so employed by Christian Ministers.

A Voice....Christian Ministers!

William Rogan....I was *not* killed by the Newtownbarry rioters; and would, that the poor Protestants of Ireland felt as I do now. If so they would no longer prove the dolts they have been. Instead of being ready to shed their blood in the maintenance of a system which enables some ecclesiastics§ to dig worth the enormous sum of £300,000, and the executors‖ of others to advertise for sale as of and belonging to them,—"*an infinite variety of culinary articles*," and "wines of every kind, and of the best description," they would be ready to shed their blood for the just rights of all Irishmen.

A Voice...Reverend Tithe-eater! hearest thou that? Behold! even thine own rise in judgment against thee!...What sayest thou? Thou hast written and spoken in defence of a system which thy conscience could not approve; and though thou couldst not afford to give any portion of the patrimony of the poor, to that poor to whom it belonged, thou couldst share it with apostate and reprobate scribes, who kept thee, during life, in countenance: and who could, with an infernal affectation of scientific knowledge, speak of such bloodletting as took place June 18, '31, at Newtownbarry, as "*salutary*."* Reverend Tithe-eater! *what* sayest thou?...(The Voice spoke with the peal of ten thousand thunders, and the Father in——shrieked a call on "the mountains to cover him.")

A Voice...Wretched man! thou hast not here a judge and jury of *your* "right sort,"† still shalt thou be judged with mercy: What hast thou to say in mitigation of punishment? Speak.

Tythe-eater...(somewhat assured)...*They* tempted me. They did not act like men oppressed...and the oppression became almost justified in my eyes...no doubt.. here and there I heard the voice of remonstrance, and I witnessed signs of resis-

§ Porter, of Clogher; Agar, of Dublin, &c.

‖ See in the Dublin papers of August 1831, the advertisements announcing the sale of the *relics* of the Most Reverend Fathers Magee and Beresford.

* See the Parsons' Press *passim*.

† See Mr. Saurin's famous letter to Lord Norbury.

tance...but...the Irish made no prudent...national efforts to get rid of compulsory ecclesiastic taxation. Their petitions to Parliament against tythes and church rates were never numerous. Had three-fourths of the Parishes of Ireland petitioned two years successively that every church should support itself... the system could not last. When that the oppressed did not seem to feel the oppression, is there no palliation in that, that I, weak mortal, should deem even the oppression by which I gained...justice.

A Voice...There is still mercy for thee. But for the temptation which thou hast stated, and which had been taken into account before thou utteredst it...thy doom would have been "such as no eye hath seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Return now to life. Become an Irish Catholic Peasant...naked, cold, and hungry,... let thy blanket be taken from thee to support a Parson in whose doctrine you do not believe.. remonstrate against the wrong...let thy starveling child fling a pebble at the oppressor ..." *Be slain*"...when thou returnest, thou shalt have hope which thou hast not now.

A HARD CASE.

"*Rats leave falling houses.*"

A Tailor who rejoiced in the name of Terry O'Neil, was brought before the Magistrates yesterday, charged by one Ratter, a *Sexton*, with having employed threatening language towards him. The tailor was countenanced by several Knights of the needle. The only person with the Sexton was a young lad, his son, who was dressed in a shabby black coat, seemed to be about sixteen years of age, and looked rather sober.

Senior Magistrate....Well, Mr. O'Neil...what threats are these you have been holding out to Ratter.

Terry...Oh, please your Worship, I was only afraid that this boy's (pointing to young Ratter) vocation would be spoiled.

Old Ratter...Don't mind him, your Worship, he is only joking with you.

Junior Magistrate (to Ratter)—Hold your tongue, Sir.

Senior Magistrate—What vocation, Mr. O'Neil? A vocation to tailoring!

Terry—Oh no, please your Worship—a vocation to be a Parson...hasn't he it in his countenance? See! his very measure was taken for it—(Young Ratter here looked a little foolish—and the Knights tittered.)

Old Ratter—*(vexed)*—Mr. Magistrate!—I ask you are they to make game of my misfortunes?

Senior Magistrate...Well, Ratter, let us hear what are those misfortunes?...*(to the Knights)* come, my gentlemen—behave yourselves.

Old Ratter—Be it known then to you, gentlemen, that I did intend this boy for the Church.

Terry—(interrupting)—Didn't I tell your Worship so?—I was only preventing him from spoiling a Bishop, and throwing perhaps £15,000 a year out of his hands—*(the Knights very merry.)*

Junior Magistrate—Tut!—this conduct cannot be tolerated.—O'Neil, if you interupt again; and you (to the Knights) if you don't.—Ratter, go on—(Terry and the other Knights *mum.)*

Old Ratter—(in continuation)—I was telling you gentlemen, that I did intend this lad for the Church.

Senior Magistrate..And why didn't you prosecute your intention?

Old Ratter....Prosecute my intention, Sir! Why! what man with his eyes open would *bind* his son to the Church now? Parsons will be at the rate of ten a penny in Ireland before five years. (Terry and his "order" nod assent.)

Senior Magistrate...And now that the vessel is sinking you *rat*...Mr. Ratter, pray, why do you think that Parsons will be so very cheap in this country.

Old Ratter....Why do I think so?—Look, Sir, at Kilkenny, and look every where...look at the very woolsack, and who sits on it?....Why, the very man who said in the House of Commons on the 18th of June, 1825, that "the Clergy were Officers of State, and like other Officers of State may be got rid of in proportion as they were no further required." *(Hear, hear, from Terry O'Neil, and his brother associators.)*

Junior Magistrate...(to the Knights)...Come, come, fellows! don't imagine you are at the Corn Exchange, listening to one of your orators...you must give up your cheering here.

Terry...What! please your Worship...not cheer the Lord Chancellor?...Sure you won't blame us.

Junior Magistrate.—Hold your tongue, Sir.

Old Ratter—(to the Magistrates)—You see yourselves, Gentlemen, how the thing is—the Church is in danger.

Terry—*(to the Sexton)*—It won't be so if you keep the boy to it. [*Old Ratter looked ineffable things at Terry—the Knights again violated order, and the Magistrates themselves could with difficulty preserve their gravity.*]

Senior Magistrate—Come, Sirs, we must dispose of this affair.—Ratter, what threatening language did this man employ towards you?

Old Ratter—May it please your Worship, he threatened me with the vengeance of the Body, if I should attempt to make my son a tailor.

Terry—And wasn't it very kind of me to threaten you for your good? In transferring the lad from the pulpit to the lapboard you were doing *the cloth* great injury *(a laugh from "The Cloth.")*

Old Ratter—I'll tell your Worships what that means,—

The tailors think they have not work enough for the present hands, and they are unwilling to add to their numbers. They say that it would injure "shop."

Terry—And so it would; and, pray, Mr. Magistrates, would you wish to have "additional Magistrates" brought into this City to injure "shop?"—*(One of the "Order" here gave Terry a knudge; but Terry looked at him as if he had advanced a case entirely in point.)*

Junior Magistrate—Tailor, you talk too much.

Senior Magistrate—Ratter, what were the precise words this man addressed to you.

Old Ratter—He told me that the Body understood that I was forcing my son on one of the trade, and that I would be sorry for not having made my boy a Bishop.

Terry *(with great composure)*—Just so.—Why should not he have his chance of the See of Derry and of the £10,000 a-year and "*spuntrds.*"

(The Magistrates consult.)

Senior Magistrate—O'Neil, my brother Magistrate and myself are strongly of opinion that you did use these words in a threatening sense; however, as it is possible that you might have used them innocently, we shall not now require of you to give bail.

Terry—Thank your Worship; 'twould be a poor requital for the mitre I was so anxious his son should get, to put me to the expence of bailbonds.

Senior Magistrate—Come, come, away with yourself and your body-guard here. Ratter, this is a stout boy of your's—couldn't you make any thing else but a tailor of him?

Old Ratter—Really, Sir, I do not know what to make of him. There is neither trade nor business in the country.

Terry (departing)—I'll tell you what to make of him—make *a Repealer* of him, and another of yourself.

Old Ratter—'Twill come to that.

Terry—And you, Mr. Magistrates, I'd advise you too to think of yourselves in time.

Magistrates—Clear out, you scoundrels.

IRISH CHRISTMAS PIECE FOR 1831.

We admire very much the design of this Piece—it does great credit to the Artist. Let us hope that it will be in demand with the rising generation, and that it will be hung up in every house in the land to instruct and to edify.

The principal or head picture in the Piece represents *a Cathedral—a Bishop's Palace—a Barrack—a Convict depot—a Gaol, large and strong as a fortress, and a Mendicity Asylum.* This view appears to have been taken from the New Western Road leading from "the beautiful City."

At least we think we have descried something not very unlike it when pacing that charming outlet. In the foreground of this picture there are some half-famished looking wretches breaking stones, and apparently admiring the felicitous juxta-position of the Cathedral, Palace, Barrack, Gaol, Depot and Poor-House.

The first picture on the left hand exhibits *a Parish Vestry*...six persons, of great seeming importance, are seen sitting at a table. There are standing around them a host of individuals. From the burning indignation which flashes from the countenance of every one of these, and the look of wrath which they fling on the persons who are sitting at the table, it is evident that they feel as if some great and crying insult had been offered to them, and that by those at the table.

The first picture on the right represents *the interior of a Church*. There are four persons in it—the Parson, the Sexton, and two Policemen. The Parson looks as if he thought he had nothing to do there. The Policemen seem to coincide with his Reverence in opinion.

The second picture, on the left hand, represents *a Female tendering for sale her locks*, which she has shorn, in order that she may procure some food for her famishing children. Three little ones are looking up to her. Even the light frizzeur appears to be horrified at this scene of Irish misery. On the back ground there is descried a Parson, plethoric with the patrimony of the poor, anxious for titivation.

The second picture, to the right, developes *the interior of a Peasant's cabin at night*—Seven human beings are seen sleeping in it.—There is but one bed (of straw) among them —on this the males are stretched, after the labour of the day—the heads of the females rest on it—their bodies on the clay floor—their feet are in the turf dust. Through a breach in the cabin-wall, there is seen in the distance the Parson's Court, which is brilliantly lit up, as if for a ball.

The third picture, on the left, represents *a Seizure by a Churchwarden*.—The Churchwarden is in the act of taking a poor woman's blanket. The poor woman, maddened by oppression, seems, with uplifted hands, to pray that Heaven may send some scourge to avenge her wrongs and its own. The countenance of this woman is most expressive.

The third picture, on the right, is "*The Driving of the Parson's Tythe Cow.*" The word TYTHE is stamped in large characters on the cow's side. A barefoot peasant is apparently remonstrating with the driver, on the injustice of a system which compels him to support a Clergyman whom he does not want. The driver, a brutal looking fellow turns

his backside, not in the most courteous manner, on the remonstrant—and, orders his assistant ruffians "to drive on." There are several persons grouped about, who appear to be fully impressed with the difference between law and justice.

At the bottom of the piece there is spread out a strange medley to which the Artist has given the name,—"*The Fruits of the Tree.*" Here we see bullets, bibles, pieces of artillery, and pieces of legislation—halters and cat-o'-nine-tails—mutilated legs and arms—the murdered bodies of peasants and parsons—yeomen and policemen—a pregnant woman in the throes of death brought on by "salutary bloodletting"—and a child shot by the unerring hand of Irish Justice. In the back ground of this piece there is seen a flame ascending from a burning edifice.

The Artist dedicates this Piece to Lord BROUGHAM. In compliment to his Lordship, he wishes that the penmanship in the piece, be a copy of something said by his Lordship. He, accordingly, suggests, the following texts, reported as having been supplied by Lord BROUGHAM—the first in one of his speeches, during the contest which he carried on with the LOWTHERS in Westmoreland—in June, 1826:—

"It was hard enough that six millions of men should pay taxes to a church from which they received no benefit, and by which only one half of the Protestant community was benefitted, for the other half million of Protestants were dissenters from the established church."

The second, spoken in the House of Commons, June 18, 1828:—

"The Clergy are Officers of State, and like other Officers of State may be got rid of in proportion as they were no further required."

Our readers will, we trust, agree with us in opinion, that Christmas Pieces of this kind, are at least, as valuable as "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves"—and such like interesting matters, and that they ought to be encouraged by the Irish Public.

MEASURING A FACE.

The Police Office was crowded yesterday, in expectation of a case in which two respectable Gentlemen of this City were concerned. We do not like to give names—suffice it to say, that one of them is a Burgess; the other, a bluff, good-humoured-looking fellow, distinguished for kind acts and witty sayings. They were both attended by a "*posse comitatus*" of friends. Those of the Burgess were mostly from the lower Club House; those of the other Gentleman, from the Cham-

ber of Commerce. Some uninteresting case having been disposed of,

The Senior Magistrate said to—we shall call him *Dan*. "Mr. ——— we have sent for you before taking informations. The Burgess charges you with having assaulted him.

Dan—Assaulted him! please your Worship? 'Pon my honor, I'm as innocent of the matter as Paddy Heffernan, who was before you the other day, was of stealing the pig—(*laughter, in which the Burgess does not join.*)

Senior Magistrate...There was no Paddy Heffernan before me: that was all a bam, Sir.

Dan—Well, please your Worship, I cannot help that...I thought it was all true as scripture—(*looking at the Burgess.*)

Junior Magistrate—And, I suppose, you thought that other gibe about *the Sexton* and *the Tailor*, scripture also?

Dan—Oh! no—but if an Ex-Mayor were in the place of the Sexton, I'd have been greatly tempted to believe.

Junior Magistrate—Why so?

Dan—Why, he has been heard to say that he intended his son for the Church—but seeing how things were going, he changed his vocation. Lord Mountcashel's Meeting tended greatly to bother *the concern*. The Burgess himself must now admit it.

The Burgess—The Burgess will admit no such thing.—(*a laugh among the Liberals.*)

Senior Magistrate...(to the Complainant)—Mr. Burgess, you say that this Gentleman has assaulted you?

The Burgess...Yes, he struck me with a rule in the face.

Dan—(to the Burgess)—Struck you with a rule in the face?

The Burgess—(*truculent*)—Aye!

Dan—Oh! come, Mr. Burgess, don't be practicing at the blue malignant cholera—(*a laugh.*) I did not strike you in the face.

The Burgess—But I say you did.

Dan—But I say I did not.

The Burgess—You came up to me in the street, and applied a rule to my face—(*a laugh among the Liberals, which is rebuked by the Magistrates.*)

Dan—Mr. Burgess, I only measured your face.

Senior Magistrate—What do you mean, Sir, by only measuring his face?

Dan...Why, to speak the truth, Mr. Magistrate, I was greatly elated at receiving the account of the extinction of Tithes, and knowing how my friend, the Burgess (*the Burgess here looked unutterable things*) felt on the occasion, I was curious to ascertain what effect the internal feeling had produced on the external man; I accordingly purchased a rule—and having met him in the street, I essayed to measure his face—(*great laughter in which all but the Burgess joined*)—and I can assure your Worship, that it was at least *three inches longer* than on ordinary occasions—(*renewed laughter.*)

The Burgess—I really cannot understand why I should come here to be laughed at—I tell your Worships, that he did strike me.

Senior Magistrate—Assuredly, Mr. Burgess, you would not have us take informations on trivial grounds. This Gentleman says that he did not strike you, and you have not stated any thing from which it can be inferred that he harboured malice against you. His measuring your face was an uncivil thing; but, I rather think that my Brother Magistrate will hesitate, as I do, to consider it an assault.

The Burgess—It was, and an unmeasured assault.

Dan—(*to the Burgess*)—*Unmeasured*, do you say? and effected with a three-foot rule! oh! what a judge of colours you are!

(The Magistrates consult.)

Senior Magistrate (*to Dan*)—*How*, Sir, did you apply the rule to the face of this Gentleman?

Dan—Oh, Sir, I shall show you in an instant.

Dan here produced his three foot rule, with which, amid roars of laughter from all, save and except the Burgess, he essayed again to measure the Burgess's face. The latter eyed him with a scowl—then looked upon the Magistrates, as a pair of Kilkenny hurlers in disguise, seized his *chapeau*, and left the Office, without asking even the Gentlemen of the Lower Club to accompany him.

Senior Magistrate—*Dan*, I think you had better not mind measuring that Gentleman's face again.

Dan—Assuredly not, till the Repeal comes, and then 'twill be as long as Jacob's ladder.

Magistrates—Away! away!

PASSIVE RESISTANCE.

I published the following in the *Chronicle* of March 30, 1831. I did not pay Minister's Money or Church Rates in 1832, neither have I paid them this year....I did not owe them.

GENTLEMEN—I understand that you have applied at my house, No. 25, Dominick-street, for three several sums of money; one sum for the support of the Rev. Dr. Quarry, the Protestant Rector of the parish; another sum for the maintenance of the Protestant place of worship in the parish, and for certain general parochial objects; the third sum for the purposes of the Officers of Health of the parish.

I will most cheerfully pay you the last mentioned sum, Conly, that for the purposes of the parochial Officers of Ireland will also pay you that portion of the second sum City, there general purposes of the parish; the remainder ate of extreme

l kewise, your demand for the support of the Rev. Dr. Quarry, *I will not pay.*

I have no objection, Gentlemen, indeed, I hold it to be a solemn duty, to contribute to the maintenance of the army, the navy, and the civil departments of the state.—I most readily subscribe to the doctrine that every citizen ought to assist in an object common to all citizens, but I cannot understand why it is that I, *not a Protestant*, should be compelled to support a Protestant Clergyman, in whose doctrine I disbelieve, and to maintain a Protestant place of worship which I never enter for religious purposes.

The resolution which I have adopted of submitting to distraint is forced upon me. I have repeatedly, but in vain, petitioned the Legislature for redress...I have, year after year, attended at those Vestries at which my property was voted away without my consent, and I have(ineffectually) called upon my Protestant fellow-parishioners "to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them." I am prepared to meet the inconvenience which my present course may entail on me. Should that course prove inconvenient to those from whom you derive your commission, they have to thank themselves.

I trust, Gentlemen, that it is unnecessary for me to say that, in the passive resistance which I thus offer to your Ecclesiastical demands, I am influenced by no feeling of personal hostility to you. In the discharge of my duties as an Officer of Health, I have repeatedly come in contact with you, and I have found you uniformly courteous and conciliatory in your demeanour.

I have the honour, Gentlemen, to be, your obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHEAHAN.

To Messrs. Holland and Bayly, Churchwardens of the Parish of St. Mary Shandon.

.....

IRISH MANUFACTURES.

The Cholera made me an Officer of Health for the Parish of St. Mary Shandon...Public and private confidence placed at my disposal a considerable sum of money for the relief of the distressed. In the distribution of this fund, and in the discharge of my duty as an Officer of Health, I formed an association with several excellent men; and with them I studied the wretchedness of our people from the damp clay duced on to the roofless attic. We agreed that want of em- and having met it the main spring of the misery that on all face—(*great laugh*) itself....I said, "Let us raise a cry in favour I can assure your of our own Country;...let us meet and re- *longer* than on ordin

solve to encourage "*Irish Manufactures.*" The suggestion pleased them...and hence followed all the Associations, and their Meetings and Declarations, in 1832, on the subject of Irish Manufactures,...hence followed the Blarney Meeting, and the Interview with the Marquis of Angleses,...and hence arose the Trades' Association which, in addition to every thing else, manufactured an honest Constituency for Cork, and two Repealers for the English Parliament.... The following is the Speech which I delivered at the first of the Irish Manufacture Meetings. It was held on the 11th day of June, in the parish of St. Mary Shandon.

Mr. SHEAHAN—I have been requested, gentlemen, to propose the first resolution, but before I read it for you, I will be allowed to state the circumstances in which this meeting has originated. Private benevolence, aided by public bounty, enabled a few of our fellow parishioners to dispense a little relief to some of the multitudinous poor by whom we are surrounded. The quantum of relief was limited, indeed. They were not able to give one substantial meal in the day to one-tenth of the poor of the parish, whom hunger and disease and death were staring in the face. Their little fund, however, was exhausted, and one of the benevolent donors, whose name is unknown to the world, but whose merit, I trust, will not go without its reward, and who had already contributed 100l., intimated that he was willing to give still more (*hear.*) A meeting was held.—The Committee of Distribution—having that knowledge of the state of the poor, which persons who have mixed with the poor, as they, alone can have—seeing that a system of alms was totally inadequate to present wants, and that it held out no prospect of permanent relief, convinced that our people need be neither hungry nor cold, nor naked—on the contrary, that if we were true to each other—(*hear, hear*)—that we could be all comfortable, that Committee came to the resolution of being no longer the distributors of alms, which, however creditable to the donors, fell infinitely short of the occasion; but they came to another resolution also—they resolved to get up this meeting—(*loud cheers*)—and I congratulate them that this meeting is every thing that they could desire—and in its promise, infinitely beyond what the most sanguine of them expected it would prove. (*cries of hear, hear.*) Mr. S. here read the first resolution, he then proceeded: According to a report of a Committee of the House of Commons, there are 2 millions of the population of Ireland unemployed—according to the census of this City, there are at least 21,000 of our fellow citizens in a state of extreme

destitution! Here are the grounds upon which we proceed and we defy the ignorant, or the selfish, or the scoffer, who does no good, who attempts no good, to dislodge us from them. We may be told that some of us who would prefer the wearing of a fine to the wearing of a course article, ought to be indulged; that the notion of giving more for an Irish than for a foreign article, ought under any circumstances be most philosophically scouted—that we ought not to bolster up industry—that the remnant of the generation of Irish manufactures ought to be allowed to die away—they have died away. At the foot of this street there lived a man who gave employment to 200 individuals—he died away in the Poor-house. (*cries of "Shame!"*) The remnant, then, of our manufacturers may become extinct, and some of us may be more disposed to indulge our individual selfishness and vanity, than to assist in keeping life in them; but the question still returns, what is to become of the two millions of unemployed people in Ireland, of the more than twenty-one thousand destitute human beings in Cork—They will not understand your theories of trade, and starve—they will not die off quietly, while you give to others that food and employment which you ought to give them (*cheers.*) [Mr. S. produced several written applications for relief, which he said he brought from a bundle of several hundreds of the same kind, and which had been tendered to the Distribution Committee.] He continued:—These are cries of myriads of famishing men, of widows, and of orphans—their cries for food and raiment—and what reply will those who are against us, or are not with us this day, make to them? Will they say to them "perish?"—Forbid it humanity—and the millions will not perish for them. (*cheers.*) What, then, must be done with the poor of Cork, and of Ireland? That which is done with the poor of every other country—they must be employed in the ordinary business, and fed with the produce of the land in which they are born. You heard of the 8 or £9,000, the balance of the English charity fund of 1822, raised for the use of us, Irish. What quantity, think ye, of the manufactured goods of England did we import the very year in which the begging box went from house to house in that country, to save us from starvation and death? I quote from a work entitled "Statistical Illustrations of the British Empire," published by Miller, of London, in 1825:

Blankets,	"	"	14,429
Carpetting,	"	"	15,964
Cotton Goods,	"	"	132,154
Drapery, Old,	"	"	767,867
Do:..... New,	"	"	165,883

Earthenware,	58,520
Haberdashery,	92,424
Hats,	52,457
Hides and Leather,	83,140
Hosiery, Cotton,	55,389
Ironmongery,	262,357
Watches and Works,	14,283
Cotton Yarn,	124,564
Sugar Refined,	219,995
Unenumerated articles,	1,718,600
Official Value	£3,786,035

The articles recited are described as "almost exclusively imported from England, and I think we are safe in calculating that 3,000,000 worth of them at least came from that country, and were what we call 'manufactured' articles (*hear.*) That very same year of 1822, in which we were starving, we exported to England, as I learn from the same authority—

Grain	£1,113,202
Meal,	305,126
Salt Provisions,	1,383,332
Live Stock,	255,330
Total,	£3,059,490

I ask you now—is it not likely that if the Irish, who employed the industry of strangers in 1822, encouraged the industry of their own countrymen, that we would have kept at home a good deal of the "grain" and the "meal," and the "salt provisions," and the "live stock?"—and that in 1822 we would not have been starving in the midst of plenty, nor have been beggars when we ought to have been men, (*hear.*) An end, Gentlemen, must be put to these things. Attend—I have been told that the Riverstown Woollen Factory sends out about £2,000 worth of cloth in the year. *Five hundred individuals*, at least, derive food, lodging, and raiment, from the manufacture of those £2000 worth of goods. I have been told, moreover, that the proprietors of the Riverstown Factory import annually into this City from England, £130,000 worth of English manufactured goods. From what I have heard of the quantity of labour employed on the goods thus imported, I do believe that the payment of it, if made in Ireland, would support *ten thousand* of our population. Do you wish to do good to the poor? do you wish to be eminently benevolent, by being permanently useful? if you do, encourage Irish Manufacture, and enable the Lyons and the Murphys to manufacture or purchase at home, and by so doing, to give employment and comfort to tens and twenties of thou-

sands. (*cheers.*) I here confess with shame, that I have been myself a sinner against my country—my hat is Irish at least I covenanted that it should be such, and it is as cheap and as good (*a voice, "It is better"*) as any English hat, but the Woollens which I wear are English.—I presume that woollens have for the last seven years, stood me in little short of £140. How much of that sum has gone to pamper the over-bloated stranger, whilst my brother Irishman was perishing by my side? I confess that I, at least, ought to have been more quicksighted as to duty on this point; but I am determined to be no longer false to humanity and country. Never again shall I purchase, out of my own country, what I can get in it. I shall not hesitate, too, to encourage the Irish labourer, by giving him a marked preference. What! though I give for an Irish article a shilling or two more than I need give for one coming from a more favored land, would I not rather give a trifle to keep my fellow-countryman employed in his workshop, or his factory, than be called upon for, perhaps, a much heavier donation to support him in a poor-house?... (*hear, hear.*) Irish manufacture, then, for me...Irish manufactured clothes and every thing else of Irish manufacture (*cheers.*) Fellow Parishioners! there were many of you, who, when called upon, were unable to contribute to the fund which has been raised for meeting the visitation with which it has pleased Providence to afflict us. There are many articles of Irish workmanship which you want, and which are actually cheaper and better than what come from England. Do you purchase those articles, wear them, use them...the preference which you shall give to them will be your donation to the poor man, one which will not detract from your means, and which that poor man need not blush to contemplate. (*hear.*) Mr. S. concluded a strenuous advice to his fellow-parishioners, to persevere steadily in the good work which they had commenced, by proposing the first resolution.

REPEAL ADDRESS.

The new Constituencies under the Reform Bills having been completed, a Dissolution of Parliament took place. "Repeal Members" was the cry in Ireland. The Cork Trades' Association, which had been originally formed for the Encouragement of Irish Manufactures, and had excluded politics from its deliberations,—having found that manufactures could not succeed without politics, extended the circle of its objects, and raised its flag for "two Repeal-

ers."—My notice of this Association, and of the men (some of them, alas! now no more) who took a part in its proceedings,—of the Tythe campaign also,—must be reserved, perhaps, for another Volume. I find that I have already by much exceeded the quantity of matter which I had originally intended; and many of the events of the last twelve months call for more than a passing notice. The subjoined Address was drawn up by me whilst I was confined by a severe cold which I had contracted on the first day's canvass for "two Repealers." On the motion of my friend, Mr. O'Leary, it was adopted by the Trades' Association—fifty Placard Boards were ordered to be made, and on these the Address, printed in legible characters, was exhibited in all parts of the City, and in many where such a thing had never been seen before. I have reason to know that the Schoolmaster was never more abroad than on this occasion.

TO THE CITIZENS OF CORK,

AS WELL TO THOSE WHO HAVE NOT VOTES AS TO THOSE WHO HAVE THEM.

Oh! where's the slave so lowly,
Condemned to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?

FELLOW CITIZENS,—We implore your attention,—listen to what we say—and if the advice we give you be useful, we call upon you, in the name of common sense, to act on it.

A General Election approaches, and you will have to send to London two men to represent you there in Parliament—to make laws for you—to do that upon which depends whether you are to be rich or poor, comfortable or uncomfortable, employed or unemployed, very distressed, as you too long have been, or well fed, well clad, well housed, full of business, and well paid for it, like the people of London itself, or of Liverpool, or of Bristol, or of any other part of England.

Our object in addressing you is, to induce you to send only such men to Parliament as will *stand by you*, and best promote your interests.

Why are not you as well off as the people of Great Britain? Why have so many of your merchants become bankrupts? Why have so many of your shopkeepers compounded? Why have your manufacturers been annihilated? and why is it that the *cast clothes* of the English people are deemed good enough for you; and that, very

frequently, you have not even a sufficiency of the pigs' food—the potatoe? We shall tell you.

FIRST—Four millions a year are taken out of Ireland by the CORKS, and the MIDLETONS, and the DEVONSHIRES, and the ABDENS, and all the other permanent or occasional Absentees.

SECONDLY—Three millions a year of the direct and indirect taxes paid by the Irish people are spent out of Ireland. Thus, the red coat and the firelock of the soldier who walks your street, and for which you pay, are made in England.

THIRDLY—The resources of Ireland are not turned to account: our mines are unexplored; our inland navigation is not extended; our fisheries are not worked; our agriculture is backward; three millions of waste acres, capable of easy reclamation, are left unproductive—acres which, if cultivated, would return a produce of at least twelve millions a-year.

The FOURTH and LAST great cause of your distress is that, owing to the natural capital of your Country being taken out of it in the shape of absentee rents and government taxes—and the resources of your country being neglected by your great men,—and these men, who ought to be the best customers of the Irish mechanic, giving their custom and support to the Englishman, the Frenchman, or the Italian: owing to all this, the heart of the Irish Manufacturer is broken, and Ireland is inundated with goods, the produce of English, Scotch, French, of any *but Irish* Industry. There is imported into the City of Cork alone, one million's worth annually, of foreign manufactured articles. One house imports to the amount of £130,000 a-year. If the articles for which that sum (£130,000) is paid, were manufactured in your city, it would be the means of giving bread to more than *seven thousand* persons!

Behold, fellow-citizens, the causes why you are not as well off as the English people—the causes why in your City population of 105,000 heads, there are upwards of 21,000 in a state of extreme destitution; the causes why there are now in your Poor House seven times as many paupers as there were thirty-two years ago, before your Parliament was taken from you by fraud and violence, and you and your country were delivered over, bound hand and foot, to a power on which you had no due controul.

Irishmen! think, night and day, of *Absenteeism—of Irish taxes spent out of Ireland—of the resources of your country neglected, and of your manufactures annihilated.*—Think of these matters, and resolve to remedy them.

How are they to be remedied? Attend,—*by an Irish*

Parliament, sitting in Dublin, freely chosen by Irishmen, and making laws under the controul of their feelings and opinions. An English Parliament has not done, will not do, and cannot do justice to Ireland. The question does not admit of argument. If even the English Parliament were disposed to do justice to Ireland, it would not be in its power to carry its good intentions into execution; it has not time—it has not knowledge to make good laws for one hundred and fifty millions of people, over whom its sway extends,—and the eight millions who constitute the population of Ireland, neglected as they have been, require the entire time and the undivided attention of *one* legislature. That legislature should be Irish.

Fellow-Citizens! too much time has been lost by Irishmen in the pursuit of empty bubbles. There is now a substantial object before them, and every heart and hand ought to unite in the effort to attain it. Repeal of the Union is that object, and infamous for ever be that man who refuses his assistance in effecting it.

It is no exaggeration to say that Ireland is, one year with another, sixteen millions, at the very lowest computation, the poorer in consequence of her being legislated for by England. Imagine our Absentees compelled to spend their fortunes at home—all the taxes raised in Ireland spent in Ireland—our waste lands and all our other resources turned to account,—our manufactures flourishing—imagine all this, which would be soon realized by an Irish Parliament, and you will admit that we are sixteen millions a-year poorer than we need be. Acre for acre, and man for man, England is considerably more than sixteen millions a-year wealthier than Ireland. Why so? She has an English and not an Irish Parliament making laws for her.

"*Sixteen Millions a-year*," then, is the prize for which the people of Ireland are now contending! How much of that would fall to the share of the Citizens of Cork?—"The Rule of Three" will tell you. The population of Cork, including city, suburbs, and liberties, may be estimated at 150,000 souls. Well! if the population of Ireland (eight millions) derive sixteen millions sterling a-year from the Repeal of the Union, how much a year will the population of Cork (one hundred and fifty thousand) derive from it? Answer—£300,000 a-year. The advantage to Cork from the Repeal would be even greater than this result,—Cork has one of the noblest harbours in the world; give but fair play to Ireland, and Cork, as a commercial and manufacturing city, would enjoy even more than her relative proportion of the national prosperity.

Are the Citizens of Cork prepared to work for the great reward which Repeal holds out to them, or are they enamoured of bankruptcy and compoundings, of rags and wretchedness? This brings us back to the consideration of what sort of men should the *two* be whom we are about to send to Parliament. It is admitted on all hands that they ought to be honest and clever—the State that entrusts the management of its concerns to the dishonest or the imbecile, deserves to suffer. *They should be also Repealers.* Without Repeal there is no prosperity for Ireland; and the man who, out of Parliament, opposes Repeal, or in Parliament refuses to vote for it, *he* assists in robbing Ireland of sixteen millions a-year, and Cork of three hundred thousand a-year of that money.

Citizens of Cork! be misled by no trickery, and turn your backs on the "*wait-a-whiles.*" The single grievance of "Absenteeism" is manifold a greater evil than all the imputed advantages of the Union are a good; and he who advises you now not to press Repeal onward, but to "wait a while," till another sixteen millions are lost to Ireland, and another three hundred thousand pounds to Cork: in his own pecuniary speculations he does not "wait a while" to reap a similar harvest.

We take it, then, Citizens, that you are for sending into Parliament none but Repealers. Your duty, therefore, will be to adopt such measures as will secure the return of two Repealers; and here we feel called upon to address ourselves particularly to those of you who have votes, and to those of you who have them not.

Ye who have votes, an awful trust now devolves on you. Behold the unemployed labourer at "*the 'Change;*" see the unemployed and perishing tradesman on "*the Square;*" stand on any of "*the Bridges,*" North or South, and count the multitudes of barefoot Females that pass them even in this inclement season of the year; visit the Convent and Monastery *Schools,* and read in the nakedness of the little ones the destitution of their parents: go thence to the "*Poor House,*" and contemplate there the tradesman and the labourer, whose declining years should be comfortable and grey hairs honoured; see them there imprisoned, half famished on the vilest of food, huddled together like swine, and ending their days in suffering, and sorrow. Who can forget the harrowing and humiliating scene that presented itself not long since in this City? Hundreds of virtuous young females transported thousands of miles from their native land, without father or brother or cousin or friend to protect them, seeking, amidst wild beasts and felons, that subsistence which, if we were men, we should have

given to them. Gracious heaven! is it thus that a people should be? Ye! who have votes, have it in your power to change this order of things; by giving your support to two Repealers, you bring back plenty and prosperity to Ireland; and again, infamous for ever be the man who does not do his duty. Electors, the vote, which you have, is not yours—*to abuse it.* You are not at liberty to sell it or to make a compliment of it; you hold it in trust for the good of the people, of your neighbours; and if you do not give it to the two best men, you violate your trust; you are as bad as the Doctor who betrays his patient, as the Lawyer who betrays his client, and as the Priest who betrays his congregation. Ye who have votes, then, whether you be farmers or shopkeepers, tradesmen or labourers, high or low, it is your bounden duty to give your votes conscientiously—a duty which is equally obligatory on the gentleman in his drawing-room and the salter in his cellar. Therefore, electors, man your minds to stand by "two Repealers;" encourage each other to discharge your obligations faithfully, and scout and expose the miscreant who would deter or seduce you from the path of rectitude.

To you, *who have not votes*, we, now, in an especial manner address ourselves. Attend to us, we pray you.—If you be true to yourselves, the Electors cannot fail to do their duty, and two Repealers will be deputed to represent your City in Parliament.

The Irish Reform Bill gives, to all appearance, but 3,500 resident Electors to your City. Your town and rural population is about 150,000 souls. There are, then, 146,500 persons of all ages and classes, not having votes—or in other words, but one in every forty-three of the inhabitants of Cork, will be entitled to vote at the next election! We shall not say here what the intention of the framers of the Irish Reform Bill was, in thus limiting the suffrage. If it was to withhold from you the means of returning two Repealers to Parliament, we hope it will be frustrated. The opinion of 146,500 persons must have great weight with 3,500 persons—and *forty-two individuals*, living in the same neighbourhood, working in the same shop or cellar with their *one trustee*, can even shame him into a faithful discharge of his duty.

Let us again recur to the "Rule of Three":—

"If Repeal be worth £300,000 in one year to the Citizens of Cork, how much will it be worth to them in five years?—Answer—£1,500,000.

"If Repeal be worth in five years £1,500,000 to 150,000 people, how much will it be worth in the same number of years to 42 individuals? Answer—£420.

"If a Man get a bribe of £10 in five years, for selling his neighbour, and damning his soul, how much is that a day? Answer 1½d.

"If a Man get but 5l. for the same time and the same service, how much is that a day? Answer ¾d.

It will be seen, from the preceding, that we do not consider Elections and seasons of bribery as recurring oftener than once in every five years, and that we look upon *bribery* as the great enemy with which the people of Cork will have to encounter in their struggle for two Repealers.

Ye! *who have not votes!* proceed thus in your endeavours to secure the proper discharge of their duty by those to whom the Irish Reform Bill has given the suffrage:—Advise the Elector, with whom any ruffian briber may be tampering, not to sell the cause of Repeal for three farthings, or even three half-pence a day—tell him, if he have a family, Repeal would be worth to them (calculating at the average number of a family in Ireland) fifty-five pounds in five years, and that he ought not to sell honour and honesty, Ireland and £55 for—£5 or even £10 and disgrace—that he ought not to barter 8½d. a day and the conciousness of having done his duty, for—1½d. or ¾d. a day and guilt. Should this advice be disregarded, there is, ye, who have no votes! another course,—assume the protectorship of your own rights, and those even of his wife and children whom he betrays,—proclaim to him that he is the trustee of the interests of forty-two individuals, and that, though he may sell himself, he cannot sell them,—announce to him that, before God and man, he has but *a forty-third* share in the vote with which he is intrusted, and that he has no authority to hand over to the public enemy, 420l. which, on the most moderate calculation, every forty-two persons in Ireland, men, women, and children, would be gainers by Repeal every five years. If this course be well followed up, it must succeed. Let us suppose a voter living in a house in Blackpool or Fair-lane, or Blarney-lane, or Maypole-road, or Blackrock, or Douglas,—there are 42 persons (none of them having a vote,) living in the same house with him, or in houses immediately adjoining it—they ask him to pledge himself to give his unpurchased vote to two Repealers—he refuses and intimates that he will sell them. What! will they know the felon-dog the day after he has refused them? Will they live in the same house with him?—work in the same shop or cellar with him?—visit him in sickness

or follow his corps to the grave? No. He, then, the Elector, instantly feels that he is an outcast; there is a weight on his heart which no money can lighten, and he throws it off, and relieves himself, by declaring for his country. Ye! who have no votes, can do much, if you do what you can do.

Shopkeepers and Farmers of the Liberties, we deem it unnecessary to urge on you the cause of Repeal. The Shopkeepers of Mallow-lane and Barrack-street, and the Main-street, North and South, have already intimated their noble resolve—and the Farmers of the Liberties have, at their recent meeting at the Lancasterian School-rooms, pledged themselves to stand by Two Repealers.

We conclude, Citizens, by calling on you all to forget minor differences, and to pull together in the great cause of national regeneration. Dublin, Limerick, Waterford, Galway, Clonmel, Kilkenny, Ireland is resolved to do its duty—and a firm resolution to do that duty, is all that is necessary to secure speedy success.

Where's *then*, the Slave so lowly,
Condemned to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?

We are, Citizens of Cork,

THE TRADESMAN AND THE LABOURER.

Cork Trades' Association Great Room, Nelson-Place,
November 20, 1832.

JOHN CREEDON, *Secretary.*

Daniel Callaghan and Herbert Baldwin were declared on the th day of duly elected to serve as Representatives in the English Parliament. They pledged themselves to their Constituents to vote for the Repeal of the Union. The Hon. John Boyle and Wm. Henry Worth Newenham were competitors with them. At the same time, Feargus O'Connor (the nephew of the celebrated Arthur O'Connor,) and Garrett Standish Barry, achieved, in their return for the County, a mighty triumph over its haughty Aristocracy. John O'Connell (the son of the Liberator,) was elected by the Borough of Youghal—William O'Neill Daunt, of Kilcasken, was the choice of the Electors of Mallow,—the Hon. Captain Bernard and Colonel Stawell (the brother of James,) were returned, the former for Bandon—the latter for Kinsale.—Kinsale would have returned *James*, if death had spared him.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

[Several persons having told me that they would feel extremely happy to give the preference of their custom to the Irish Manufacturer, but that they found no little difficulty in ascertaining where Irish Manufactured Goods were to be had, —it occurred to me that, in the absence of *a Mart* for the exhibition of such goods, it would be desirable if there were some printed document to which the friends of native industry might refer, and from which they could learn where the Irish Manufacturer and his Articles were to be met. It was thus the notion of an Advertising Sheet was suggested to my mind.—If any Cork Manufacturer regret that his name does not appear in this list, he has to blame himself. I gave quite sufficient publicity to my intention of establishing *this substitute* for a Mart.]

☞ ENGRAVING & COPPER-PLATE PRINTING, *No.* 10, *Carey's-Lane, Cork.*——M. O'DONOVAN executes all descriptions of ENGRAVING with neatness and effect, and also COPPER-PLATE PRINTING, with the newly invented *Metal Press.*—The greatest attention is given to the speedy and correct execution of all Orders committed to his care.

An Apprentice wanted. Nov. 4, 1833.

☞ The Cheapest and Best Ladies' and Gentlemen's BOOTS and SHOES in the South of Ireland, are made by JEREMIAH M'CARTHY, 24, *Sullivan's Quay, within a few doors of South-Bridge, Cork.* Nov. 4, 1833.

☞ THOMAS CASEY, CARVER and GILDER in general, 25, *Henry-Street, Cork,* will execute all Orders with dispatch, and on the most moderate terms. Nov. 4, 1833.

☞ C. CARVER, BOOK-BINDER, No. 4, *Paul-Street,* truly grateful to his Friends and the Public for the preference they favoured him with, begs to inform them that he continues to execute all manner of Book-Binding in the best and most improved style; and having received the newest Patterns of *Ornamental Tools,* confidently states that he can vie with any other House in the City.——*An Apprentice wanted.*

☞ JOSEPH O'CONNOR, Cotton Manufacturer, and Twist and Weft Warehouse, No. 183, *Blarney-Lane.*

☞ ROPE and HEMP MANUFACTORY, 33, *Coal-Quay.*——WILLIAM M'CARTHY begs to acquaint the Public that he is constantly supplied with every article in the above line of as good quality, and on as moderate terms, as any other House in Cork.—WILLIAM M'CARTHY hopes that his anxious wishes to keep in employment the Irish Manufacturer, will be met by a corresponding spirit on the part of the Irish Public.

IRISH MANUFACTURES—

☞ THE FRIENDS OF IRISH MANUFACTURE

ARE RESPECTFULLY INFORMED THAT

PETER CANNING has fitted up Machinery for making all kinds of BRASS FENDERS on the most improved principles.—He also continues to make all kinds of Wire Fenders and Fire Guards; Brass Curtain Poles to any length or diameter; Roasting Jacks of various descriptions; Window Lattice to any dimensions; with every article in his line of the best quality. Those who wish to encourage the Manufacture of their own Country, can do so without loss, as he can afford to sell his Work from 20 to 30 per Cent. under the English price. To give a list of Prices would be useless—he will only say, that he can make Brass Fenders from 10s. up; Wire Fenders from 3s. 6d.; Fire Guards from 5s. up—an article which ought to be in general use, to prevent the numerous accidents occurring from children's clothes taking fire.—He wishes to call the attention of the wealthy classes to his Splendid Drawing Room Fenders, on Pillars, at £3 each, which cannot be equalled from England at 4 guineas!

Fenders of every description, and Roasting Bottle Jacks, Repaired equal to New.

No. 5, Henry-street, next Devonshire-street,
Nov. 9, 1833.

☞ JOHN O'SULLIVAN, No. 55, *Fair-Lane, at the corner of Godfrey's-Lane,*—GINGHAM and COTTON Manufacturer—has for sale, Articles fit for Female Attire, or for light Pantaloons, Coats, and Waistcoats, Manufactured by his own hands or those of Cork Workmen.—JOHN O'SULLIVAN begs leave here to return his most grateful thanks to the Ladies and Gentlemen who have dealt with him since the encouragement of Irish Manufacture, and to express his trust that the Goods which he gave them were found as serviceable and as cheap (if not more so) than those which they could get out of Ireland.

☞ THOMAS MADDEN, *Skeys'-Lane,* Cotton Manufacturer, takes leave to inform the Public, that he is supplied with excellent GINGHAM and TROWSERS' Stuff, of his own Manufacture.—T. MADDEN invites the attention of Ladies and Gentlemen connected with *Public Schools,* to his Goods;—in using his Manufacture, they will be practising economy and teaching patriotism.

☞ CHEAP WATER-CLOSET MANUFACTORY, 5, *Grattan-Street.*—D. DONOVAN has a variety of Water Closets at low prices.—Plumbing and Painting Work of every description well done, and cheap.

☞ BRUSH, BELLOWS, PATTEN, and CLOG Manufactory, 2, *Broad-Lane, Cork.*——THOMAS JOYCE can supply such as please to favour him with their commands, on as good terms as any House in the City.

ENCOURAGE THEM!

☞ HAT MANUFACTORY—*No. 75, South-Main-Street, Cork* ——M. COGHLAN begs leave to acquaint her Friends and the Public generally, that she has removed her Establishment from Cross-Street to No. 75, South-Main-Street, where she confidently hopes to receive a continuance of Public favor and support, which she shall endeavour at all times to merit, by taking most particular care that her Hats shall be on the usual Cheap Terms, and of superior Manufacture.

☞ GEORGE SCOTT, Silk Hat Manufacturer, No. 21, *Pope's-Quay, Cork.* Nov. 9, 1833.

☞ STONE-CUTTING WORK.——WM. ELLIS respectfully announces that Monuments, Tombs, Headstones, and all articles in the above line, will be neatly executed at his Stone Yard, on the most reasonable terms.—ALL ORDERS addressed to him, No. 47, *Douglas-street, near Cap-Well*, will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.
Cork, Nov. 4, 1833.

☞ P. GLYNN, *Builder*, 57, George's-street, is well supplied with SHANAKIL FLAGS, which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms. Cork, Nov. 7, 1833.

☞ JAMES GRIFFIN, *Currier, Hair Dealer, and Seller of Curriers' Knives and Stones*,—WATER-LANE, BLACKPOOL, CORK, takes leave to inform the Public, that he will make it his most anxious study to please such persons as are good enough to deal with him.

☞ NICHOLAS COOKE, No. 27, *Mallow-Lane*, has always for Sale, FEATHERS, QUILLS, HAIR, HIDES and SKINS of all kinds.—Captains of Ships, or others, wishing to make up Feather Beds, will find it their interest to deal with him. Cork, Nov. 4, 1833.

☞ *To the Country People bringing Butter to the Cork Weigh-House.*

JEREMIAH MURPHY, *(late Barrett.)* No 32, MALLOW-LANE, (opposite Dominick-Street,) WINE, CORDIAL and SPIRIT Dealer, takes leave to inform his Country Friends bringing Butter to the Weigh House, and the Public generally, that he is constantly supplied with WINES and CORDIALS of the best kind, and PRIME OLD WHISKEY, which he is determined to sell on the lowest possible terms.

☞ DENIS CONNOR'S Oil, Paint, Dye-Stuff, Varnish, Window Glass, Lead, Plaster Paris, Roman Cement, Vitriol, Wick-Yarn, Pitch, Tar and Rosin Ware-House, and Tobacco and Snuff Manufactory, *No* 63, *North-Main-Street*, and *No* 1, *King-Street*, near Patrick's Bridge.

☞ JAMES BARRY, Auctioneer, Appraiser, and Valuator, 22, *Academy-Street, Cork*, humbly solicits a share of public favour. From his long experience in business, he flatters himself he will be found inferior to none of his profession in the Kingdom.——Auctions and Valuations attended in any part of the Country, free of any extra expense.

☞ T. M. BARRY, DRESS-MAKER, 22, *Academy-Street*, solicits a continuance of the many favours she has so long experienced from her numerous Friends and the Public generally, since her commencement in business.

Country Orders executed with care and despatch.

☞ JAMES DWYER, Wholesale and Retail Trimming and Hat Warehouse, 12, *Great George's-Street*.

☞ NICHOLSON, 28, Castle-street, has for Hire the excellent JAUNTING CARS, Nos. 54 and 219, and the Safe TRAVELLER, No. 16—He has also, most commodious and respectable Lodgings.

☞ PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,

Miscellaneous, Religious and School Book, Stationery, and Account-Book Shop,

108, ST. PATRICK-STREET, CORK.

TRULY grateful to my Friends and the Public for eighteen years' favours, I take leave to inform them that anxious to prove myself entitled to their commands, I have taken MR. PATRICK DENNEHY into Partnership in the PRINTING DEPARTMENT, which will from the SECOND of NEXT MONTH be conducted under the Firm of FERGUSSON & DENNEHY. I wish to assure my friends that nothing on my part, with the united exertions of my Partner (who has conducted a most respectable Printing Office in this City) shall be wanting, with the aid of a most extensive and excellent stock of PRINTING TYPES and PRESSES, to which every article new and elegant shall be added, for the expedition and elegance of work, on as *reasonable terms* as any House in Ireland.

I also beg to remind my Friends, that my Shop is supplied with Miscellaneous, Religious, Classic and School Books; Letter, Note and Writing Papers, Account-Books and Stationery of every description, Patent-Medicines, &c., and

LOTTERY TICKETS, to be drawn next January.

With respect, I am the Public's obedient Servant,

Cork, November 8th, 1833. WM. FERGUSSON.

☞ NEW PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, No. 23, *Sullivan's-Quay*.—J. HIGGINS takes this opportunity to respectfully inform his Friends and the Public, that he is in daily expectation of the arrival to him, from London, of an extensive assortment of *Fancy and other Types*,—when he will be enabled to execute *Printing Work of every kind*, and on such terms as, he trusts, will ensure him a share of public support.

23, Sullivan's-Quay, Nov. 11, 1833.

B D JAN 2 1915